

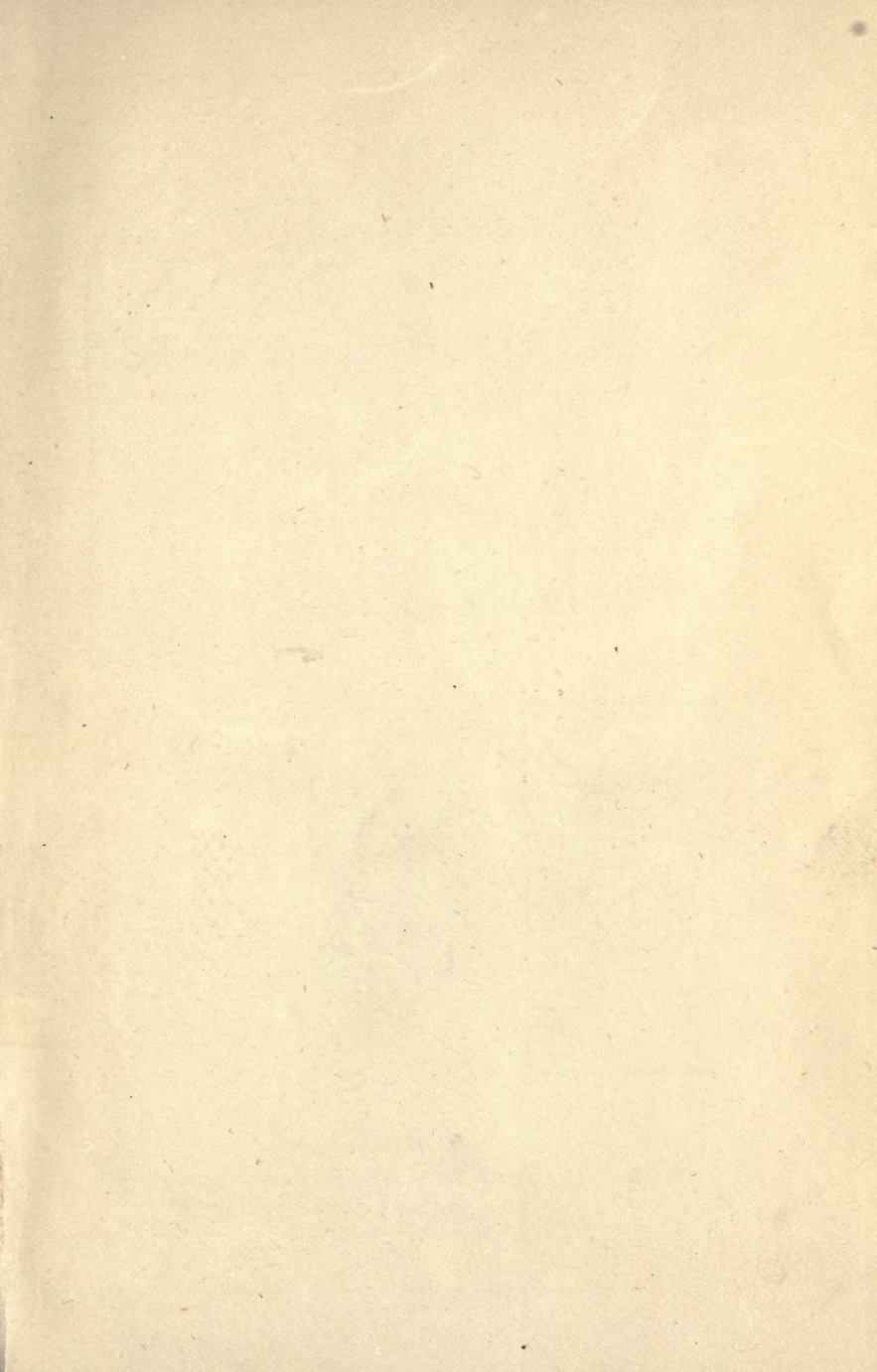




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THE
HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

By the
REV. JAMES MACKENZIE.



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PREFACE.



WE live in an age of big, if not of great Histories. Various modern Histories of Scotland lie on the table of the present writer. They are weighty works in the scales, weighing from eleven to sixteen pounds avoirdupois. This History is not a weighty work, and on that circumstance the writer founds his hope that it may not be unwelcome to those of his countrymen who find it needful to consider time and price.

The religious element in Scottish History, from the Reformation to the Revolution, is well-nigh everything. It is hard to understand how any man not sympathizing with the religion of Scotland could write her history fairly. But some of our ablest historians have altogether lacked that sympathy; and the consequence is that their descriptions of our religious struggles cannot be read without indignation. Scotland, to borrow the language of Defoe, "has been represented to the world in so many monstrous shapes, and dressed up in so many devils' coats and fools' coats," that her own sons do not know their mother.

There is a foolish, sentimental generation, whose only ideas of Scottish History are taken from novels, songs,

and ballads. It is impossible to speak the truth about that bloody House which fell at the Revolution, and its minions, without giving offence to such persons. It is equally impossible to speak the truth about the great contendings of our glorious forefathers for their religious freedom, without offending the enemies of our Scottish Presbyterianism. The writer merely begs leave to repeat an anecdote of the greatest of Scottish historians, given by James Melville in his *Diary*:—"That September, in time of vacance, my uncle Mr. Andrew, Mr. Thomas Buchanan, and I, hearing that Mr. George Buchanan was weak, and his *History* under the press, passed over to Edinburgh to visit him and see the work. We went from him to the printer's work-house, whom we found at the end of the seventeenth book of his *Chronicle*, at a place which we thought very hard for the time, which might be an occasion of staying the whole work—*anent* the burial of Davie. Therefore, staying the printer from proceeding, we came to Mr. George. Mr. Thomas, his cousin, shows him of the hardness of that part of his story, that the King would be offended with it, and it might stay all the work. 'Tell me, man,' says he, 'if I have told the truth?' 'Yes,' says Mr. Thomas, 'sir, I think so.' 'I will bide his feud and all his kin's, then.'"

Wishing to avoid what might have seemed an affectation of learning, the writer has refrained from loading his pages with references to authorities. He has not, however, ploughed with any man's heifer, but has gone to the sources of our history for himself.

J. M.

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HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

CHAPTER I.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY, AND HOW TO READ IT.

IT cannot be discovered in what age of the world Scotland first became a scene of human habitation. There is nothing in all history, no written record of any kind, to yield us any information concerning the original possessors of our native land. Even tradition has forgotten them. They lived and died, generation after generation, and they are as nameless and unrecorded as the leaves which grew and withered in their forests. The thickest night of ancient time has covered them.

CHAPTER
I.
Original
inhabit-
ants.

But the history of these remote forefathers of ours, though it was never written, may be read. A curious history it is; and the way in which the materials of it have been gathered and put together is a fine example of the triumphs of patient thought. The historian of other periods finds his materials in books, in written records and documents. The materials for the history of this period have been found on waste moors and in deep mosses, in caves and on hills, under ancient burial-mounds and cairns, by the margin of rivers, and on the bed of drained lochs.

CHAPTER

I.

Here, for instance, is an ancient boat, found a few years since on the south bank of the Clyde, when excavations were being made for the purpose of enlarging the harbour of Glasgow. It is of oak, not planked or built, but hewn out of the trunk of a single tree. The hollow has been made with fire, as the marks still show. This boat is one of nine or ten discovered in the neighbourhood of the Clyde at Glasgow. Many similar ones have been found in other parts of Scotland. Within one of those discovered at Glasgow there lay an axe-head of stone.



STONE AXES AND HAMMERS.

Tools.

Now, that fire-hollowed boat and stone axe tell their story as plainly as a printed book. The savage on the shores of the Pacific cuts a groove in the bark round the root of the tree of which he intends to form his canoe. Into this groove he puts burning embers till it is charred to some depth. Next he deepens the groove by hewing out the charred wood with his stone hatchet. Then he applies the fire again, and so on until, by the alternate use of fire and axe, the tree is brought to the ground. By the same process it is hollowed out and shaped into a canoe. The ancient boat-maker of the Clyde had used exactly such a method of forming his little vessel. He too had been destitute of any better tool than an axe of flint or hard stone. With this rude instrument, and the aid of fire, he slowly and laboriously wrought the trunk of a tree into the form of a boat. The stone axe,

brought to light after untold ages, bears mute but expressive witness that its owner was a savage. CHAPTER
I.

The axe with which the ancient Briton hollowed his canoe served him also as a weapon in battle. Under a large cairn, or heap of stones piled over a tomb, on a moor in the south of Scotland, a stone coffin of very Weapons.



CIST CONTAINING A SKELETON.

rude workmanship was found. It contained the skeleton of a man of uncommon size. One of the arms had been almost severed from the shoulder. A fragment of very hard stone was sticking in the severed bone. That blow had been struck with a stone axe. When the victor, after the fight, looked at his bloody weapon, he saw that a splinter had broken from its edge. Thousands of years passed, the cairn of the dead was opened, and that splinter was found in the bone of the once mighty arm which the axe had all but hewn away. What a curious tale to be told by a single splinter of stone!

On yonder lea field the ploughman turns over the grassy sward. At the furrow's end, as he breathes his horses for a minute, and looks at his work, his eye is caught by some object sticking in the upturned mould. He picks it up. It is a barbed arrow-head, neatly chipped out of yellow flint. How came it there? It is no elf-arrow, shot by the fairies. It was once, when

CHAPTER

I.

— tied to a reed with a sinew or a strip of skin, an arrow in the quiver of an ancient British savage. When that lea land was a forest, the rude hunter roaming there shot at a deer, but missed his game, and lost his arrow.



FLINT ARROW-HEADS.

There are spots where the flint arrow-heads have been found in such numbers as to show that the barbarian tribes had met there in battle. Spear-heads, too, and knives of flint have been dug up from time to time in various parts. The ancient race who employed such weapons must have existed before the use of iron or any other metal was known. That period when the rude inhabitants of our island were ignorant of metals, and formed their tools and weapons of stone, is called the *Stone Period*.

Dwellings. Many of the dwellings of that ancient people have been discovered, and yield us curious glimpses of their home life. Some of them are mere pits in the earth, which had probably been roofed over with sticks and turf. Others are under-ground structures, built with great stones, which overlap each other until the space is sufficiently narrowed to be covered in with a single block. A solitary opening served for door, chimney, and window, if, indeed, any ray of daylight could penetrate into the dark abode. Near by these dwellings, enclosures, surrounded with an earthen mound, are to be traced. These, no doubt, were folds for the flocks.

Circular hollows are also to be seen, where, in all probability, stood the slight huts, made of turf and branches, in which the natives dwelt during summer, while the neighbouring under-ground abodes gave them shelter from the frosts and snows of winter. These singular dwellings are usually found in groups or villages, indicating that in these far-off times, as well as now, man was a social animal, and loved the fellowship of his kind.

When the floor of one of these pit dwellings is dug up, ashes, charred wood, and the bones of animals are found. These, no doubt, are the bones of the animals which had been used as food. The bones of horses are found among those of oxen, deer, and sheep; so that horse-flesh had been an article of diet as well as beef and mutton. Domestic utensils are sometimes found,—rudely-shaped stone basins, stone mortars for grinding or bruising corn, rounded pieces of slate, being perhaps the plates from which the savage ate his smoking steak of horse or deer. The rude people had their love of ornament and their little vanities too. They wore necklaces of stone beads, or the teeth of animals, or of cockle-shells rubbed down until they were reduced nearly to rings. The modern lady has her jewelled shawl-pin; the wife of the ancient Briton fastened her robe of skin with a pin of horn.

Had this ancient race any idea of religion and a future state? We shall see. Here is an earthen mound, heaped over the grave of some chief. When dug into, it is found to contain a rude stone coffin. In the coffin with the skeleton are flint arrow-heads, a spear-head also of flint, and perhaps the stone head of a battle-axe, the wooden portions of these weapons having long since mouldered away. Now we know that the savage expects to go after death to the happy hunting-grounds, and to follow again the war-path. His implements of

CHAPTER

I.

war and the chase are therefore buried with him, that he may start up fully equipped in the new state of being. His favourite horse or dog, and perhaps his favourite attendants, are laid beside his grave, that at his rising he may appear in a manner fitting his rank. The contents of the burial-mound unmistakably proclaim that our forefathers in these long-forgotten ages had the same rude idea of a future state which the Red Indian still has.

Many of these burial-mounds have been opened in different parts of Scotland. Their contents are very similar. Sometimes a heap of flint flakes, for making a new supply of arrows when his quiver should be empty, is found along with the warrior's bones. Sometimes his drinking-cup, of unshapely sun-dried clay, and a bowl of the same material, which had probably contained food, lie beside him, as loving hands had put them for his use on his long journey. Sometimes a number of rude clay urns, filled with calcined human bones, had been placed beside the warrior's coffin, and then the sepulchral mound heaped high over all. This conveys a dark hint that his favourite retainers had been slaughtered and sent to attend him in the spirit land.

During this ancient period Scotland was covered with vast forests, as the trunks of great trees found buried in our mosses sufficiently testify. The inhabitants must have been thinly scattered along the skirts of the mighty range of forest. They must have occupied the coast and river valleys, retreating to the heights or the dark recesses of the forest when beaten or out-numbered by the war-party of some neighbouring tribe. Geology has proved, from the frequent discovery of their remains, that wild horses, wolves, bears, a kind of tiger—more powerful than that of India—the huge native bull, the elk, and the rein-deer ranged the woods. The beaver built its coffer-dams in the streams. On these inhabitants of

the forest the ancient Briton waged war with bow and sling, with lance and trap. Their skins furnished him with clothing. Their flesh, together with wild fruits and berries, shell-fish gathered along the shore at ebb of tide, the scanty produce of his corn-patch, and the milk of his flock, supplied him with food.

Such, as seen in these moonlight glimpses, was the life led by the inhabitants of Scotland in that far-off time when, in the land destined to be the birth-place of the steam-engine, there existed no better tool than could be made of flint or stone. These dim but authentic glimpses show us, indeed, only a race of savages; but these savages were our ancestry, and their blood mingles in our veins.

CHAPTER II.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY—ITS SECOND PAGE.

CHAPTER II. IN all probability this ancient race occupied the Scottish soil, with unchanging habits and with little or no progress, for many centuries. At length, however, the elements of a great change were introduced: the savage tribes became acquainted with the use of metals.

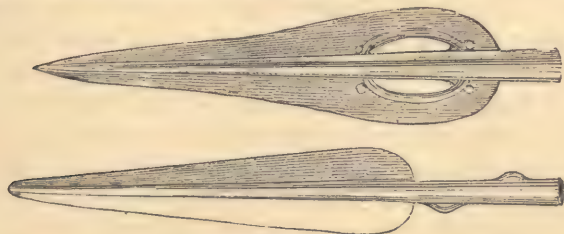
The introduction of metals is the first great stage in the history of civilization. Armed with an axe of metal, instead of the old axe of stone, the savage can go into the forest and cut down trees at will. He can split them, and hew them into planks. He needs not now to pile up overlapping blocks of stone to roof in his dark, under-ground abode. He can make a far more convenient dwelling of rough, axe-hewn boards. He needs not now to hollow out a log-canoe, for his new tools have given him the power of building boats of plank. He can now increase the size of his little vessel, and thus make farther and bolder ventures out to sea. The trees nearest his village fall first to his axe, but year by year he cuts his way deeper into the forest. The clearings extend, and the soil, which will be corn land by-and-by, is laid open. He can now form a variety of tools suited to a variety of purposes. New wants are created with the increased facility of meeting them. In a word, with the introduction of metal among a savage race, stationary till then, the march of improvement has begun.

The discovery of copper, silver, and gold, naturally takes place before the discovery of iron. The smelting

of iron is an art far too difficult for the savage to master till he has been long familiar with the working of the softer and easier metals. Accordingly, we find that the earliest metallic implements used by our forefathers were not of iron, but of bronze. Copper and tin are soft metals; but if a portion of tin is mixed with copper, the result is bronze, a metal harder than either of the two of which it is composed. Tools and weapons made of this metal are a great advance upon those made of stone or flint. Bronze, however, is but a poor substitute for iron or steel, and we may be very sure that the people who made use of bronze tools knew nothing of iron.

That period during which the ancient inhabitants of this country, ignorant as yet of iron, made use of bronze tools and weapons, is called the *Bronze Period*.

It is probable that the natives of our island received from strangers their first acquaintance with the metals. The ships of Tyre and Carthage are known to have visited the coast of Cornwall for supplies of tin many centuries before the Christian era. From these foreigners the natives may have learned the art of working in metals. In whatever way they got their first lesson, the rude islanders were no bad scholars.



BRONZE SPEAR-HEADS.

Suppose we were permitted to borrow from the British Museum in London, and the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh, certain articles belonging to the Bronze Period. We arrange them upon a long table. Here, on the left,

CHAPTER II. is a bronze axe-head. It is a very humble affair—very rude in form, rough on the surface, and full of air-holes. The mould in which it was cast has evidently been a mere hollow in sand. The axe is little more than an oblong piece of yellow bronze. The savage who moulded it was trying his apprentice hand as a founder. But pass along the table towards the right. Each article, as we have laid them out, is more workman-like than the one before it. The axe-heads become first shapely, and then handsome. Patterns, at first very simple, but growing gradually more elaborate, are wrought upon them. There are bronze daggers and spear-heads of forms truly elegant. Here is a bronze sword, shaped like a myrtle



BRONZE SWORD FOUND AT ARTHUR'S SEAT, EDINBURGH.

leaf; a more gracefully fashioned weapon a soldier never wore upon his thigh. What length of time it may have taken our rude forefathers to reach this degree of skill we can scarce even guess. But there, on that table, is the history of their progress in the art of working metals.

Cairn.

Let us again suppose ourselves present at the opening of an ancient British tomb. It is under a cairn heaped on the top of a hill which overlooks a wide tract of moorland. The stone coffin is very short—not over four feet in length. From the position of the bones the body has evidently been placed in a sitting or folded posture. There are cups or bowls of pottery, one or more. There is a bronze sword, but it has been broken in two before it was laid beside its owner in his long rest. And what is that which glitters among the warrior's dust? It is an ornament of gold—a bracelet or a collar—which he had worn. The skeleton of a dog is found beside the coffin; for the warrior knew hunting craft by lake and wood, and loved to pursue his game with hound and bow.

So they laid his four-footed favourite, which had licked his hand and followed his halloo, in his long home beside him. CHAPTER
II.

Now, observe the cup or bowl, which has contained drink or food—friendship's last gift to the dead. This cup is very different from the unshapely, hand-made and sun-dried pottery of the Stone Period. It has been rounded on a wheel. It is made of fine baked clay, and is neatly ornamented with a simple pattern. There has been progress, then, in the mechanical arts since the ruder and older time. Let the broken sword next tell its story. The last honour paid to the buried warrior was to break his sword and lay it beside him, ere his companions in arms piled over him the memorial cairn. The warrior of the Stone Period was buried with axe, lance, and bow, in barbarian anticipation of warfare beyond the grave; but the warrior of the Bronze Period was laid in his narrow bed with his broken sword, in token of warfare accomplished and of expected rest. This speaks in no obscure language of some better and higher ideas which this ancient race had acquired. Progress.

The weighty gold ornaments buried with the honoured dead show that the old Briton was no stranger to the glittering metal. Nor is it difficult to account for his possession of it. Scotland, like Spain and some other countries where none is now found, once possessed native gold in considerable quantities, and the keen eye of the hunter caught the little nuggets or the shining dust among the gravel and sand swept down by the mountain streams. The collar of twisted gold speaks a wonderful advance upon the time when the savage strutted in a necklace of teeth or shells.

Thus the tombs of the Bronze Period tell their story—a story of progress, however feeble and slow. These old tombs yield their testimony to other curious facts. The swords found in them invariably have their hilts much too

CHAPTER

II.

small for the hand of a modern Scotchman of ordinary size. The owners of them must have been small-handed men, and no doubt small-footed too. At this ancient period the rudiments of trade had come into existence, for small rings of bronze and of gold, which undoubtedly were used as money, have frequently been found. Ring money of copper is regularly made in Birmingham for the African traders at this day. The people of the Bronze Period had begun to practise the arts of the spinner and the weaver, for small fragments of knitted or woven stuff have been found in their tombs. The chief and the matron could therefore wear garments more in keeping with their beautiful gold ornaments than mere coats of skins. The Briton of even that old period had begun to be something more than a naked savage.

Such, then, is unwritten history ; and thus from their graves do we gather some knowledge of what our forefathers were in those remote periods before the written history of our country begins.

CHAPTER III.

THE COMING OF THE ROMANS.

HERE we come to the period of written history. At this point we cease to read the history of our country from the graves of its old inhabitants, and begin to read it in books. In the fifty-fifth year before the birth of Christ our island received a never-to-be-forgotten visit. It was then that the Romans made their first landing on our shores. Their leader was a man of fair and pale complexion, old-looking before his time from the debaucheries of Rome, and subject to epileptic fits. Such was the famous Julius Cæsar. Luckily for us, he could not only fight his enemies, but describe them as well.

It was the afternoon of a September day, and the forest leaves were already touched with the first tints of autumn, when Cæsar's fleet of eighty ships drew up off the shore of Kent. The natives lined the beach with horse, foot, and chariots, and stood prepared to defend their island home. The Roman soldiers, clad as they were in heavy plate armour of brass, and afraid of being struck down before they could gain firm footing, hesitated to leap into the water. Cæsar opened on the Britons a heavy discharge of stones and darts from the engines used in sieges, which his galleys had on board. This made the enemy give back a little. Still the soldiers hesitated to leap from the ships. Then the standard-bearer of the tenth legion, crying "Leap, comrades, unless you wish to see your standard taken by the enemy," sprang overboard, and began to carry forward

CHAPTER

III.

55 B.C.

Cæsar.

CHAPTER
III.

the standard. Roused by his example, the whole twelve thousand soldiers dashed at once into the sea. The Britons met them in the water. A fierce and deadly struggle took place, and much brave blood reddened the waves. Gradually the Romans fought their way to land. They formed and charged, and the terrible rush of their disciplined battalions swept the Britons before them.

80 A.D.

Agricola.

This was the beginning of the Roman invasion of Britain. It was nearly a century and a half after this, however, before they invaded Scotland. Up to the eightieth year after Christ, while nearly the whole of England had been reduced to the condition of a Roman province, the Romans possessed no land north of the Solway Firth. In that year Agricola, governor of the province, led an army across the Border, and began to hew his way into the Caledonian forests. The wary general advanced slowly, and secured his ground as he advanced, by building forts in commanding situations. The native tribes struggled bravely against the formidable invader, but having little union or combination among themselves, they were taken singly, and overcome in detail. The Romans carried on their operations with merciless vigour. Tacitus, Agricola's son-in-law, who writes an account of his life, tells us that it was his policy to overcome the Britons by the terror of his ravages. We understand what that means.

Roman ravages.

Yonder, for example, in a forest clearing, is a native village, fenced with its ditch and stockade of posts. It has children playing, cattle feeding, and patches of growing corn. The women sing the quern song as they grind the meal for the evening repast in the quern or hand mill. Some of the men are doing a little smith-work or bit of homely carpentry; others are away hunting. Suddenly at the edge of the forest there is a gleam as of the sun's rays on polished metal. A body of armed men, sheathed in brass, issue from the wood, and sweep across the clearing, their burnished mail flashing as they go.

The lightsome quern song changes into shrieks of terror. CHAPTER
The villagers close the gate of their stockade, and grasp III.
their bows. The arrows shot through the openings of
the posts rattle vainly against the strong plate armour of
the assailants. The gate goes down before the strokes
of the axe ; sword and torch do the rest. The cattle are
driven away, and the crops destroyed. The village
hunters, alarmed by the smoke seen rising high over the
forest, hasten back, and find a waste of blackened ruin,
with the women and children wailing over the slain.



THE TORTOISE.

Yonder, again, is a British hill fort. It is provided
with ditch and rampart, and the natives have gathered
their families and most valuable effects into it for secu-
rity. The Romans have come to the foot of the hill, and
prepare to carry the fort by storm. They form a "tor-
toise," as they called it ; that is to say, they advance
to the attack covered with their great shields, overlapping
each other like the plates in the shell of the tortoise, or

CHAPTER

III.

as slates do on a roof. They take their way up the hill with swift and firm tread. The shower of darts and arrows from the rampart above falls harmless on the roof of shields. The defenders loosen a block of stone on the hill top, and roll it over. The mass comes thundering down, crushes through the "tortoise," and leaves behind it a ghastly and bloody lane. The stern assailants close up their cleft roof without delaying their rapid advance for a moment. They reach the ditch, push planks and ladders across it, storm over the rampart, and put the defenders to the sword to the last man.

Such, no doubt, was the style of the Roman doings. In three of these stern campaigns Agricola penetrated to the Firths of Forth and Clyde. These two arms of the sea run so far inland that the distance between them, from water to water, is less than forty miles. Across this neck of land Agricola built a chain of forts at regular intervals. This line of fortified posts was meant to defend the conquered territory against the warlike tribes of the north.

Dreading an attack from the northern tribes, Agricola resolved to strike them within their own bounds. Leaving his fortified line, and crossing the Forth at Queensferry, he advanced northward through Fife. The clans rose for the defence of their country against the fierce people whose lust of dominion had brought them so far, and put a chief named Galgacus at their head. What manner of man he was who has come down to us under this name, what life he lived, or what death he died, we have no means of knowing; but the man round whom these old clans gathered to bleed and die for country and freedom, must have had in him some of the stuff of which William Wallace and Robert Bruce were made.

Battle of
the Grampians.

The Romans found the Caledonian army drawn up on the moor of Ardoch, in Perthshire, at the foot of the Grampian mountains. Tacitus says that they were

thirty thousand strong—the Romans twenty-six thousand. The Caledonians fought with desperate courage, but the vastly superior discipline and arms of the Romans gave them every advantage. They fought with a large, oblong shield, and a short, heavy sword, formed either to thrust or cut. The Caledonians fought with small round shields, and long, heavy swords without a point—much the same arms as their descendants used, more than sixteen centuries after, at Sheriffmuir and Culloden. The mighty downward stroke of the Caledonian sword was received on the upper edge of the Roman shield. Pushing it up, the Roman plunged his short keen sword into the body of his adversary. The Caledonians were defeated with great slaughter. Night alone put astop to the carnage. Next morning ten thousand dead lay on the face of the moor. Agricola led back his army to the south. Then when the retiring host was out of sight, the natives would venture down to search for their dead on the field of slaughter. The raven beat his wings and croaked hoarsely when disturbed in his feast, and the wolf looked up and growled fiercely when the widow tried to scare him from the corpse of her husband.

84 A.D.



QUERN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PEOPLE OF THE WOODS.

CHAPTER IV. THE Romans gave the name of Caledonians, or *People of the Woods*, to the tribes inhabiting the northern part of the island of Britain. The condition of the Caledonians in Agricola's time was probably not greatly different from that of the people of South Britain in Cæsar's time, one hundred and thirty-five years before. Now, the material of which a people make their tools and weapons always represents the stage of civilization at which they have arrived. Bronze is a great advance upon stone and flint; iron, again, is a great advance upon bronze. Possessed of iron, man is at length really armed for subduing the earth. When Cæsar landed in Britain he found the natives possessed of iron. They met the invaders with swords of the same metal as their own. Their stone and bronze periods were past, and the third great period in human progress, the period of iron, had come. This fact warns us against believing that they were savages of the lowest grade.

Cæsar gives as the reason for his invading Britain, the provocation which its natives had given him by sending assistance to his enemies in France. They must have possessed considerable skill in navigation to embark bodies of men numerous enough to make their presence felt in the vast armies which Cæsar routed in his Gallic wars. Their mode of fighting in war-chariots, as Cæsar describes it, shows more of military method and tactic than mere savages ever use. They had their own coined money—

another circumstance which shows how far they had carried the arts of civilization. Their learned class, the Druids, possessed the art of writing. Another significant fact is, that their tribes were sometimes governed by a female sovereign. Among savages, woman is a drudge and a slave; they never make a squaw their queen. But among the ancient Britons, the daughter of a chief might succeed her father—a pretty clear indication that woman enjoyed with them a social position such as woman never does enjoy in the mere savage state. Evidently enough, the Britons of the Roman period had made a degree of progress, not altogether contemptible, on the path of civilization.

All over ancient Britain, as well as France, the Druid religion prevailed. The Druids—that is, *Men of the Oaks*—worshipped a supreme god, ruler of the world. The sun, which they worshipped under the name of Bel, was their god of medicine, because it is the sun's heat which makes healing plants and herbs to grow. They had a god of war, a god of trade, and a god of eloquence and poetry. This last they represented as armed with mace and bow, and drawing after him men fastened by the ears to gold and amber chains, which issued from his mouth—no bad emblem of the power of the orator and the poet. They taught the doctrine of a future life, but held that before the soul reaches a state of happiness it has to undergo a series of transmigrations, becoming the inhabitant of a succession of brute bodies.

The oak was their sacred tree. Their places of worship were vast circles of mighty stones set up in the forests. They offered human sacrifices. Plunging the knife into the bosom of the victim, they drew signs and omens from the position in which he fell, the convulsions of his limbs, the manner in which his blood flowed. Sometimes they reared a gigantic figure of wicker-work, a sort of cage made in the shape of a man, filled it with human victims,

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and burned it, with its living contents, to ashes. It is fair to add, however, that these victims were generally, though not always, condemned criminals.



The Druids were great observers of the heavenly bodies and their motions. They professed to cure diseases, but their medicine seems to have consisted mostly in charms. Their grand remedy was the famous mistletoe. This is what is called a parasitic plant, growing out of the oak. It flowers in winter, and when all around it seems dead its green leaves and yellow tufts of flowers present the only image of life. In this evergreen plant, growing out of their sacred tree, the

Druids saw an emblem of immortality. They never cut it except on the sixth day of the moon's age. A Druid in white robes severed it from the tree with a golden sickle. Other Druids held a white cloak spread to receive it as it fell, for it was supposed that its virtue would be lost if it touched the ground.

Not only were the Druids the priests and physicians of the tribes, they were the judges as well. The orators, too, and bards, to whom the Caledonians took such delight in listening, belonged to their class. The power and influence of this singular order were immense. Whoever refused obedience to their decrees was declared accursed, and cut off from every right belonging to a human being. He was forbidden all use of fire, and no man dared, on pain of death, to allow the shivering wretch to warm himself at his hearth. All fled at his approach, lest they should be polluted by his touch. Such was the tremendous power which this formidable superstition and its priesthood exercised over the People of the Woods.

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CIRCLE OF STONES.

CHAPTER V.

THE ROMANS IN CALEDONIA.

CHAPTER THE Romans fixed on Agricola's line of military stations
V. between the Clyde and the Forth as their northern boundary. They turned this line of posts into a regular fortification throughout its entire length. This famous rampart was called the Wall of Antoninus, that being the name of the Roman emperor at the time of its erection. It began near Grangemouth on the Forth, and terminated at Old Kirkpatrick on the Clyde. Its length was fully thirty-six miles. It consisted of an earthen rampart twenty feet high, and four-and-twenty feet thick. On its north side was a vast ditch, twenty feet deep and forty feet wide. At every two miles' distance there was a fort. A broad military road ran along the south side of the rampart from end to end.

Roman
Wall.

This great work may still be traced. In some places it is as visible as a railway embankment. A fine piece of it is to be seen near the village of Cumbernauld. It runs along the brow of a slope, which looks northward over a spacious valley. Below you, as you stand on the old grassy mound which the hands of the Roman soldiers raised seventeen centuries ago, a train on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway darts like a great shuttle across the many-coloured web of meadow, corn-land, and woodland. The slow barges, horse-dragged, glide along the canal. Beyond rise the bold hills of Kilsyth and Campsie, where the ruins of Caledonian strongholds are still to be seen. How vast the change since the Briton from his

stronghold, and the Roman soldier pacing the rampart with shouldered spear, watched each other across the valley of the Kelvin !

This great bulwark proved ineffectual. Again and again the warlike tribes of the north rose in arms and broke over it. In vain the Romans drove them back. The daring hill-men incessantly renewed their attacks. More than a century after Agricola's time, the Emperor Severus, provoked by a general rising of the Caledonians, determined to complete the conquest of the whole island of Britain. He was an old man, and so disabled by gout that he had to be carried in a litter. But he came himself to Britain with a formidable army. The stern veteran set out on his march to quell the wild tribes beyond the wall. Over hills and rivers his litter was borne. Roads were hewn by the axe through pathless forests. The host toiled northward till they began to mark the length of the days and the shortness of the nights, as compared with those of their southern land. At last they came to the treeless, wind-swept shores of the Moray Firth.

They had never met an enemy. The Caledonians hung unseen on the rear and flanks of the army, swept down on detached parties, cut off stragglers, and plunged again into their forests. The losses of the Romans on this expedition were immense. More than fifty thousand of them perished by the sword and the deadly hardships of the march across the hills and morasses of the north; and all to make sleek the wolves that lapped of the Don and the Spey. No wonder though the Emperor made up his mind that territory which could only be held at such a cost was not worth the cost of holding. Accordingly, he threw back the northern boundary of the empire a hundred miles to the south. He reared a barrier, sixty miles in length, between the Solway Firth and the River Tyne. This rampart crossed the island

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nearly in the line of the present Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. It was provided, like the northern wall, with a ditch, and forts at regular intervals. The material of which it was built, however, was not earth, but stone. Here Severus fixed the northern limit of the Roman Empire, and for full seventy years the wall between Forth and Clyde was abandoned.



HEADS OF SEVERUS AND JULIA.

On the long sloping ridge which forms the back-bone of Edinburgh, there was a Roman military station. The Roman road from the south, on its way to their port of Alaterna, now the humble fishing village of Cramond, passed this station. The military at the post erected a memorial of the visit of Severus. This memorial pillar bore in beautiful sculpture two profile heads, life size, portraits of the Emperor and his Empress Julia. On the front of an old tenement in the Netherbow of Edinburgh, over against John Knox's house, these sculptured faces are still to be seen, except when the features of the Emperor of the world are covered by a board, offering in staring letters cheap teas to the denizens of the Canon-gate. Look up at that old stern face with its aspect of high command, and think what changes have passed over this spot since he, whose stony eyes yet gaze forth upon it, was hailed here by his soldiery with a shout which woke the echoes of the surrounding forest! *

* This sculpture has been since removed to the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries.

In the latter part of the fourth century, the Romans once more invaded and occupied the country between the northern and southern walls. Then the old work of ceaseless inroads by the natives of the north began again. The Caledonians, perpetually on the watch for an opportunity, again and again ravaged the southern districts, and returned to their mountain fastnesses laden with plunder. One fact will give an idea of the distance to which they sometimes penetrated. The Emperor Theodosius landed at *Rutupe*, the modern Richborough. He found Kent swarming with the hostile bands of the Caledonians, and was obliged to fight his way through them before he could reach the capital, Augusta, "an old town formerly known as London." But now the vast fabric of the Roman Empire had fallen into decay, and was about to break up. The time came when Rome needed all her soldiers for her own defence against the fierce barbarians who, issuing in prodigious swarms from the frozen regions of the north of Europe, rolled their living tides over the sunny plains of the south. The last of the legions was recalled. The Roman soldier, with his head-piece and breast-plate of shining brass, his great oblong shield, and his right arm bare to the shoulder to hurl the short, stout spear, or wield the keen and heavy sword, was to be seen no more on Scottish ground. The gleaming battalions left our shores for ever. It was nearly three centuries and a half since Agricola first crossed the English Border on his march northwards.

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422 A. D.
Departure
of the Ro-
mans.

The Romans have left their mark deep on other countries, but not on Scotland. Their possession of our country was too short and disturbed to produce much impression on native manners or arts. They made many lines of road, and by this means did much to open up the country. They cut down much forest to deprive their enemies of cover, and thus aided to clear the land. But the most important result of the Roman invasion was the

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habit of union against a common foe which it compelled the tribes to learn. At the commencement of the Roman period, the natives of North Britain were divided into numerous independent tribes, each governed by its own petty king. Their union against the Romans, more or less constantly maintained during so long a period, easily took a more permanent form. The northern tribes ranged themselves under one ruler; the southern tribes did the same. The earliest authentic information we have, after the departure of the Romans, shows us Scotland divided into two kingdoms; the kingdom of the Northern or Black Picts, and the kingdom of the Southern or Fair Picts. Pict, in the old Celtic language, signifies a *Fighting Man*.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE SCOTS CAME INTO SCOTLAND.

THE word *Scot* is from the Celtic, and means *a wanderer*, CHAPTER
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a rover. At some period not now discoverable, a body of Scots or Wanderers came, from Spain as it is supposed, into Ireland, and took the liberty of making themselves at home there. Vigorous and powerful fellows they seem to have been, quite able to make themselves at home anywhere. They completely took the upper-hand of the native Irish; so much so that for many hundred years Ireland was called *Scotia*, the land of the Scots.

About the beginning of the sixth century, a small colony of the Scots came over from Ireland, and settled in the district of Scotland now known as Argyleshire. There they gradually increased in numbers and power till they formed a little kingdom—the kingdom of Dalriada, as it was called. Thus there came to be three kingdoms within the bounds of North Britain;—the kingdom of the Northern Picts, the kingdom of the Southern Picts, and the kingdom of the Scots in the west.

Somewhere near the beginning of the eighth century, 730 A.D.
the Northern Picts quarrelled and went to war with the Southern Picts. The Scots gave their help to their neighbours the Northerns. Then began a war, or succession of wars, which raged for more than a hundred years. History has brought down to us only mere snatches of this long struggle. The Northern Picts, and their allies the Scots, had the worst of it for a while. But the Scots received powerful aid from their kindred

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in Ireland. Instead of allies, they became the leaders of the Northern Picts against the Southern. Doubtless many a deed was done fit to be sung to the harp by grey-haired bards, to fire the courage of the sons of the future time. In many a strath and on many a plain the clash of spears on the sounding shields rose amid the yell of battle. The cloven skull, long afterwards turned up by the plough, told the might of the arm that swung the whistling broadsword in days of yore. But all the incidents and currents of that long and bloody struggle have sunk into unremembered night.

843 A.D.

What we know is, that the Scots, with their strong talent for making room for themselves, got more and more decidedly uppermost, until the final outcome of the long struggle was, that Kenneth M'Alpin, Kenneth "the Hardy," King of the Scots, became king over the whole of North Britain, down to the "Scots-water," or Forth.

This is the remarkable event known in history as the *Scottish conquest*. In these struggles, so misty and dim

to us, our country was taking shape and form as one united kingdom. The Scots were now the ruling race. By degrees the country came to be called SCOTLAND. The stout and hardy wanderers had at length found a home.



CORONATION CHAIR, WESTMINSTER
ABBEY,
Containing the stone from Scone.

There is an ancient stone on which the kings of the Scots were wont to be seated at their coronation. It is called the *Lia Fail*, or Stone of Destiny. It is said to have been brought from Tara in Ireland to Iona when the first king of the

Scots was crowned on Scottish soil. When Kenneth

McAlpin became king over all Scotland, he had this stone brought from Iona to Scone. Wherever that stone rests, says an old tradition, princes of Scottish blood shall rule the land. Edward I. of England carried it away in the year 1296. This very stone still forms a part of the coronation chair of the British sovereigns. Queen Victoria was crowned upon it, and she has Scottish blood in her veins.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE DAY-STAR RISING ON THE FORESTS.

CHAPTER VII.
THE light of the gospel had at least dawned in Scotland as early as the third century. This cannot be thought unlikely, considering how rapidly Christianity spread through all parts of the Roman Empire in the apostolic age. One thing is certain, that as Scotland possessed the gospel pure, she must have received it early. Had it come later it would have come tainted with the fast-growing corruptions of Rome.

It may have been brought by refugees, scattered abroad by those fierce persecutions which were so great a means of spreading the truth they were intended to destroy. Whoever they were that first sowed the gospel seed in our northern land, all recollection of them has perished. They are known to Him alone from whom they are receiving their reward. Some scanty information, however, we have about the most remarkable of those primitive missionaries, who, at a later period, aided in extending the religion of Jesus in Scotland. We see these men, indeed, as trees walking; but true men they were in heart and life.

Ninian.

There are in various parts of Scotland churches, wells, caves, and other noted localities, which bear the name of St. Ninian, or Ringan, as people call him. Ninian, whose name still lingers about these spots, was a native of the north of England, a son of one of the petty princes there. This young man visited Rome, and lived in it for some years in the latter part of the fourth century. The

Bishop of Rome, not yet swollen into a pope, found the youthful Briton well skilled in divine truth, ordained him, and sent him to preach to his countrymen. CHAPTER
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Ninian crossed over Solway from his native Cumberland to Whithorn in Galloway, where he built a little church—the first on Scottish ground. It was called the White House. Here was the centre of Ninian's missionary work, and from this point he made missionary journeys into the interior of the country. To that little white-walled church, peacefully looking from its bold headland over the racing tides of the wild Solway, he taught the pagan people to go up and hear the words of eternal life. The humble White House was succeeded in after times by a stately abbey, of which only a few broken fragments now remain to mark the interesting spot.

In the parish of Fordun in the Mearns, the parish of Palladius which Robert Burns's father was a native, there is a yearly fair called Paldy's Fair. You need not ask the lads who gather to the fair who Paldy was. They cannot tell you. Palladius, whose name has been worn down to Paldy, was another of the ancient missionaries who helped to spread the truth in Scotland. He came from Rome about the middle of the fourth century to the Christian Scots in Ireland, to weed out some heathen practices remaining among them, and to teach them the way of God more perfectly. From Ireland he came over to Scotland, and preached the gospel to the natives. He fixed his abode at Fordun, and died there with his converts' faces around his bed. Long after, in the dark times of Popery, he was dubbed a saint, and had a yearly festival, the recollection of which is still kept up in Paldy's Fair.

But the great missionary of ancient Scotland was Columba
Columba. About the middle of the sixth century there 545 A.D.
came over from Ireland to the island of Iona a *currach*,

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or boat made of hides stretched on a keel and ribs of wood. Boats made much in the same way are used by the Greenlanders still. Light, dancing craft they are, and will live in the stormiest sea. This currach brought a company of missionaries,—Colum or Columba, and twelve companions. Strange that Ireland should have sent the gospel to us! Truly the first has become last since that time.

Arrived on the little lonely island of Iona, the missionaries built themselves huts and a church, a humble erection of posts wattled with reeds, and plastered with clay. They supported themselves by cultivating the ground. Starting from their little missionary settlement, they made long journeys on the mainland to preach the gospel. They had to make their way over rugged mountains and through pathless forests. They endured all sorts of hardships. They suffered from the violence of the rude people, stirred up against them by the Druid priests. But where is the task for which faith has not both courage and strength? The dauntless missionaries pursued their work, and wonderful success was given them. A life of strange adventure theirs must have been: sometimes at nightfall breaking the great silence of the forest with their song of praise, or, prostrate on the grass, reading the Latin Bible by the light of their fire under some mighty tree; now driven from the gate of the chief, now received into his oaken hall, hung round with the spoils of the chase, the skin of the wolf, the antlered head of the deer, and the tusked skull of the boar; now standing in the midst of a village, telling to its simple people the story of the Cross; again in the camp of the warriors, preaching the Prince of Peace.

The settlement in Iona was the head-quarters to which the missionaries came and went. There they trained young men to take up the work of the gospel. Iona was, in fact, a missionary college, where youth were trained to

the office of preachers, and where they were at the same time taught various mechanical arts. Thus the missionaries sent out from Iona were able to be self-supporting. They could instruct the rude tribes in useful arts, as well as teach them the way of life.

Columba fell asleep at a good old age, but the great work which he had begun went on growing and spreading for generations. His followers were called *Culdees*, servants of God. The *Culdees* had missionary schools, on the pattern of the parent establishment of Iona, in many parts of Scotland; at Abernethy, Dunblane, Scone, Brechin, Dunkeld, Lochleven, St. Andrews, and elsewhere. *Culdee* preachers found their way over all Scotland, and beyond it. They carried their message south into Northumberland, and north into the isles of Orkney and Shetland, and even as far as Iceland. Such faith and love burned in the bosoms of these ancient men whose hearts God had touched.

The great change from Heathenism to Christianity was, of course, wrought out slowly, and not alike completely in all parts of the country. But at length the ancient superstition gave way before the spreading light. The white-robed Druid, with his golden sickle, cut the mistletoe no more. The great circles of mighty stones, where the people had assembled for ages to the rites of their pagan worship, were neglected and forsaken. Little churches, with wattled walls and roofs of reed arose, where on the blessed Sabbath our forefathers heard the words that teach us to live and to die.

The religion of the *Culdees* was the pure religion of the Bible, free from the corrupt doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome. They owned no rule but the word of God. They had no worship of saints or angels, no prayers for the dead, no confession to the priest, no sacrifice of the mass. They hoped for salvation from the mercy of God alone, through faith in Jesus Christ. They

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Iona.

had no bishops or prelates, and their only church office-bearers were ministers and elders.

The little settlement of Columba in the isle of Iona grew to vast fame and grandeur. It continued for ages to be the great light of the north, the centre from which religion and civilization spread abroad. There for centuries the kings of Scotland were interred. The royal dead even of other lands were brought for burial in the famous isle. Nothing now is to be seen about a spot once so celebrated, except a square tower and some roofless walls. The almost unceasing roar of the Atlantic waves, as they dash against the granite cliffs, is the only sound that breaks the stillness of the desolate scene.

Popery.

The Church of the Culdees flourished long in Bible purity. But in the course of time the "mystery of iniquity," which corrupted all Christendom, gradually tainted the primitive Church of Scotland.

There is a barony in Morayshire, once rich and fertile, now a waste of blown sand. The winds first finely sifted the sand over its fruitful acres. Then the sand, killing all vegetable life with its light and soft touch, drifted deep and more deeply over it. The buried furrows, dried to the hardness of sun-baked brick, can yet be laid bare. The dove-cot, in front of the huge sand-wreath which enveloped the mansion-house, long showed its sloping roof over the sand. For many years after the fruit trees in the orchard had been covered trunk and branch, the topmost boughs continued to throw out bud and blossom above the dreary brown waste.

Even so, the progress of Popery gradually buried the pure and Scriptural Church of the more ancient time. Some blossoms and signs of life continued to struggle out for a while above the barren surface; but these too died away, and the once fair Church of the Culdees became, like the buried barony of Moray, a region of sterility and death.

CHAPTER VIII.

A KINGDOM ON THE ANVIL.

WE have seen how the numerous independent clans CHAPTER
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—
Crowned
shadows. became one kingdom under Kenneth M'Alpin; how the Stone of Destiny was set at Scone, and the race of the Scot ruled the land. Few people have patience to wade through the history of the next fourteen or fifteen kings after Kenneth. One is awfully tempted to skip the reigns of a dozen of them, and to turn over the history of two centuries in one handful of leaves. Their battles seem as confused as the skirmishes of the kites and crows. Has the reader ever joined in the nursery amusement of "making soldiers," by burning a sheet of brown paper? In the said nursery sport, innumerable fiery particles run up and down excitedly on the dark surface of the burned paper. They rush forward and retire—they wheel—they dash into collision—they go at a charging pace over height and hollow—they dance off in a multitudinous eye-baffling race and whirl of red and angry atoms. Even such is the confusion confounded that reigns in the history of these old-world wars and fightings. Donald the Ruddy, Hugh the Fair, Duff the Brown, Kenneth the Grim, and all the rest of the kings of that period, are to us mere crowned shadows, seen dim and indistinct through the mist of years.

Nevertheless, they did a work in their time, and did it, too, like men. A rough, wild work it was; but it prepared results which have come down to ourselves. Scotland had become one kingdom. This kingdom,

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however, was a loose association of clans, rather than a regular state. It took the work of ages to give its irregular and disorderly materials the unity and strength of a regular government. Now, this was what these almost forgotten kings greatly helped to do. They were the smiths who welded the pieces of metal into one. They thought only of doing the work which lay straight before them, and that was to beat back the ceaseless attacks of the Northmen or the English. But in doing this they accomplished much more than they dreamed of. The necessity and habit of combining the strength of the kingdom for action against the enemy constantly tended to advance its union and solidity. Thus, out of the obscure, confused wars of that stormy time, a great result was steadily growing.

Northmen.

The deep *viks*, or bays, on the coast of Norway afforded shelter to a wild race of sea-rovers called the *Vikings*—the Men of the Bays—who were for ages the scourge of our Scottish shores. These spoilers landed wherever they spied an opportunity, brought off everything that was not “too hot or too heavy,” burned and destroyed what they could not carry away, and returned to their ships laden with plunder. Nor was it plunder alone that the fierce Northmen bore away. They carried off captives, both male and female, whom they sold for slaves. There were even regular markets in Norway and Sweden where Scottish slaves were sold.

The galleys in which the Northmen came were long, black, and low. The bow was formed like a gigantic dragon, which seemed to cleave the waves with its gaudily painted breast, while its tail curled aft over the head of the helmsman. The shining shields of the warriors hung in a row outside the bulwarks. Twenty or thirty long oars, projecting from each side, smote the ocean with even beat. A single mast bore a large square sail made in broad stripes of red, white, and blue.

Well were these dragon-galleys known on the Scottish shores.

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In the reign of Harold of Norway, called Harold Haarfager, or the Fair-haired, the Norsemen took possession of the Orkney and Shetland Islands and the Hebrides. When Harold was but a petty Norwegian chief, the proud and beautiful Gyda scorned his suit, and he swore that he would neither clip nor comb his locks till he could woo her as sole king of Norway. He kept his word, clutched at the kingdom, and won it. When the crown was set on his head, the thick masses of his fair hair streamed down to his waist. It was this shaggy king with his lion's mane who conquered the Scottish islands.

Not only did the Norwegians make themselves masters of the islands, they also invaded and conquered a large portion of the northern districts of the mainland, including Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, and Moray. The Norwegian Chief of Orkney lost his life in this invasion in a strange manner, which well illustrates the ferocity of those times. Having slain in battle a Scottish chief called Maolbride the Bucktoothed, from a peculiarly prominent tooth, he cut off his head and tied it by the locks to his saddle-bow. But the dead man was singularly revenged. From the violent motion as the Norwegian galloped over the field, the tooth inflicted a wound on his thigh, which inflamed, and caused his death.

The Norwegian conquest in the north was erected into a separate kingdom—to which, however, small peace was allowed. The Norseman fought many a fierce and bloody battle for it, and won and lost it many times in the course of a century. This was the sort of work which the Scottish kings had to do in one part of their dominions.

In the midland and southern districts work of the same kind was never long wanting. Sometimes it was

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the fleet of the Danes that sailed up the Firths of Clyde, Forth, or Tay, and carried their devastations into the very heart of the country. More than one Scottish king lost his life in battle with these fierce plunderers. Tradition still points out the ground where various battles were fought during this period with the Danish invaders. There was the great fight at Luncarty, near Perth, where the Danes were defeated, and where, beneath the sward on which the snowy webs from the damask looms of Dunfermline lie bleaching, their bones and broken weapons have been found. There was the battle near the mouth of Tay, when the Danes were chased to their ships through the *links* and sand dunes of Barry. A tall stone on an eminence in the woods of Panmure, hoary with gray moss, was said in country tradition to mark the grave of the Danish leader. Sure enough, when the ground beside the stone was dug into, the skeleton of a man was found, to whom some strong arm and good sword had dealt so sweeping a blow that a piece of the skull was cut quite away.

Edwin's
Burgh.

If at any time there was a brief interval of quiet from the Danes and other northern invaders, there was probably war with the English. In later times, the Debatable Land on the border was a tract of a few miles in breadth; but in the times of the early Scottish kings the debatable land came up to the rock of Edinburgh. Edwin the Saxon built a fort on that rock, to defend the English border against the Scots. Hence the name of the Scottish capital, Edwin's-burgh. It cost a long struggle and many a red field before the invaders were driven out and the border thrown back to Northumberland.

Such was the work of the Scottish kings and their warrior people during that bloody and stormy period of two centuries between Kenneth M'Alpin and Malcolm Canmore. The struggles in which they were so inces-

santly engaged tended to mould the kingdom into unity and consistence, and to make the Scottish nationality compact and firm. These rude old kings laid the foundation for Robert Bruce to build on; ay, and for John Knox as well.

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NORSE GALLEY.

CHAPTER IX.

GREAT-HEAD AND HIS TIMES.

CHAPTER IX.
Duncan. MALCOLM, surnamed Canmore, or Great-head, was the son of Duncan, the fifteenth king from Kenneth M'Alpin—the meek and gracious Duncan of Shakespeare. Everybody knows the story so grandly told by the great dramatist. Macbeth, the powerful “Mormaor” or chief of Moray, with his proud and cruel lady, invited the venerable king to his castle, and received him with all show of honour. The king retired to his chamber for the night. His attendants were intoxicated with drugged possets till they “mocked their charge with snores.” In the morning the king lay dead on his bed—

“ His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance.”

The murderer then seized the throne. This is the story, copied from the fabulous pages of Hector Boece into the Chronicle of Holinshed, where Shakespeare found it. The real Duncan was, in fact, a young and inexperienced prince, who met his untimely fate in the flower of his youth. Thorfin Sigurdson held at that time the earldom of the Orkneys, besides large possessions on the mainland. “He was stout and strong, but very ugly; severe and cruel, but a very clever man”—a dangerous person to quarrel with. Unfortunately, Duncan did quarrel with him, the ugly clever man having refused to pay tribute for his mainland possessions. Much about the same time, Duncan, wishing to extend his boundaries south-

ward, had an army besieging Durham. The result of that siege was a circle of grim Scotch heads set on stakes all round Durham walls, with their long locks carefully plaited by women's hands. Duncan himself had gone north with eleven ships, and troops on land, to chastise the ugly man. The ugly man beat him both by sea and land. Not far from the scene of his lost battle, he was assassinated "in the smith's bothy," near Elgin—a weary and deserted fugitive, perhaps, with the load of ruin on his heart. There is no doubt that his cousin Macbeth was the author of his death.

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IX.Macbeth
1041 A.D.

The children of Duncan were in their infancy, and the slayer of their father took possession of the throne without hinderance. An able and vigorous king he made, keeping order, dispensing justice, and really doing whatever a king in that rude age could do for the well-being of his subjects. His reign was a time of prosperity and abundance. After fourteen prosperous years, evil fortune overtook him. From some unknown cause of quarrel, the whole force of the Northumbrian provinces collected under the banner of Earl Siward, and invaded the dominions of the Scottish King. They attacked Macbeth on the day of "the Seven Sleepers." Better for Macbeth had he slept with the Seven. He was defeated, three thousand of his army were slaughtered, and the invaders carried off a booty so vast that the like had never been known before. This crushing defeat seems to have broken his power. Malcolm with the big head, Duncan's son, had now risen into manhood, and the friends of his house aided him to make the venture against the usurper of his throne. Macbeth was not the man to yield tamely. He held his ground for four years, and at last "died with harness on his back." He was defeated and slain at Lumphanan in Aberdeenshire, and Malcolm Canmore took possession of the throne without further hinderance.

27th July

1058 A.D.

CHAPTER

IX.

SAXONS.

At this time, and for centuries before, England was a Saxon country. The Saxons came from the shores of the Baltic, and from the vast forest-covered regions watered by the Elbe, the Weser, and the Rhine. Their name was derived from their favourite weapon, the *saex*, or long knife. The Men of the Knife were a fierce and hardy race, large and strong, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, and ruddy. They could handle with equal expertness the battle-axe and the oar. Braving in their light leather-sided skiffs the perils of the ocean, they descended in swarms upon the south and east coasts of England, drove the inhabitants to the western part of the island, and took possession of the conquered territory. Thus it came that the blue-eyed barbarians from the forests of Germany gave kings, and laws, and a language to England.

1066 A.D.

Malcolm had been ten or twelve years a king when there came to the shores of England a man whom England will never forget, though he was but the son of a tanner's daughter. He was a large, bald-headed man, of a fierce countenance, and immensely fat. William, Duke of Normandy, was the name of him. He came to do battle with the Saxon masters of England. The Saxons fought on foot with long knives and short axes; the Normans were mounted on powerful war-horses, and used long lances. The lances beat the axes. The Saxon king fell, struck to the brain by an arrow which entered his eye. That one battle made the tanner's grandson master of all England.

Margaret.

Two years after this famous battle, a strange ship lay at anchor in the little sheltered bay called St. Margaret's Hope, near Queensferry, on the Firth of Forth. The passengers landed. The men looked stately and high, but sad. Three females were with them, whom they tended full courteously. The company who thus landed on the lonely shore of the little bay were the Saxon royal

family of England and a few of the nobles. Edgar, the heir of the throne, was there, with his mother and his two sisters. Driven out of England by the Norman Conquest, they had come to seek the protection of the King of Scotland, whose castle was at Dunfermline, some five miles from the place of their landing. Thither they took their way on foot. About half way, the Princess Margaret rested for a little on a great block of stone. It was her heart, probably, rather than her limbs, that was weary. This great stone is still to be seen. People thereabouts call it St. Margaret's Stone.

Malcolm received the exiles with all welcome in his tower of the forest of Dunfermline. Nay, in a short time there was a royal wedding in the forest tower; the King married the Princess Margaret. She was averse to the match at first, for the misfortunes of her family had tinged her character with melancholy, and she inclined to seek refuge in the cloister. But her scruples were not unreasonably obstinate, and the persuasions of her practical brother and other friends overcame them. The marriage proved a very happy one. The Great-head was apt to be fierce and passionate at times, but his amiable queen had great influence over him. She could guide him, smooth or grim; and her mild and gentle disposition did much to soften his mood. Unable himself to read, he would frequently take up her favourite books and kiss them, so tenderly did the rugged Great-head love his gentle Margaret.

William the Norman, wanting the lands and heritages of the Saxons to reward the followers by the aid of whose lances he had conquered them, carried out a system of merciless spoliation, by which great numbers of the Saxons became ruined and broken men. They flocked to Scotland, where Malcolm, well knowing that the wealth of a kingdom is its men, granted them lands to settle upon. The Saxon tide continued flowing into Scotland for many

CHAPTER IX. years. The incoming of such multitudes of Southerners produced a vast but peaceful revolution, the effects of which, indeed, are felt to this day. We bear witness to it every time we open our mouths, since, but for that Saxon influx, our mother-tongue would probably have been the Gaelic still.

Queen Margaret was fond of state and show. She dressed splendidly. She increased the number of attendants on the court, and greatly added to the parade of the King's public appearances. She caused the royal table to be served with gold and silver plate. "At least," says the candid chronicler, "the dishes and vessels were gilt or silvered over." She encouraged the importation and use of foreign woven stuffs; and it seems that it was she who first brought in the tartan, so long a national favourite.

Unhappily, Margaret was deeply tinged with the superstitions of the times. Every morning she prepared food for nine orphan children: on her bended knees she fed them. Every evening she washed the feet of six poor persons. She practised long fasts and other Popish austerities, till she broke her constitution and brought on disease, of which she died. She had a favourite crucifix, called the black rood or cross. It was of gold, about the length of a hand; the figure of Christ upon it was of ebony, studded and inlaid with gold. A piece of the true cross was said to be inclosed in it. But in those days there were "as many pieces of the true cross as would have broken the back of Simon the Cyrenian to bear it."

It was Margaret's great aim to make the Scottish Church as like as possible to the Church of her native country—that is to say, to the Church of Rome. In Scotland, the barren and killing sand-drift of Popery had not yet entirely buried the soil which the good old Culdees had cultivated so well; but the Culdee Church

was sore decayed and corrupted from its ancient life and purity. Queen Margaret extinguished it altogether. She summoned meetings of the Culdee ministers, and argued with them on questions of religion. She spoke in Saxon, and the Culdees understood only Gaelic; but the king acted as interpreter in these singular synods. It is not very easy arguing with a queen, especially when she happens to be the wife of a resolute Great-head, bent on giving her all her will. Margaret's eloquence and learning always had the victory. Nevertheless, it took all her eloquence and a good deal of force besides, before the poor Culdees were got to conform to the new order of things which the zealous queen set up.

From this time we may date the complete triumph of the Romish Church in Scotland. Rome rather tardily rewarded Queen Margaret's services by making her a saint, six hundred years after her death. Her hair, the auburn hair which her bower-maidens were wont to dress with golden combs in the forest tower of Dunfermline, was long shown as a holy relic by which miracles were wrought. It was taken abroad at the Reformation, and kept in the Scotch college at Douay till the latter part of the last century, when it was lost in the confusion attending the expulsion of the Jesuits.

Malcolm Canmore had many bloody struggles with William the Conqueror and the new possessors of England. He oftener than once invaded England. William invaded Scotland, and came as far as Abernethy. At another time, his invading army, under his son Robert, penetrated as far as Falkirk. On his retreat, he built a new castle on the Tyne,—the first of a chain of Border fortresses designed for defence against the Scots, and the beginning of the Newcastle which we know. The wars of the fierce Norman and the Scottish Great-head were the most savage that ever desolated the Border. At one time, the rich and fertile province between the Humber

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and the Tees, sixty miles in breadth, was laid so utterly waste that, as the old historian remarks, "a stranger would groan to see it, and an old inhabitant of the province, *if one has escaped alive*, would not know it." It was William, their own king, who did it, to put a desert between himself and his enemy! Numbers had escaped alive, who, abandoning their native land in misery and despair, sought refuge and a home in Scotland; and a region, once flourishing, became the haunt of beasts of prey, wild cattle, and outlaws.

Malcolm's reign was long, and Scotland held her own right stoutly all his days. But he came to a violent end at last. Exasperated at an affront which he had received from William Rufus, the Conqueror's rude son, he determined to invade England. Queen Margaret tried to turn him from it. In spite of the warnings of his anxious queen, he crossed the Border late in autumn, when the leaves were already brown on the trees. The forebodings of Margaret were fatally realized. Malcolm perished on the banks of the River Alne. There is little doubt that he came to his end by treachery. His eldest son, Edward, was mortally wounded, and died a few days afterwards at a place in Jedwood forest, long known as "Edward's Isle." The Scottish host was driven back in utter rout, many perishing by the sword, and more in attempting to cross the rivers, swollen into torrents by the November rains. The body of the king was found upon the field of battle by two peasants, who cast it into a cart and brought it into Tynemouth. It was buried in a mean tomb. Twenty years afterwards his bones were reverently removed, and laid by the side of his queen in Dunfermline Abbey.

13th Nov.
1093.

Edgar, the second son of Malcolm, escaped from the rout at Alnwick, and got home to the royal residence on the rock of Edinburgh, where his mother lay on her death-bed. He entered the room, and the anxious

mother saw in his face that something terrible had happened. "I know all," she cried; "tell me the truth." "Your husband and son are both slain," he said. The dying queen clasped her hands in prayer, but ere the prayer was ended her spirit fled.

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DUNFERMLINE PALACE AND ABBEY.

CHAPTER X.

LORD AND VASSAL.

CHAPTER X.
Feudal System.

IT was in the time of Malcolm Canmore that what is called the *Feudal System* began in Scotland, and in the days of his sons it was established. This system took a long time to grow general, and perhaps it never was quite universal.

When rent-day comes round, the farmer calls on his landlord or the factor, takes a plump pocket-book from the breast of his coat, and counts out his rent in bank-notes; or he simply writes a cheque for the sum, and hands it over. The tenants of the middle ages paid their rent in a very different style. They occupied their lands on condition of being ready to fight whenever their lord called them out to war. This was their rent.

If the Queen were to give you an estate with cornlands lying fair to the sun, forests where the fallow-deer and the roe chew the cud under mighty oaks, stream and lake where the trout leap and the wild-duck dives, on condition that you, with a hundred men to ride after your banner, should be ready at call to fight her battles, that would be the feudal system. You would be the Queen's vassal, and she your feudal superior and liege lady. But where would you get the men to perform the service for which you were bound?

The crown vassals, or nobles who held lands from the king, granted estates to knights and gentlemen upon the same terms of military service. These sub-vassals, again, gave lands to an inferior class of proprietors—yeomen, who were in like manner bound to follow their superior

to the field. Thus the king could call out his vassals, the nobles; the nobles could call out their vassals, the gentlemen; the gentlemen could call out the yeomen. The king's summons set the whole feudal machine in motion. Then, whenever it pleased the nobles and gentlemen to go to war with one another—and that was pretty often—their vassals were bound to march with them, and kill and be killed in their quarrels.

The vassals, great and small, were obliged to provide their own fighting gear. The gentlemen rode on war-chargers of great bone and height. Heavily sheathed in mail and plate, they looked like iron towers set on horseback. When the visor or face-piece of the helmet was shut down, the face was completely hidden, and nothing could be seen except a pair of fierce eyes gleaming through the bars. The shield, of polished steel inlaid with gold or silver, was hung by a belt round the neck. These formidable warriors fought with long lances, heavy swords, battle-axes, and clubs or maces of steel. The yeomen fought on foot. They wore a morion or iron cap, and a jack—that is, a leathern jacket, well quilted with splints of iron. Their arms were axe, spear, and dagger.

A great part of the population on the feudal estates were serfs. The serfs were bound to stay on their master's land: if they left it they were brought back like strayed oxen. They were compelled to do all manner of labour for their lord—felling timber, carrying manure, repairing roads, and the like. Whatever they possessed their lord could take at his pleasure. He could sell them like cattle: they were his property as much as the horses in his stalls. He had the power of pit and gallows over them—that is, of drowning women and hanging men—in testimony of which the *dule-tree*, or tree of sorrow, where poor men came to grief by a rope, usually stood near by the castle walls.

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When the grant of an estate was given, the vassal performed homage to the lord as an expression of his obedience and devotedness. In performing homage his head was uncovered, his belt ungirt, his sword and spurs removed. Kneeling, he placed his hands between those of the lord, and promised to be his man from thenceforward, and to serve him with life and limb and worldly honour, faithfully and loyally. The ceremony was concluded by a kiss.

The castle.

The feudal lord took care to build his castle on some secure site—a crag, a hill, or even in the centre of a marsh. It consisted of a grim, massy keep, with out-buildings, the whole surrounded by a fortified wall and a moat, passable only by a narrow draw-bridge. Here he dwelt, with his family and retainers, in rude magnificence. Daily, in the great stone-hall, the board was spread for the household, the lord himself sitting at the head of the long oaken table, while the steam of boiled meat, of roast and of stew, obscured the vaulted roof of the sombre hall, and black-bearded men-at-arms passed round the pitcher of mighty ale. Under the table the dogs growled and fought for the bones and offal of the feast, among the rushes or straw with which the floor was thickly covered. Carpets were not used for the floor, but for table-covers. Near the castle, and within hearing of the warder's horn, the serfs dwelt, grouped together in a village of huts. They were the living dust which the great lord of the castle could trample under foot. What could men be, daily cowering under the eye of a master who held their lives and all in his pleasure, but abject and crawling? And what but ferocious and brutal could he be who held a power so monstrous over his fellow-creatures, whose will was free from every curb, and who was surrounded by trembling slaves, scarce daring to lift their eyes higher than his knee?

Judgment
of battle.

The feudal lord was judge of all causes within his

bounds. Little law needed he to decide in the most difficult affairs. In a deep, dark pool of the forest, the body of a murdered man is found, the breast gaping with a bloody gash. Suspicion rests on one known to be his enemy. The brother of the dead accuses the suspected murderer before their liege lord. There is little or no evidence. The mystery of blood in the lonely forest cannot be unravelled. The baron decrees to refer it to the judgment of battle. On a set day a platform is erected and a space railed in upon a level meadow. On the platform the baron sits; a crowd of spectators are looking on; in the inclosed space are the accused and the accuser, armed alike with axe, morion, jack, and target. The challenger is placed facing the west, the challenged faces the east. The baron gives the signal, and they go to it. Warily they watch each other, and traverse, and feint, and strike, and ward. The clashing blows sound loud amid the silence of the eager multitude. And now one of the combatants is down—a mighty stroke of his enemy's axe has felled him to the earth. It is the accused. Judgment of battle has gone against him, and none now doubts his guilt. They drag him to the gallows, and hang him as a manifestly convicted murderer. Such was the favourite mode of feudal justice.

A gay sight it was when the baron and his retinue rode out to the hunting. While the priest, with his rosy face of purple cheer, rattled over a hasty hunting-mass in the chapel, the deer-dogs bayed, and the steeds champed the bit in the castle court. Then came down the ladies, and were helped to their palfreys with high knightly courtesy. Then the bold baron and his train bounded into their saddles, and away swept the cavalcade to the ringing sound of the huntsman's horn to rouse the buck and the roe in their green retreats, or to fly their hawks at heron and partridge.

Hunting

Gay, too, was the sight when the pomp of war issued War.

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from the castle gateway. In front rode the liege lord, with his banner borne before him, and followed by his knights, each attended by his pennon and men-at-arms. The burnished steel of their mail gleamed brightly in the sun. Brilliant with many-coloured pennon and flag and helmet-plume, the feudal chivalry rode forth. Their chargers neighed to the rousing din of the war-trumpets, as if they already snuffed the battle from afar, while from battlement and bartizan fair hands waved farewell.

These are the picturesque aspects of feudalism, looking to which people sometimes forget how dark its moral aspects were. It was only out of a state of lawlessness and misery that a feudal system could have grown. The lands which kings and nobles had to bestow on their vassals were usually the spoils of war. When every powerful man was an oppressor, small proprietors of land were glad to become vassals of the great lords for the sake of protection. For the same reason many freemen became serfs. In seasons of famine, also, and these were frequent, many freemen sold themselves into slavery to escape starvation. Others fell into slavery from inability to pay the heavy fines to which they were subjected for neglect of military service. War, oppression, wretchedness, were the builders of the feudal fabric.



JUDGMENT OF BATTLE.

CHAPTER XL

THE SORE SAINT.

THREE sons of Malcolm Canmore came, one after another, to their father's throne. The first was Edgar, he who told his dying mother the bloody news from Alnwick. It was five years after his father's death before he succeeded to the kingdom; for an old uncle, a brother of his father, called Donald Bane, or White Donald, managed to seize the throne and keep his nephew out of it, till English help gave it to the rightful heir. According to the barbarous policy of the times, the eyes of the aged usurper were put out.

Edgar was a feeble prince, of a gentle and inoffensive nature, much devoted, as all the sons of Queen Margaret were, to the Church of Rome. He founded the Priory of Coldingham, and gave it to the monks of Durham. The present of a camel which he gave to the Irish king, Murketagh, seems to indicate that the keeping of rare animals was a kingly taste at that early period. After a reign of nine years he died, and was succeeded by his brother, Alexander I., a vigorous, determined man, but of so passionate a temper that he was called *The Fierce*. "He was humble and courteous," says the old chronicler, "to the clergy; but to the rest of his subjects terrible beyond measure." He zealously promoted the building of churches and monasteries, and enriched them with ample grants of lands and revenues. He gave great attention to the collecting of relics, and the providing of priestly robes and all the gaudy outfit of Romish wor-

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Edgar.
1093 A.D.

1107 A.D.
Alexander

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ship. It is difficult for kings to keep their charities from being seen of men, even should they try, and so we know that Alexander the Fierce did many good works in feeding, clothing, and washing the feet of the poor.

He was the first king to introduce the written charter as the necessary evidence of the right to freehold property. Before this time, charters were unknown in Scotland. A shake of the hand before witnesses settled any common bargain. The delivery of a stick, a straw, or a clod of earth, in the presence of a greater number of witnesses, conveyed a right to land, but length of occupancy alone conferred hereditary right. Greater ceremony was observed on important occasions. Alexander granted to the Priory of St. Andrews the tract of country known as "the Boars' Raik." The old ceremonial was observed in a grand style. The king, in the presence of a great multitude of people, led up his horse to the high altar, in the Church of St. Andrews, the pavement sounding to the clang of the iron hoof. The charger was equipped with housings of great value, and bore a complete suit of Turkish armour, with a silver lance and shield. The armour, shield, and royal saddle, were preserved in the church in testimony of the splendid donation.

David
1124 A.D.

1135 A.D.

Dying without children, Alexander was succeeded by his brother David, the youngest son of Malcolm Canmore. Matilda, the sister of David, "the Scottish Esther," had been Queen of England, having been married to Henry I., Henry Beauclerk, or Henry the Fine Scholar, as he was called; for he could read and write, and knew a little Latin. When Henry died, he left as the heiress of his throne a daughter who bore her mother's name of Matilda. But the proud and warlike nobles of England thought it disgraceful to be governed by a woman, to be "under the distaff," as they termed it. The "Fine Scholar" had a nephew, Stephen, Earl of

Boulogne, a frank and jovial fellow, but quite alive to his own interest, and not one to let a woman stand between him and a crown. Bold and prompt, and troubled with no scruples, he swallowed down the oaths which he had taken to his uncle to respect the rights of his cousin, the Princess Matilda, the Scottish Esther's daughter, clutched the royal treasure which lay in the Castle of Winchester, scattered bribes and promises, and got himself crowned king.

King David at once marched into England to strike for the rights of his niece. Twice he ravaged Northumberland with merciless barbarity. In a third invasion he penetrated into Yorkshire. Stephen was in the south, hard pressed by the partisans of Matilda, and was obliged to leave the northern part of his kingdom to look to its own defence. There was a man in those parts who knew what to do. This was the aged Thurstan, Archbishop of York. He assembled the barons at York, held a solemn fast, gave them absolution and his blessing, and delivered into their hands his crozier and the holy banner of St. Peter of York. He ordered processions of the priests with crosses, banners, and relics in every parish. He enjoined all men capable of bearing arms to rise "for the defence of the Church against the barbarians." To all who should die in battle he promised salvation. He sent forth the priests to lead their parishioners to battle. Sickness alone prevented him, aged as he was, from putting on his own coat of mail.

The English standard was erected on Cutton Moor, near Northallerton. The mast of a ship was set up on a high four-wheeled car. At the top of the mast was a large cross; in the centre of the cross a silver box containing the consecrated wafer, or bread-god of the Papists. Below the cross floated the banners of three saints, St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Ripon. The idea of this car seems to have been taken

Battle of
the Stand-
ard.

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from the great standard car which was used by the people of Lombardy.

The Scottish army was twenty-six thousand strong. Men from the Lowlands of Scotland were there, armed with cuirasses and long spears; archers from the southland "dales," or valleys of the rivers that run into Tweed and Solway; troopers from the Border mountains, who rode small, but strong and active horses; the fierce men of Galloway, who carried long pikes and wore no defensive armour; clansmen from the Highlands with the small round target and claymore; men of the isles, who wielded a long-handled battle-axe. A strong body of knights and men-at-arms, sheathed in complete mail, rode around the king.

Aug. 22,
1138.

The English placed their standard in their centre. Their steel-clad knights dismounted, sent their horses to the rear, and formed in a compact mass round the standard car. The Scots came on, levelling the long spears which were for ages the national weapon of the Scottish infantry, and shouting their *slogan*, "Albanach! Albanach!" Their fierce charge drove in the English infantry, but they could not break through the dense array of mailed warriors who surrounded the standard and received them on the points of their levelled lances. The long pikes of the Galloway men were shattered against the strong plate-armour of the knights. In vain the Highlanders tried to hew their way with the claymore into the mass of iron-cased chivalry. The archers of Yorkshire, Nottingham, and Lincolnshire, with their great bows, and arrows of three feet in length, ranged themselves on both flanks of the Scots, and kept up from either side a constant flight of their deadly shafts. On many another bloody day the Scots were destined to know right cruelly the fatal force of the cloth-yard arrow!

For full two hours the attack was maintained. At length the Scots began to recoil. An English soldier,

cutting off the head of one of the slain, raised it aloft, and cried, "The head of the King of Scots!" The report that their king was killed flew through the Scottish army and filled them with dismay. They broke and fled. The king, tearing off his helmet to show his face, kept together a small body of troops around himself, and was able in some degree to check the pursuit. On that bloody moor he left ten thousand dead.

This was the famous "Battle of the Standard." 1138 A.D. After this check to the progress of his arms, David made peace with Stephen. According to the terms of this peace, a large territory in the north of England was annexed to Scotland.

Civil war between the partisans of Stephen and Matilda continued to distract England for years afterwards, but David did not again draw sword in the cause of his niece.

Like a true son of Queen Margaret, David was possessed by a huge zeal for the Church, towards which he exercised a prodigal liberality. The division of the kingdom into parishes is traced to his reign. Every lord's manor became a parish. Through David's care, the remotest and most barbarous districts of the country were brought to pay the dues of the Church as obediently as in the bounds of Fife. This exemplary obedience, however, seems to have been but temporary, as a certain Bishop Adam found to his cost. King William, David's grandson, labouring like his grandsire to enforce the payment of tithes in the remote districts, sought out an unflinching man to be Bishop of Caithness. He found the man he wanted in this Adam, who was then Abbot of Melrose. A tough person Adam evidently was, and had made his way wonderfully; for he had been a foundling child exposed at a church door. It was the custom in Caithness that for every score of cows a *span* of butter should be paid to the bishop. The

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new bishop raised the rate—first to a span for every fifteen cows, then a span for every twelve, and then one for every ten. The people could endure it no longer. They rose in a crowd, seized him in his bed, carried him “mother naked” into his own kitchen, which they set on fire, and the poor bishop perished miserably.

Abbeys.

At least four bishoprics were founded by King David, and endowed with ample revenues. Many of the most magnificent abbeys in Scotland were erected by him. He built the Abbey of Melrose, whose ruined pile stands so fair on Tweedside. Dryburgh, where the ashes of Sir Walter Scott repose, was his work. He founded the Abbey of Jedburgh, beside the crystal Jed; and Kelso, on Teviot banks. Newbattle, on the Esk, in the fertile Lothian, owed its existence to him. In the rich carse of Stirling, where “a loop of the Forth is worth an earldom in the north,” stands yet the great tower of the Abbey of St. Mary of Cambuskenneth, almost swept by the passing sail as it tracks the windings of the river. This was another of the abbeys which had David for its founder. In the glades of the Forest of Drumselch, which in those days spread away eastward from Edinburgh, there stood a primitive wooden church. In obedience to the will of David, the wooden church of Drumselch Forest became the Abbey of Holyrood.

In a word, the reign of David was for Popery the grand period of the mortar-tub in Scotland. Buildings on every scale, from cathedrals and abbeys to simple little village churches, went up under the influence of his profuse zeal and liberality. The kings who came after him sorely missed the lands which he lavished away in gifts to churchmen and monks. Long afterwards, when James VI. was viewing the royal tombs in Dunfermline Abbey, a stately monument was pointed out to him as the monument of Saint David. King James, to whom the want of money was a continual vexation, sharply said,

“He was a sore saint to the crown!” The saying, however, was not original; and perhaps the British Solomon only meant to quote Sir David Lyndsay, who, referring to David, informs us that

“King James the First, roy of this regioun,
Said that he was ane sair sanct to the croun.”

Establishments of Augustinians, Benedictines, and Cistercians, were raised by David on the ruins of many a Culdee settlement. It was he who introduced into Scotland the order of fighting monks, called the Knights Templars. The Templars were bound by their vow



KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

never to decline battle even with one to three. The admission of members into the order took place at dead of night, with closed doors. The candidate was introduced as a renegade, who, like Peter, denied his Lord. He spat upon the cross, to express his apostasy; then he acted Peter in his repentance; and being admitted a Templar, was held to be raised high in proportion to his fall. Palestine was the grand field of the Templars' exploits. Full oft the Templar, with the red cross on

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his white cloak, his swift and fiery charger, and the point of his long lance glancing in the sun, was a welcome sight to the pilgrim toiling along the dusty road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, with the dread of Arab robbers upon him at every step. At length the Templars buried themselves in brutality, and the nations of Europe put down their order as an abomination.

The Sore Saint rooted out the last remnant of the Culdees. One reads with indignation how he ejected them from the little isle of St. Serf in Lochleven, where some ruins of their establishment are still to be seen, and seized their little library of sixteen volumes, among which were the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the three books of Solomon, a commentary on the Song of Solomon, and another on Genesis.

There was in him, nevertheless, a stout thread of common sense, which superstition could not break. Matthew Paris has this anecdote in his chronicle: "David, the brother of Matilda, Queen of the English, came to England to visit his sister; and when, on a certain evening, he came, by her invitation, to her chamber, he found the house filled with lepers, and the queen standing in the midst. Having laid aside her cloak, she with both hands girded herself with a towel; and water being placed in readiness, she began to wash their feet and wipe them with the towel, and, embracing them with both hands, kissed them with the utmost devotion. Upon which her brother addressed her thus: 'What is this which you are doing, my lady? In truth, if the king knew this, he would never deign to kiss with his lips your mouth, contaminated by the pollution of the lepers' feet.' And she, smiling, replied, 'Who knows not that the feet of an eternal King are to be preferred to the lips of an earthly king? Behold! it was for this that I invited you, dearest brother, that you might learn by my example to perform similar actions. Do, I beseech you, that which you see me

doing.' And when her brother had made answer that he would by no means do such things, as she persevered in her employment, David with a smile withdrew." CHAPTER
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The conformity of the Church in Scotland to the Church of the rest of Europe was now complete. Every parish had its priest. The sound of the matin and vesper bell, from the church of the little village which crouched for protection under the castle walls, was heard in each baron's hall. Far off, in secluded spots, the convent bell tolled for midnight service, the chant rose on the night air, and the long range of windows, lighted up by the tapers, shone out on the lonely woods. Friars and monks, in all their orders—white, black, and gray—were everywhere to be seen; and the shaveling carried his cowed head higher than the warrior's plumed helm.

But for his mischievous zeal on behalf of the Romish Church, the Sore Saint would have deserved to be called a good king. He endeavoured to promote the administration of justice, and on certain days he used to sit at the gate of his palace to hear and decide the causes of the poor. He encouraged manufactures and trade. He took great interest in agriculture. He loved his garden better than the hunting-field, and even did a little gardening with his own royal hands. His favourite amusement was the budding and engrafting of trees.

Towards the end of his reign David fixed his residence at Carlisle, on the English territory which he had acquired in his war with Stephen. There, on a May morning, he was found dead in the posture of prayer. So gentle had his departure been, that his hands still remained clasped upon his breast. He was near seventy years old, twenty-nine of which he had been a king. 1153 A.D

When David came to the throne, Scotland was still a loose cluster of provinces rather than a kingdom. The country between the Forth and the Grampians was the solid centre. Scone, Forteviot, and Invergowrie were

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the royal residences; and Abernethy was the seat of the learning of the age. The king was nominally obeyed throughout the mainland of Scotland, but his authority grew feeble as it receded from the centre. Northward, beyond the Spey, it was very little worth, and still less so in the wild region of Galloway, in the south. The district from the Forth to the Solway and the Tweed retained its own laws and customs, though dependent on the kingdom north of the "Scots' Water." Such was ancient Gaelic "Alban," not yet become feudal Scotland. Of that feudal Scotland, as we know her in history, David was the moulder and master-fashioner. Her monasteries, her castles, her feudal lords and knights, her estates held by charter and on feudal service, her feudal laws and usages,—all these features the old historic Scotland owes mainly to David. Let us glance at some of these laws and customs before we bid farewell to Canmore's youngest and greatest son.

It was a first principle of the system of government introduced by David, that every man "should find him a lord," who would take him under protection and reckon him among his dependants. He who failed to find him a lord remained at the king's mercy till a lord was found. No man allowed to live here without a responsible person to warrant him! A difficult arrangement to bring about—if it ever was fully brought about—in the wild Borders and wilder Highlands. Such was the feudal theory and method—every man a dependant of a superior, while the king was the superior of superiors.

Violence and robbery, and all crimes of the strong hand, were sternly dealt with. Every earldom and barony was in the *gyrth*—under the protection, that is—of its own lord, with sharp and ready powers of enforcing order—"pit and gallows," and no trifling. Every breach of the peace was punished according to the rank of the person in whose *gyrth* it took place. The

district around the king's residence, up to a certain limit, was the king's *gyrth*. If any hot-blood threatened to strike within the limits of the royal *gyrth*, a fine of four cows was paid to the king, and one cow to the person threatened. For an actual blow the fine was higher, and higher still if blood followed it. If a man drew his dagger upon another, the dagger was struck through his hand. If the weapon was used, the guilty hand was hacked off. If death followed, a fine of one hundred and eighty cows was payable to the king, while the right and duty of revenge remained with the kindred of the murdered man. Even the king's pardon was of no avail to the slayer, unless it had been given with the full knowledge of the relatives of the slain.

Witnesses, in the modern sense of the word, were scarcely known in the rude judicial proceedings of that old time. When an accusation was made, the accused repelled it by "compurgators;" that is to say, if two or four persons swore that he was guilty, he brought forward four or eight of his kin to swear that he was innocent. The oath of a man of rank was counted equal to the oaths of four or five common men. When the accused was unable to muster "compurgators" enough to swear him off, he had, as his last resource, the wager of battle, or the ordeal of boiling water or hot iron. The *simple* ordeal of water consisted in taking a stone out of boiling water as deep as the wrist. In the *triple* ordeal, the water was as deep as the elbow. In the ordeal of iron, the accused walked nine feet over hot iron, or carried it the same distance. In all cases, the hand or foot was bound up, and examined three days afterwards. If it was skin-whole, the man was pronounced innocent. The criminal, of course, was tried in the court of his own lord; and if it was the will of his lord that he should escape, escape he would, unless the officer who applied the ordeal was a bungler.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BURGHS.

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— AS villages grew into little towns, the inhabitants naturally adopted some kind of regulations for the management of their affairs, and of course for the great affair of defence. They chose their trustiest citizens to be their managers, and gradually took the form of corporate bodies. Surrounded by its ditch and palisade, the little town could bid defiance to the feudal baron and his retainers. The stout burghers, armed with their axes and long pikes, could speak with their enemies in the gate.

David I. had seen, on the Continent, the trade and wealth which the free towns had been the means of introducing into those states where their liberties were protected. Besides, it was his policy to foster the towns, as a power to balance the formidable and oppressive power of the nobility. The encouragement which he accordingly gave to our infant towns and cities is a great fact in his reign, and one which marks a highly important step in our national advancement. Towns and trading communities existed among us long before David's time, but simply as associations for mutual protection amid surrounding lawlessness and insecurity, having neither constitution nor privileges under the sanction of any law. David threw around them the protection of law. He caused a collection to be made of the laws and burgh usages of Scotland and England, and formed his code of burghal regulations out of the

materials afforded by the collected experience of both countries.

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Each burgh now possessed the legal right of self-government. The election of the magistrates belonged to the burgesses. Every fortnight a *Moot* was held within the burgh, at which every burgher within the walls was bound to be present. In the Burgh-moot held after Michaelmas, the provost, bailies, and other officials were chosen. The powers of the magistrates ranged, of course, from whipping to hanging. There was a burgher parliament, called the Court of the Four Burghs—Edinburgh, Berwick, Roxburgh, and Stirling—which held its meetings in Haddington, and to which commissioners were sent from the other royal burghs. At this period the rigour of serfdom in Scotland was extreme. The “upland men,” as the serfs were termed, were much more absolutely at the disposal of their masters than were American slaves or Russian serfs. To assist or connive at the escape of a “thrall” was an offence severely punishable. If a stray bondman was found, he was allowed fifteen days to get himself a master. If, at the end of that time, he remained unclaimed, the king’s justice was to “keep his body to the king’s behoof till he get him a lord.” But if any bondman came to a burgh, bought a house, and dwelt there without challenge for year and day, he was thenceforward free. The freedom of a burgh meant something in those days! Within the burgh was the soil of liberty; beyond its boundaries, was the domain of slavery. The poor serf, who could call nothing his own, who was brought back like a strayed ox if he tried to escape, would look wistfully to the little thatch-roofed burgh as a paradise which he could never hope to enter.

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rule.

Each burgh usually had the monopoly of trade within a certain surrounding district, which it could prevent the traders of any other burgh from entering without pay-

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ment of toll. Thus, the burgh of Perth had the exclusive privilege of trade within the whole county of Perth. None but burgesses were allowed to buy or sell or manufacture within the entire sheriffdom. No tavern was allowed in any place except where there was a resident baron; a prohibition evidently designed to secure to the burgesses the entire monopoly of selling liquor. In consideration of such privileges, the burgh contentedly paid his share of town burdens and royal "aids."

Burghs of
regality
and
barony.

The abbots and other great lords, desirous of sharing the advantages of trade which the royal burghs enjoyed, got their villages—those, for example, which sprang up around the abbeys and cathedrals—erected into burghs. These were the burghs of regality. The barons, following the example, had the villages near their castles also erected into burghs. These, again, were called burghs of barony.

A curious, quaint little place, a burgh of the thirteenth century must have been. There it sits, an irregular assemblage of low black-roofed dwellings, in a sheltered lap of the landscape, beside the ford of a river, gently gliding through green *haughs*, where the town's cattle



BURGH GATE—(FROM AN OLD PRINT).

graze in common. Look up as you approach the gate. What hideous objects are these upon the battlement

surrounded with a cloud of buzzing flies? Only the head and limbs of a traitor, set up to rot and blacken there in the sun. These wretched beings, who sit at the gate and beg, are the "leper folk;"—but this privilege is allowed them only on certain days of the week. They must never enter the town; but away there in the fields is a *'spital* for them. The merchants' shops, or booths, are mere open sheds at the front of their houses. The goods exposed during the day in these open booths are removed into the interior of the house at night. Glance at the commodities as you go along. Among the packs of skins of Scottish native animals to be sold for exportation are the skins of beaver and sable. Corn, meal, salt, and malt; dried fish, iron pots and brass pans; cloth and dye-stuffs; iron and lead; leather and linen thread, are all set out ready for the customer. Pepper, ginger, almonds, rice, figs, and raisins, indicate that even at this early period Scotland is by no means ignorant of foreign commerce. At yonder smith's booth you may buy a steel cap, or a long sword which it will take both your hands to swing. As you pass along, the merchants in their booths assail you with a brisk clatter of invitations to buy. At the taverner's, near the market cross, you may quench your thirst with claret wine or Rhenish, or with very sufficient double ale.

Indeed, if there is anything about which the burgh is particular, it is its ale. A set of officers called "ale-tasters," taste the ale of every brewing, and having thus put it to "assize," pronounce whether it is fit to be sold at the standard price. They ought to stand in the middle of the street before the brewer's door. One of them should go in with the beadle, fill a beaker fairly, and bring it out to his companions to "discern thereupon." The tasters, however, often find great difficulty in making up their minds. The inquest adjourns from the middle of the street into the brewer's house, and by the time

CHAPTER the jury see their way to a unanimous verdict, they are
XII. not always able to see their way home.

Usages. Linger a little about the primitive Scottish burgh, and observe its old-world ways. Up the street comes a rabble with prodigious noise and vociferation. They have got a luckless wight in the midst of them, who gets well beaten as they march along. They set him upon the "cukstool," and the youngsters cultivate their moral sense by pelting him well. Then they march him to the town-head, and cut off his ear. He has only one, having undergone a similar operation at the town-head before. If he is caught thieving again, there will be ample proof of habit and repute and previous conviction. Let him go, then ; but if, after this, he is found stealing to the amount of thirty-two pennies, he that takes him may hang him without any more ado.

In the centre of the little burgh stands its market-cross. The tall stone cross rises out of a circular or polygonal basement, consisting of a series of three or four broad steps. A crowd is gathered round. A man dressed in something like a sleeveless shirt stands on the uppermost step of the cross. On the breast and back of his dress the royal arms are embroidered in gold. It is a herald in his tabard. Beside him, on a lower step of the cross, stand his pursuivants. His trumpeters stand ready, each trumpet adorned with a gay pennon. Then the trumpets break forth in a clamorous blast, and the pealing clang sends its echoes far over the little burgh and away up the green holms and the smiling river. And then the sonorous voice of the herald is heard reading a royal proclamation, or an act of parliament. In days when printing was not, this was the mode of publishing an act of parliament ; and no act was in force till it was thus published at the cross of each royal burgh. The reading over, the trumpets blare out another peal. The burghers may go home now and think of it.

Every evening the "wakestaff" goes round the burgh. It is his duty to call out the watch who are to keep the gates and walls for the night. Every house within the burgh, houses of widows excepted, is bound to take its turn of "watch and ward." The wakestaff goes from door to door and warns the men whose service is due. The stout burgher takes his long spear down from the rafters, sticks his axe in his belt, settles his iron bonnet on his head, and sallies forth to his watch. The wives and little ones may safely sleep while these stalwart watchers wake.

The burgh is careful of its dignity as well as of its safety. The provost and bailies may make their own bread and brew their own ale, but must not sell either. No dyer, butcher, or tanner who is a burgher must work at his calling with his own hands. He must employ servants, whom he is only to superintend as a master, otherwise he can be no burgher.

It is a day of much excitement and some anxiety in the burgh when the King's Lord Chamberlain comes in circuit to examine into its behaviour. These circuits, or "Chamberlain Aires," are no mere formality. The chamberlain comes with his train and escort, and the burgh goes out in its best to meet him with all show of honourable welcome. The burgh in its heart wishes never to see his face more.

The Chamberlain Aire was an investigation into the faults and delinquencies of everybody in the burgh, from bailie to beadle. Did the bailies do their duty "evenly to poor and rich?" Do they take gifts for law to be done, or to be left undone? Do they, for love or hatred, hinder justice? Do they duly search the burgh for lepers to put them forth? Do they set sufficient watch every night; and do they, without favour or partiality, make all men take their fair turn of watching? Not quite a pleasant ordeal for a bailie to stand before the assembled town.

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But every man had his turn. The ale-tasters were taken to task for the quantity of their potations, and the brewers for the quality of their liquor. If the shoemaker, during the course of the year, had sold a pair of shoes vamped up with raw leather and bad thread, his customer stood forth as his accuser. If a tailor had appropriated unreasonably large remnants of any man's cloth ; if a weaver kept up any part of the weft-yarn, and damped the web to make it weigh ; if a maltster failed in the steeping of his malt, or smoked it on the kiln ; if a saddler put untrusty leather into bridle-rein or stirrup, let them look to it, for the man whom they have cheated will be invited to declare it openly at the Chamberlain Aire. It has been said that the Chamberlain Aire was not well liked by the burghs. It is not perfectly certain that such close investigations would be quite popular at the present day.

Fairs.

Once in the year comes the fair, when the quiet burgh brims with life and bustle. The fair is not the paltry fair of modern times, over before sun-down. It lasts for weeks, and draws traders from afar, even from beyond seas. During fair-time, all debtors, runaways, and lesser offenders are free from arrest, unless they break "the peace of the fair." No criminals, save the outlaw, the traitor, and the malefactor whose crime is of too deep a dye to admit of sanctuary, can be taken while the fair continues. Such as break the peace of the fair are not tried and punished by the magistrates of the burgh, but by a temporary court, the Pie-powder Court, Court of the *Pies-poudrés* or Dusty-feet. The Dusty-foot was the travelling merchant or pedlar, who plodded through the land with his goods and set up his booth at all fairs.

We have lingered long enough among the rude and homely scenes of that old burgh life. It was among these rude and homely scenes, however, that the spirit of liberty first began to live and grow in our native land.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LION AND THE LION HEART.

DAVID was succeeded by his grandson Malcolm, a boy of twelve, who grew up a youth soft to look at ; not, however, without a good deal of fighting in him. He was fair and girlish in appearance, whence he was called Malcolm the Maiden. Henry II. of England—Henry Shortmantle, as he was called—a crafty and ambitious king, took advantage of the raw youth, and got his consent to a simple bargain, by which he resigned the territory in the north of England won by his grandfather. Yet Malcolm the Maiden was not without spirit and vigour. A conspiracy was formed to seize the young king, or for some other object now unknown. The Lord of Galloway and other great lords were in it. Malcolm was holding his court at Perth, when the conspirators suddenly surrounded the town. The young king did not wait till they struck their blow. He struck first. Instantly attacking them, he drove them from the field. Following up his success, he led an army into Galloway, to crush the insurrection in its source. Galloway had been nominally dependent on Scotland, paying a certain tribute in time of peace, and furnishing a body of its wild soldiery in time of war. Now it was thoroughly subdued to the Scottish crown. Malcolm's look might be soft and girlish, but his deeds were the deeds of a man.

He might have been a King worth remembering, had more days been given him. But that delicacy of constitution which Queen Margaret bequeathed to so many of

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her descendants, soon showed itself in him. He was but twenty-four years old when he died, and made room on the throne for his brother William.

This is the King sometimes called William the Ruddy, or William the Rough, but better known in history as William the Lion. Previous to his time, the royal standard of Scotland bore the figure of a dragon. William changed the dragon for that lion with the very square forehead, thick paws, and weasel body, which the royal arms of Scotland still bear. Hence his surname. He was the first Scottish King who entered into an alliance with France against England. This was the beginning of a connection with France which was more or less constantly maintained for many centuries. The honour which it brought us is questionable; the evil which came by it is undoubted.

William got into a quarrel with Henry of the Shortmantle about that Scotch territory in the north of England which Malcolm the Maiden had been cajoled into resigning. England was agitated by a miserable quarrel which broke out in the family of the King, whose four sons, encouraged by the Queen, their mother, attempted to drive their father from the throne, and to set up Prince Henry, the eldest of the four, in his stead. The King of France, whose daughter Prince Henry had married, assisted him in his profligate attempt. The assistance of the King of Scotland was also engaged by the promise of giving him back the territory won by the Sore Saint, and so softly let go by the Maiden. Old Shortmantle was a match for the whole confederacy. We have to do, however, only with the King of Scotland, and his unlucky share in the business.

He invaded England. His army spread itself over the country, killing, burning, and destroying wherever they came. William himself lay in camp near the Castle of Alnwick,—the same at which Malcolm Canmore was

slain. The stout barons of Yorkshire, hearing of the ravages which the Scots were committing in Northumberland, rose to the help of their neighbours. When they arrived in Newcastle they numbered no more than four hundred horsemen. But though they had made a long and laborious journey sheathed in their heavy armour, they pushed on and rode four-and-twenty miles more during the night. In the morning a thick mist arose and bewildered them. Some of them were for turning back; but one, Bernard de Balliol, exclaimed, "Ye may retreat, yet will I go forward alone, and preserve my honour." Roused by this reproach, they all advanced. Soon after, the mist cleared, and they saw before them the battlements of Alnwick Castle. A small body of about sixty knights were engaged in tilting on a neighbouring meadow. The tilting party consisted of King William and his suite. At first he took the English for a party of his own troops returning to head-quarters. Perceiving his error when it was too late to escape, he cried, "Now, it will be seen who are true knights," and instantly charged the enemy. His courage was vain. He was overpowered, unhorsed, and made prisoner. The adventurous party, who had thus captured a king in the very presence of his army, made off at once with their prize, and had him safe in Newcastle that same evening.

13th July
1174.

That very week the King of England had undergone his famous penance for the slaughter of Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. Prostrate on his face, with his shoulders naked, he lay on the floor of the chapter house of Canterbury Cathedral, while eighty bishops, abbots, and monks, gave him each from three to five stripes with a lash of knotted cords. He then descended to the vault containing Becket's tomb, and spent the rest of the day and the following night lying on the cold stones, praying and weeping, and tasting neither food nor drink. An attack of fever followed the penance. On

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the fifth night of his illness a messenger arrived from the north. "Your enemy the King of Scots is taken prisoner," the messenger said. Starting upright, the sick king cried, "Repeat these words!" Solomon says that "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Gladdened by the tidings, Shortmantle recovered fast, and was soon on horseback again.

At Northampton, whither he proceeded on purpose, he met the captive King of Scots, riding with his feet tied under the belly of his horse. Henry had him conveyed over sea to the strong castle of Falaise in Normandy, —the same where the tanner's daughter bore the Conqueror of England. It is still to be seen, a grand and picturesque ruin, at the end of a dull, lifeless French town. William was detained there in fetters, but his captivity did not last beyond half a year. With the consent of the barons and clergy of Scotland, he owned himself the vassal of England, and Henry's "liege man against all men," performed homage, and gave his brother David, with twenty-one of his barons and earls, as hostages, and the castles of Roxburgh, Jedburgh, Berwick, Edinburgh, and Stirling, as pledges for his fidelity. The Scottish Church acknowledged subjection to the English Church. The independence of Scotland was paid away for the liberty of one man. Immense confusions followed. Galloway and the north broke loose, and it was the work of years for William to get them beaten quiet.

The miserable bargain held for fifteen years. William was again and again summoned to attend as a vassal at the court of his English Lord, and attended accordingly. When Shortmantle was gone, and his son, Richard of the Lion Heart, reigned in his stead, Scotland got her independence again. Richard had resolved to depart for the Holy Land, to seek adventures and renown in fighting against the Saracens. Wisely preferring to leave a sincere friend instead of a reluctant vassal behind him,

he gave up all his rights of superiority over Scotland, and restored all the castles. Besides, he wanted money for his distant and costly expedition, and William paid him 10,000 merks of silver,—a sum reckoned equal to £100,000 at the present day. For this consideration he received from Richard a charter annulling all the concessions extorted by Shortmantle at the time of his capture, and the consequences of the disastrous accident at Alnwick were at length repaired. It was owing, perhaps, to this wise and generous policy of the Lion Heart that for a long while after there was no war between the two kingdoms.

William had at one time a violent quarrel with the Pope. It fell out in this way. The Bishop of St. Andrews having died, the clergy of that diocese elected a certain John Scott to the vacancy. William had promised this bishopric to Hugh his chaplain. When he heard of the election made by the clergy, he said passionately, "By the arm of St. James,"—his favourite oath—"while I live, John Scott shall never be Bishop of St. Andrews;" and into the bishopric he put Hugh accordingly. John was a man to stand stiffly to his point. He went to Rome, appealed to the Pope, got the appointment of his rival annulled, and himself consecrated to the bishopric. No sooner was John made bishop than William banished him from Scotland. The Pope's legate excommunicated every one who acknowledged Hugh; the King banished all who acknowledged John. The Pope uttered commands and threats, but William remained immovable. His conqueror, Henry, had bowed to Rome and submitted his bare back to the lash. William, however, dared to resist the haughty Pontiff before whom Henry had quailed.

At length the Pope caused his legate to lay William and the kingdom of Scotland under sentence of excommunication. When this sentence came upon a nation

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the churches were closed, the bells were silent, the ordinances of religion ceased, none could be married, the dying expired without a prayer, and burial was denied to the dead. Subjects were released from all obligation of obedience to the King. Every oath of allegiance was dissolved. In a word, this tremendous instrument of Papal power cut to pieces all the cords which hold together the frame-work of society. Somehow, it seems to have told with less effect on Scotland than on other countries. William, at all events, had the good luck to escape the consequences of it lightly.

The haughty Pope who had pronounced the excommunication most conveniently died. William at once sent ambassadors to his successor, who, not having lost his temper in the quarrel, was open to settle it in a common sense manner. The excommunication was taken off, and the dispute peaceably arranged. Hugh got the bishopric of St. Andrews; John, the bishopric of Dunkeld. In token of perfect friendship, the Pope sent William his blessing and the *golden rose*. According to an ancient custom, on the Sunday which happens in the middle of Lent, the Pope bears in his hand a rose of gold, enamelled red, and perfumed. This he bestows as a mark of grace, sometimes on the most favoured of his attendants, sometimes on any foreign prince whom he wishes to reward or flatter. The rose signifies Christ; the gold, his kingly office; the red colour, his sufferings; and the perfume, his resurrection! The like foolish gewgaw was sent not long ago to her who is at present called the Empress of the French.

In his later years, William the Lion grew cautious and temporizing to excess. He who, in his youth, rushed upon seven times his numbers at Alnwick, enraged his own subjects by the evident apprehension with which he shrank from a rupture with England. Once a quarrel with King John had advanced so far that the Scottish

army was mustered. But gloomy forebodings filled the heart of the Scottish King. He determined to pass a night beside the tomb of his ancestress Queen Margaret, at Dunfermline. There he dreamed a warning dream. In the morning he dismissed his army, assuring them that he had been forbidden by a heavenly vision to attempt the invasion of England. He lived to an advanced age, and died in his bed at Stirling, after a reign of nine-and-forty years. The Lion Heart, whose generosity enabled William to retrieve the mischief his rashness had wrought, and to leave Scotland independent as he found it, perished in the prime of his manhood in a paltry quarrel before a petty French castle. So formidable was the name which the warrior King left behind him, that even at the distance of a hundred years, when a Turk's horse started at a bush, the rider, chiding the steed, would say, "Did you think it was King Richard?"

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THE WIZARD.

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IN the "Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise" of the great Italian poet, Dante, a countryman of ours figures. The poet feigns himself to be led by Virgil to visit the regions of the spirits whelmed in woe. There he beholds a thousand dismal spectacles of punishment, which the guilty endure for their crimes on earth. Sitting on a rugged rock, he looks down into a deep vale. A troop of figures come along the hollow, weeping in silence. Their faces are all reversed and set the contrary way on their bodies, so that the tears falling from their eyes stream down their backs. The poet asks,—Who are these that wear such distorted forms? His guide answers that they are those who, on earth, pretended to foretell future events. Once they wished to see too far before them, now must they for ever look backward. One of them, a spare and slender form, is Michael Scott, the magician.

Many wild stories about this celebrated person have been floated down by tradition. He was said to possess spells of power to compel the demons of the nether deep to do his will. When he wished to travel, he would take his stand beneath the shadow of a tree, draw round him his magic circle inscribed with signs and characters of strange and uncouth shapes, and pronounce his spell. Then the fiend appeared in the shape of a jet black steed, on which the wizard mounted, and rode through the air to Paris, Madrid, or where he would. If he chose to

take a sea voyage, he grasped his silver wand, and drew the figure of a ship on the smooth sand of the beach. In a few moments a dim speck appeared afar at the outmost rim of the horizon. It neared and neared, enlarging and whitening till it was seen to be a ship with all canvas spread, bearing right to the spot where the wizard stood.

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This is the Michael Scott of tradition and legend. Let us have a glimpse of the real man who so deeply impressed the imagination of his countrymen, and whose reputation, even in his own day, spread so far abroad.

Michael Scott was born at Balwearie in Fife, about the beginning of the reign of Alexander II., who succeeded William the Lion in 1214. The hunger of knowledge, that noble passion which makes the pursuit of knowledge a necessity and a joy, was upon him from his youth. In Scotland at that time there was no school nor place of learning of any kind. The lessons of some monk, and the privilege of admission to the few books forming the library of a convent, were all the advantages that he could enjoy at home. But even at that early period Oxford was a great university, with three thousand students. A rough place it was. The students for the Church, the "young clerks," as they were styled, were not subject to the power of civil magistrates. Their unpunished arrogance often led to violent disturbances between the city and the university. Wild feuds raged between the different sects or *nations*—so they called themselves—of the students. Sometimes they met in fight, with banners borne before them, and blood was spilt and lives lost. Such was Oxford then.

To Oxford went young Michael of Balwearie. The learning that was to be had there was poor enough. Latin was taught, with some scraps of Greek, and a scantling of Arabic. Science was taught; but astronomy in those days was little more than the trick of reading

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fortunes from the stars; chemistry was the dream of changing brass and lead into gold and silver; philosophy busied itself with disquisitions about the nature of angels, their modes of operation, their means of conversing, or the morning and evening states of their understandings! Having completed his course at Oxford, Michael went to the University of Paris. There he applied himself so vigorously to the study of mathematics that he got the name of Michael the Mathematician. He studied also medicine, and got the degree of doctor in divinity. With a high name for learning, he left Paris, and went to the University of Padua. From Italy, still untired in the pursuit of knowledge, he made his way into Spain, a great part of which was then in the possession of its Arabian conquerors. Spain was at that time the most enlightened portion of Europe.

Aristotle.

Michael took up his abode at the celebrated University of Toledo. There he began a piece of work by which he helped to put the strait jacket on the mind of Europe for three hundred years. He found the works of Aristotle in an Arabic translation, and he translated a portion of them into Latin. Frederic II., Emperor of Germany, a prince who loved learning and royally promoted it, till Papal curses and endless harassments drove it from his head, heard of the learned Scotsman at Toledo, and invited him to his court. There Michael completed his translation of the works of Aristotle. The learned of Europe had now for the first time the whole works of "the father of philosophy" open to them in the Latin tongue.

There is a deadly chance which sometimes happens to travellers on those immense level land-oceans, without a mark or bound,—the American prairies. It is called, being turned round on the prairie. The traveller fancies he is going forward in a straight line, when, in reality, he has lost all idea of his direction, and goes round and

round in a wide circle. He treads his circle on those fatal plains till provisions and strength fail, and he faints and dies. Now, the human mind during the middle ages was turned round on the prairie. It lost its way, and went in a perpetual circle. One generation of masters and disciples followed another in the same round of subtle disputations. Age after age, the same subjects were argued according to the same rules of Aristotle's logic. Age after age, the noise of the same flails thrashing the same straw was heard. Learned men never thought of studying nature ; they studied only Aristotle.

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Michael Scott, as the first who gave to Europe a complete translation of Aristotle's works, contributed his own share to that Aristotle-worship by which the mind of Europe was frost-bound for centuries. Besides this performance, Michael was a great book-maker. He wrote a large volume on astronomy ; a book on physiognomy ; several on astrology ; commentaries on Aristotle and on Aristotle's commentators ; a book, called the Philosopher's Banquet, about everything,—ram's flesh and bishops—pot-herbs and wicked women—kings and emperors, and the roasting of eggs—the dignity of friendship, and whether fishes chew their food.

At length, after many years of absence, he returned to Scotland, and settled in the old family home of Balwearie. There he lived in fame and honour, pursuing to the close of life his favourite studies. Full oft the peasant, going homeward to his hut, would make the sign of the cross in awe, as he passed the tower of Balwearie, and through the dim starlight beheld on its battlement the form of the venerable sage, wrapt in his converse with the heavenly bodies. Superstition and credulity magnified the power of his mystical lore ; and Michael Scott, the translator of Aristotle, became Michael the warlock, the subject of the idle tales which tradition has handed down.

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THE TAMER OF THE RAVENS.

CHAPTER XV. WILLIAM THE LION was succeeded by his son, a youth of sixteen, known in the roll of our Kings as Alexander II. He was a sensible, useful King, with no particular event or exploit to signalize his reign. He gave good support to the barons of England in their struggle with King John for Magna Charta and English liberty. When the Pope "annulled" the charter, and excommunicated the Runnymede barons, the King of Scotland was excommunicated with them.

Alexander II. was much engaged in the work of consolidating his kingdom, and enforcing order and submission throughout its bounds. Disturbances in the restless north, disturbances in the west, disturbances in Galloway, kept his sword from rust. The quelling of these disorders added firmness to the royal authority in the outlying districts of the country. Authority, in these wild regions, had long to

"support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle."

The reign of the second Alexander was in many respects a period of prosperity and progress. He employed much of his time in the framing of laws and the dispensation of justice. He gave attention to the promoting of agriculture, and altogether seems to have done what his hand found to do in a judicious, manful way. He was cut off by a burning fever in the fifty-first year of his age.

It was a day of high summer, and the nobles of Scotland were gathered in the ancient Abbey of Scone to crown their King. He was but a boy of eight years old. Alexander II. had left this only child. Just when the ceremony of crowning was about to proceed, an objection was started. Could the prince be crowned before he had been made a knight? Besides, the day was unlucky. They got into a long discussion, the poor little King no doubt wondering immensely what it was all about. At length they settled it by agreeing to give him knighthood on the spot. The Bishop of St. Andrews girded him with the belt, and put on his little feet the golden spurs of a knight. Then they made him repeat the coronation oath, first in Latin, and afterwards in Norman-French, the usual language of the Scottish court at that time. This done, the bishop anointed him with oil and set the crown on his head. He was then conducted to the stone of destiny, then placed beside the cross in the burial-ground to the eastward of the Church of Scone, to receive the oaths of the prelates and nobles. A rich cloth of silk and gold was thrown over the stone, and the child, clothed in a purple mantle, with the crown on his head and the sceptre in his hand, was seated upon it. The nobility then cast their robes on the ground, and kneeling before him, swore loyalty and fidelity.

The bishop was just going to begin his sermon, when a Highland bard started from the crowd. He was an old man of lofty stature and commanding presence. His shoulders were covered by his long white hair, and his silver beard fell down over the bosom of his scarlet mantle. Advancing to the boy King, he hailed him in the Gaelic language, and with a loud voice repeated his pedigree—MacAlexander, MacWilliam, MacHenry, MacDavid, MacMalcolm—up to Fergus, the first King of the Scots in Britain, and up to Pharaoh, King of Egypt, all the way! The whole assembly listened patiently to this

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Corona-
tion.

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string of absurdities, and the ceremony of course concluded with feasting and revelry. Such was the coronation of Alexander III.

At ten years old they provided the little King with a wife, Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England. The marriage took place at York, with marvellous splendour. A thousand knights attended upon the English girl who was to become Queen of Scotland. The two courts vied with each other in profusion and show. "The abundance and diversity of the banquets, the variety and change of the dresses, the humour of the jesters, the numbers of the revellers," were quite past telling. Sixty fat oxen, sent as a present by the Archbishop of York, were all used up in one day in the first course alone! King Henry—a weak, hot-tempered, kindly, low-minded sort of person—was mean enough to try to take advantage of the youth and inexperience of his son-in-law, even at the marriage feast. But Alexander proved himself an uncommonly sharp and manly boy, and was not to be entrapped into anything to the injury of his kingdom. Henry did not win a single point in the game between the nations.

Factions.

"Woe to thee, O land," says Solomon, "when thy king is a child." Heavily and oft this woe fell on Scotland. During the minority of Alexander III. great disorder and misery prevailed. Rival factions made war on each other. Castles and villages were burned. Tillage was interrupted, and famine aggravated the miseries of war. The great object of the contending parties was to have possession of the King. The party who had the King in their hands were masters for the time of the chief power in the state. To get hold of him they did not hesitate to use violence. Once, when the court was held at Kinross, an attack was made by night; the young King was seized in his bed, and carried to Stirling before morning,—a rough ride over such ways as Scotland could boast of at that time.

In due time, Alexander became a strong, effectual man, CHAPTER XV.
able to take care of himself, and of his kingdom too. The Isles.
He had his work before him. Ever since the days of Harold Haarfager, the whole of the Scottish Isles, from Orkney and Shetland round to the Isle of Man, had been in the possession of Norsemen. They were governed by a number of petty kings, who owned the King of Norway as their feudal superior. The population was very numerous; arts and manufactures were in a wonderful state of advancement for that time; and there was as much learning in these remote islands as was then to be found in any part of Europe, except Constantinople or Rome. The Norsemen of the Isles were bold and skilful sailors. In the old Norse way they were accustomed to make piratical descents on all the shores of western Europe, and sweep off everything of value that would lift or drive.

A people of this description, occupying the numerous isles which so thickly stud the west coast of Scotland, were much too near to be either safe or pleasant neighbours. In the case of war between Scotland and England, the English Kings generally arranged with the princes of the Isles to make an attack in the north, while the English army invaded by the Border. By the assistance of the island princes, the great feudal nobles of Scotland frequently set their own sovereign at defiance. The Lords of Galloway, the Barons of Argyle and Moray, and the Earls of Ross, were enabled by their alliance with the Isles to command a fleet or bring an army into the field fit to cope with any force the King could muster.

If the King of Scotland was ever to be master on his own soil he must quell the Norsemen of the Isles. A Scottish fleet and army were sent against them, and all the chiefs who refused to own themselves vassals of Scotland were driven out. They carried their complaint to

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Haco.

Haco, King of Norway, whom they owned as their overlord. Haco resolved to take ample vengeance.

He fitted out a fleet, the most numerous and splendid that had ever sailed from Norway. The old Norse banners, with their grim device of a raven spreading his wings as if taking flight for the field of the slain, floated over decks crowded with warriors in polished chain-mail, whose pikes and lance-heads showed over the bulwarks like groves of steel. Full oft had the flight of these ravens carried terror to all the coasts of western Europe. Now their wings were to be clipped. The news of this vast preparation was soon carried to Scotland. Alexander, well aware that he could not meet his enemy at sea, took his measures to give him a warm reception wherever he might land. Beacons were established along the coast, to signal the approach of the invader. Castles were repaired and put in a thorough state of defence. Ships were stationed at the points where the Northmen were thought likely to make their descent, in order to obstruct their landing and give time for the army to come up.

It was about the middle of August when the fleet of Haco, which counted a hundred and sixty ships, rounded the Mull of Cantyre and entered the Firth of Clyde. Time is everything in war. Haco should have landed immediately. Every day was bringing the storms of autumn nearer, and every day was giving time to the King of Scotland to increase his forces. Haco was a veteran who had been King of Norway six-and-forty winters. Alexander was a young man who had lived fewer than half the years that Haco had reigned. But the youth fairly outwitted the veteran. He sent an embassy of barefooted friars on board of Haco's ship to propose terms of peace. The barefooted envoys came and went between the two Kings, and the time was spun out in negotiations till the weather began to break; the fleet

was running short of provisions, and the Scots in formidable numbers were assembling on the shore. CHAPTER
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It was now the last day of September. At night there came on a storm so sudden and so wild that the Norwegians believed it to have been raised by the spells of the Scotch witches. The ships were torn from their anchors, and ran ashore, or dashed against each other in the pitchy darkness. Haco ordered the attendance of his priests, took to his boat, and landed on the island of Cumbrae, where, amid the howling of the storm, he had mass performed. In stranger circumstances, surely, mass was never said or sung. Unluckily for Haco, the strong-winged tempest heeded it not. It continued with unabated fury all night and all the next day. The fleet drove up the channel, scattering the sea with wreck and the shore with stranded vessels. The heights above the coast were covered by a multitude of armed peasants, who watched their opportunity, and rushed down to attack the stranded ships.

When the second morning broke, and the violence of the tempest had somewhat abated, Haco, by means of his boats, landed with a large force to protect his stranded vessels from the armed peasantry, and, if possible, to tow them off. While the Norwegians were engaged in the operation of floating off their ships, the sun rose, and his level rays caught the surrounding hills. Through the gray sheet of morning mist which covered the landscape flashes as of fire were seen. It was the sun's rays glancing upon the polished armour of the Scottish army. They advanced rapidly, and the Norwegians could soon discern their pennons and banners waving above their wood of spears, and the knights and leaders, blazing in complete steel, marshalling the line. They were commanded by King Alexander in person.

They attacked with fury, and drove back the advanced body of the Norwegians. It seemed as if the whole force Larga.

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of the enemy was about to be swept into the sea before the fierce onset of the Scots. But the Norsemen, who fought entirely on foot, threw themselves into a circle, with their long spears pointing out to the foe, like a huge hedgehog with prickles of steel. All day long the battle raged around this ring of spears. The storm had renewed its violence, so that it was impossible to send help on shore. Again and again the Scottish horse repeated their furious charge. The circle of steel was slowly forced back along the shore, but it could not be broken. A Scottish knight, Sir Piers de Curry, rode round and round it, brandishing his spear and challenging any Norse captain to single combat. He wore a helmet inlaid with gold and set with precious stones; his mail was gold embossed, his sword-belt studded with jewels. A leader of the Northmen, Andrew Nicolson, accepted his challenge, and stepped out from the circle of spears. The Scottish knight spurred his horse, and rushed down upon him with levelled lance. The Norseman with his great sword parried the spear-thrust, and as the knight passed him in his career, smote him with his whole strength upon the thigh. The sword cut sheer into the saddle through steel and bone, so that the limb was separated from the body, and the proud knight fell dead beneath his horse.

A reinforcement from the ships at length succeeded in landing through the surf, and with the aid of these fresh troops the Norwegians bore back the Scots from the shore. Night fell upon the weary combatants, and under cover of the darkness the Norwegians got on board their ships.

The ravens were tamed. The proud Haco was fain to ask a truce to bury his dead, and then bore away with the shattered remains of his magnificent fleet. Rounding once more the Mull of Cantyre, he steered past the Isles, which were now lost for ever to Norway. He

reached Orkney, but there a mortal sickness seized him, and he was never to see old Norway more. Fatigue, watchfulness, anxiety, and disaster had broken the health but not the spirit of the old sea-king. He commanded the chronicles of his ancestors, the old pirate-kings, to be read to him as he lay dying. "The arm of God," he said, "and not the strength of man, hath repulsed me, which hath wrecked my ships and sent death among my soldiers." At length he lay speechless, and "at midnight," says the old Norse chronicle, "Almighty God called King Haco out of this mortal life."

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Death of
Haco.

Such was the battle of Largs. Alexander followed it up by vigorous measures for bringing the Western Isles into entire subjection. The successor of Haco renounced by treaty all claim to them; and thus a portion of territory essential to the safety of Scotland was cut off for ever from a foreign power. The isles of Orkney and Shetland still, however, remained the property of the Kings of Norway.

15th Dec.
1262



AN ANCIENT DANISH SOLDIER.

CHAPTER XVI.

PEACE AND PLENTY.

CHAPTER XVI
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FOR a quarter of a century after the battle of Largs Scotland enjoyed remarkable quiet and prosperity under the wise and able rule of Alexander.

Justice. In those remote and unsettled times, the most important duty of the King was to watch over the administration of justice; his chief employment was still to judge his people. It was Alexander's custom to make a yearly progress through his kingdom for this purpose. He rode attended by a select body of his knights and nobles. The sheriff of each shire, along with the whole military force of the bounds, met him on the borders of his county, and accompanied him to the borders of the next county, where another sheriff and military force waited to receive him. The great Justiciar of the kingdom went with the King. Every complaint was heard, and every injustice promptly redressed. Well might the sight of this King's face be welcome to his people, as the stately spectacle of justice in armed might and feudal pomp marched through the land.

Kings in those days, however, were under the necessity of making journeys for other purposes than those of justice. The chief support of the royal household came from the crown lands, which lay in almost every shire. These royal manors, which were cultivated by the King's serfs and free tenants, yielded him little money, but vast quantities of produce. It was a great deal easier for the court to go to the produce, and eat it on the spot, than

to bring the produce to the court. The court, accordingly, had its frequent migrations from place to place. Stirling, Scone, Perth, Dunfermline, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Lanark, Rutherglen, Linlithgow, Clackmannan, Berwick, Roxburgh, Traquair, Selkirk, Melrose, St. Andrews, Kinghorn, Abernethy, Forfar, Aberdeen, Banff, Elgin, Forres, Nairn, Inverness, all enjoyed by turns the King's presence. The enjoyment, perhaps, was not always unmixed. When supplies from the crown lands fell short, the purveyors were authorized to take the necessary provisions from the burghers or the neighbouring tenantry, paying for them with *tallies*—sticks notched, or *taillés*. The tallies, unfortunately, were not always redeemed with cash. Alexander II., riding once through Edinburgh, was accosted by an old woman. She held up a handful of tallies, saying, "I was once rich, and am now poor. See all that your servants have given me for the provisions they have extorted from me. Take them all back; I only ask payment for the hen they took from me yesterday."—Let us hope that the good woman got her tallies cashed.

A gay sight was the royal cavalcade,

A royal
progress

"When the court did ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing,"

in progress from one residence to another. Each of the great lords who rode with the King, was himself, when at home, a petty king. Each was accompanied by his attendant knights and body of retainers; so that the royal train took almost the proportions of a little army. The brilliantly coloured riding-cloaks, of scarlet, green, or blue, worn by the knights and nobles, gave a rich and picturesque variety to the show. A minstrel, perchance, sings a ballad or tells a tale to shorten the way. Bow-bearers, falconers with hooded hawk on wrist, huntsmen leading dogs of the chase in leash, show that abundant

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provision is made for the second great business of feudal life. Strings of baggage-horses, loaded with dresses, naperies, and plate, bring up the rear of the procession.

Fall in, and follow the train, casting an eye around on ancient feudal Scotland, as it looked when the Tamer of the Ravens was King. The country through which you ride, though much of it is cleared land where plough and scythe may go, still shows vast tracts of majestic forest, chiefly oak, ash, and beech. The path holds as much as possible to the high ground, to avoid the frequent swampy flats and gloomy breadths of morass, where you would sink at once to the crupper. As you top yonder eminence, halt for a moment to breathe the good horse that carries you, and observe yonder feudal stronghold, tall and grim, or the lofty towers of yonder great abbey rising high over the woods. As the long train goes on its way, you pass, now and again, the keep of some vassal of one of the greater barons,—a single narrow tower, with its low iron-ribbed door and loop-hole windows, not made to let light in, but to let cross-bow bolts out. Here the track passes a “grange,” or spacious farm-steading, belonging to some abbey barony. The serfs who cultivate the land dwell with their wives and families in the grange. A monk or lay-brother from the abbey superintends the whole. There he is, “a rosy man of purple cheer,” gazing at the royal retinue as it passes. The serfs who hold and drive the ponderous plough, with its team of six or twelve oxen, stop to see the sight. Now you are passing a kirk-town, or hamlet of thirty or forty cottages, inhabited by Church tenants. Each tenant has his bit of land, with pasture for two or more cows, and pays his rent to the abbey in labour and produce. Cautious little communities these kirk-towns are, much given to keep by themselves, and have as little as possible to do with the tenants of the fighting barons, lest they become involved in their quarrels.

And now, issuing from the forest into a spacious ex-

tent of cleared and cultivated land, you see before you the baronial castle, where the King and his train will halt to bait at noon. There it is, lifting its surly bulk on some bold crag that overhangs a brawling stream. There the baron lives, supporting in rude abundance, on the produce of his fields and forests, his huge herds of swine, his flocks and cattle, his granaries and breweries, his mills and malting houses, his dove-cots, gardens, and orchards, the formidable bands of warlike retainers who are ready at his call to follow his banner. Near at hand, sheltered by the slope of a little glen, are the rude cottages of the baron's inferior dependants, his smiths and armourers, his wrights and masons, his falconers and forest-keepers. As the cavalcade approaches, there is excitement alike in castle and in hut. The proud baron stands with bare and bended head to receive his sovereign. The smith leaves his iron to cool on the anvil, and the miller lets his mill-stones heat by rubbing together without grist. The whole population of the hamlet is out. Yon tall rider—as they tell each other in whispers—whose stature is above that of any knight or baron there, is the King.

High feast for King, noble, and knight within the hall; ample refreshment, too, for each follower. But hark to the note of that winded horn echoing in the castle court. It calls to saddle, and speedily the hoofs of the departing cavalcade are sounding over the draw-bridge. It is now mid-afternoon, and the horses, fresh with rest and corn, carry their riders briskly on their way. They are beginning to flag, however, when the towers of the abbey, where the train will lodge, come in sight. The sun is low in the west, and King Alexander's tall shadow falls gigantic as the train rides up to the abbey gate. The lord abbot is waiting there to welcome his sovereign. The great abbey has fit lodging for a king, and room for all his retinue. Dunfermline Abbey

CHAPTER had accommodation for "three kings and their retinues."
XVI. The King, his nobles, and knights, sit with the lord
Minstrels. abbot at the evening meal, and the wine of Gascony goes round. The minstrel is called for, and tells a tale, or sings a lay of chivalry. Ah! if the monks, the only men in these remote days who could write, had only written down some of those historic tales and ballads which our knightly forefathers loved to hear. But the monks hated the minstrels, and grudged every gold piece which the minstrel got, as so much diverted from the coffers of the Church.

The huntsmen, bow-bearers, and servants have had their fill of beef and ale. The grace-cup goes round in the banqueting hall, and King, knight, and priest retire to rest. Deep silence reigns over all when the monks raise the midnight chant; but its echoes would scarce be heard through the vast monastic pile, though there were waking ears to hear them.

The Scottish people long remembered the reign of Alexander III. as a time of national comfort and plenty. The King gave great attention to agriculture. Much new soil was brought under cultivation by the clearing away of forests—a work in which the wise King was at pains to encourage his people. Thanks to these prudent cares, grain was more plentiful than it had ever been known before. Oats were grown in abundance, with wheat, barley, pease, and beans, to a smaller extent. Wheaten bread was used by the upper classes; ale, made chiefly from oat malt, was drunk in immense quantities. In some old burghs almost every third or fourth tenement is mentioned as having been at one time or another a malt-work. Brew-houses existed in multitudes. The King had his brew-houses; the abbeyes, baronies, burghs, and villages had theirs. This very ample provision of liquid may have been partly a concession to the salted meat which our forefathers then, and for many ages afterwards, were obliged to use during

so great a part of the year. Meat was eaten fresh only during the season of pasture. When that was over, the cattle designed for winter use were killed for the salting-tub.

The farmers and proprietors of these days gave great attention to the rearing of large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, which formed a principal branch of the wealth of the country. Numerous herds of swine fed on the oak and beech mast in the forests; and even in the bond-man's hut there was not wanting a savoury rasher to broil over the glowing embers. Poultry in abundance was reared at the granges; and the great quantities of cheese manufactured show the care given to the dairy.

The sea and the fresh waters yielded ample contributions to the food of the people. The fisheries were greatly cultivated, and vast quantities of fish were used; herring from the western lochs; myriads of eels from the inland lakes; salmon and trout; haddock and whiting; cod and ling. The most important article of foreign export was dried and salted fish, in the preparing of which the fish-curers of Aberdeen were considered the most skilful.

The commerce of Scotland in King Alexander's days Commerce. was wonderful for that remote period. The clergy were the greatest ship-owners, and, like the Jesuits in later times, often employed the wealth of their monasteries in mercantile speculations. The abbays usually possessed ships, and traded on their own account. The Scottish ship-carpenters of this early time had a reputation even in foreign countries. When the great French Earl of St. Pol was about to accompany Louis IX. in the Crusade, he had a ship built at Inverness to carry himself and his vassals to the Holy Land. This was in the beginning of Alexander's reign. The ship, when she arrived, was regarded with great admiration in France.

Among the Scottish exports in this active period of primitive trade, were large quantities of wool, skins, and hides—articles which speak of copious beef and mutton

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—

devoted to home consumption. Horses, sheep, and cattle, greyhounds and falcons, the furs of wild animals, such as deer and roebuck, foxes and martens, were also exported. Scottish pearls were in demand on the continent of Europe, till the pearls of the East drove them from the market. Fine linen and silks, broad cloth, rich carpets and tapestry, wine and olive oil, spices, confections, and drugs, arms, armour, and cutlery, were the chief commodities imported.

The inhabitants of Scotland, in the days of the third Alexander, must have lived in a rude and homely abundance, enjoying a very tolerable share of the comforts of life. Unhappily for Scotland, Alexander was cut off in the midst of his days. He was travelling from Edinburgh to Kinghorn, where his Queen was then staying, and had reached Inverkeithing. Darkness had fallen; and as the road he meant to take wound dangerously along some precipitous cliffs overhanging the sea, his attendants entreated him to delay his journey till morning. He insisted, however, on pressing forward. In the darkness they lost the track. Near Kinghorn his horse stumbled and fell with its rider over the cliff. When the terrified attendants reached the spot where he lay, the King was dead. One false step of a horse on the brow of the black rock of Kinghorn had changed the course of a nation's history! Never was any King of Scotland so much mourned, except one. The oldest fragment of Scottish song which has come down to us, is a simple and touching lamentation over his death:—

“ Quhen Alysandre owre Kyng was dede,
That Scotland led in Luve and Le,*
Away wes sons† of Ale and Brede,
Of Wyne and Wax, of Gamyn and Gle;
Oure Gold wes changyd in-to Lede:
Chryst borne in-to Virgynyte,
Succour Scotland, and remede,
That stad is in Perplexyte.”

* *Le*, under the lee, in shelter, in peace.

† *Sons*, plenty; *sonsy* is the well-known adjective corresponding to the substantive *sons*.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MAID OF NORWAY.

KING ALEXANDER'S children all died before him. Peace and friendship with Norway had followed the decisive conflict of Largs, and Eric, the king of that country, had married Margaret, the daughter of Alexander. She died, leaving an only child, a little daughter called by her mother's name. This child was now, by the death of her grandfather, Queen of Scotland.

A treaty was entered into for her marriage with Prince Edward, heir of the English crown, a union which promised fair to seal the alliance and harmony of the two nations. Ambassadors were sent to Norway to receive and conduct to Scotland the royal child, on whom so many hopes depended. The venerable sage, Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie, was one of the ambassadors. They brought away the little maid of Norway over the North Sea, to the land of her mother's people. Mayhap, as she sported on the deck of the royal galley, the aged philosopher looked on with a grave smile. They arrived safe and well at Orkney. There the little Queen, only eight years old, sickened and died. With her the line of Alexander III. was extinct, and the throne of Scotland was without an heir. Sir Michael, as he bent his hoary head to look on that royal child, her innocent face all still and pale in death, her laughing eyes glazed and dim, and her little hands crossed on her bosom, needed be no wizard to foresee that dark and troubled days for Scotland were near. Happily for him, he did not live to witness the

CHAPTER
XVII.

Margaret.

1290 A.D.

Death of
the Heir-
ess

CHAPTER calamities and miseries which were coming upon his
XVII. country.

Long-
shanks.

Edward I., surnamed Longshanks, was King of England at this time. Mark him well—that powerful warrior with the three golden leopards sparkling on his shield, who bestrides his battle steed with such a length of limb—that able, pitiless, ambitious King, such an one as the Scripture describes, who “enlargeth his desire as hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied, but gathereth unto him all nations, and heapeth unto him all people.” It was he who conquered the Welsh, hanged their prince, and slew their bards, lest their songs should keep up the memory of their lost independence. Having laid Wales bleeding at his feet, he seized the opportunity of the vacant throne to set his grasp upon Scotland also.

Competi-
tors.

Edward's
schemes.

Edward, like the leopard, whose figure he bore on his shield and banner, knew well how to crouch, and steal with velvet foot on his victim, and then, with a bound and a roar, dash it to the earth. A whole round dozen of competitors for the Scottish throne set up their claims. All of them save two were mere men of straw, with hardly the colour of a right, and, indeed, were bribed by Edward himself to come forward, just to confuse and perplex the matter. The royal line being broken off in the poor little maid of Norway, it was necessary to go back to its nearest branch. Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, was a *grandson*, and John Baliol, Lord of Galloway, was a *great-grandson* of William the Lion's brother, David, Earl of Huntingdon. But then, though Bruce was the son of David's *second*, Baliol was the grandson of his *eldest* daughter. Bruce was nearer to the royal stock, Baliol more in the direct line.

Edward's
wiles.

Edward's first move in the deep game which he was about to play, was to get himself made umpire to decide on the claims of the candidates. Before pronouncing any judgment, he insisted on being recognized as Lord Superior

of the kingdom of Scotland. William the Lion, to regain his liberty, submitted to be the vassal of England. Richard of the Lion Heart, for a fair consideration in money and otherwise, resigned all right of superiority over Scotland. Edward insolently revived the claim. The candidates for the throne, each willing to oblige a monarch who could reward him with the present of a crown, basely yielded to it, and owned the King of England as the Lord Superior, whose decisions they were bound to obey.

Edward then affected to examine with the greatest care and deliberation their several grounds of claim to the vacant throne. It was all pretence. He had made up his mind from the first to give it to John Baliol. He wanted a tool to work with, and saw that Baliol was the man for his purpose. The Parliament of England met with the nobility of Scotland in the Castle of Berwick to hear his decision. Bruce and Baliol were both present. Edward, of course, pronounced in favour of Baliol. Next day the King-elect swore fidelity to his Lord Superior, and received his permission to go to Scone and be crowned. This done he passed into England and paid homage to Edward in the regular feudal manner. Having submitted to all this degradation, he returned to Scotland to enjoy his crown.

If he thought so, he was miserably mistaken. Edward immediately commenced to inflict upon him a series of insults and annoyances. What he meant was plain enough. He meant to goad and provoke the vassal King into resistance, or into such acts of disobedience as would entitle him, according to feudal law, to enter Scotland with an army and make conquest of it. Whenever any person in Scotland professed to have a grievance, any complaint of injustice done, or of justice delayed, he had but to go to Edward with it. The King of Scotland was forthwith summoned to Westminster to answer for it. He was not allowed to appear by deputy. He must come himself

CHAPTER
XVII.John
Baliol.Baliol
made King

1292 A.D.

His degra-
dation.

CHAPTER and answer in the English courts on the slightest occasion.
 XVII. "The dart of contempt," says the Indian proverb, "will
 pierce through the shell of the tortoise." Even the feeble
 spirit of Baliol took fire at last. A point came at which
 War. he could bear it no longer. He threw off his allegiance
 to Edward, and declared war.

This was exactly what Edward desired. He moved
 upon Scotland with a splendid army and a powerful fleet.
 He besieged and took Berwick, at that time the greatest
 Siege of sea-port in Britain. The wealthy Flemings had established
 Berwick. a flourishing trade there, and their ships ploughed the
 seas far and near. They were under engagement, by
 their charter, to aid in the defence of the place against
 the English. Their "Red Hall" was a vast depôt of
 merchandise. The brave Flemings defended it to the
 last, and perished with weapons in their hands, amid the
 flames which consumed their rich bales of silk and velvet
 and other foreign manufactures. A body of the men of
 Fife formed part of the garrison of the town. Scarce
 one of them ever saw the Lomond again. Seventeen
 thousand victims were slaughtered after the town was in
 possession of the English, and the feet of the conquerors
 were red as they trod the streets.

At Dunbar, Edward inflicted upon the Scottish army
 a terrible defeat. He found them posted on the same
 ground where Cromwell, three hundred years after, found
 the Covenanters. In each case, the same mistake led to
 the same disaster. The Scots saw, from their high and
 unassailable position, a movement among the English
 troops, which they mistook for the beginning of a flight.
 Rashly descending from the heights, they found, instead
 of a flying and disordered mass, a solid front of battle
 waiting to receive them with levelled steel. The defeat
 was utter and the slaughter horrible. Ten thousand Scots
 were left dead on the field. The flower of the nobility
 were either slain or made prisoners. Edward immediately

sent them off in chains to England, to be distributed amongst his castles.

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The victory at Dunbar laid Scotland at his mercy. The strong castles of Roxburgh and Jedburgh were taken. Edinburgh fell into his hands, and Stirling next. Thirty thousand fresh troops, under the Earl of Ulster, arrived from Ireland, and joined his banner. Perth and Aberdeen, and even northern Elgin, saw the face of the Plantagenet. The exulting conqueror swept through the kingdom, and found none to resist his mastery. His long-planned scheme was accomplished at last.

John Baliol abjectly submitted to his haughty conqueror. In the church-yard of Strickathro, a small village near Montrose, he performed public penance for his rebellion. The English barons were assembled in the church-yard. The King of Scotland, arrayed in his royal robes and mounted on a wretched horse, was brought in. He was ordered to dismount. A herald proclaimed his treason. The crown was snatched from his head, the ermine torn from his royal mantle, and the sceptre plucked from his hand. Standing on the bare ground, clothed only in his shirt and drawers, and holding a white rod in his hand, he confessed his fault, and owned the justice of his punishment. A few days after, in the Castle of Brechin, he resigned his crown into the hands of Edward. In return for all this humble submission, he was sent a prisoner to London and confined in the Tower. So ended the miserable and shameful reign of John Baliol.

Baliol's
disgrace.

Baliol re-
signs.
1296 A.D.

Edward now took his measures to secure the country he had overrun. He garrisoned the castles with English troops. He appointed the Earl of Surrey guardian of Scotland, and filled the high offices of state with Englishmen. He endeavoured to carry off every token and memorial of the independence of Scotland. He took with him the crown and sceptre, and the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, on which the Scottish Kings had been

Scotland
overrun.

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crowned from the remotest times. It is said, too, that he plundered the monasteries of their earliest charters and historical documents, that he might destroy the written evidence of our ancient national independence. Having settled everything to his mind, he returned home in triumph as the conqueror of Scotland. Scotland told him by-and-by whether she was conquered or no.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

EDWARD has gone home to England, then. Scotland lies stunned by the swift and crushing blow which has struck her down. An English governor rules the land; English officers manage all; English garrisons keep every town and castle. The red flag with the three golden leopards floats on every stronghold. Nearly all the nobles and leading men have sworn allegiance to Edward. Wasted by the ravages of war, the country suffers miserably from famine. The English lord it insolently and cruelly over us, taking by force whatever they want, beating, wounding, and killing, if the owners resist. Bands of ruined and broken men, bitter of heart, and fierce at the abhorred oppression of the Southron, haunt in the forests and mountains, living by the chase, and when the chance offers, plundering the provision convoys of the English. This is the state of things at the fall of the leaf in the year that John Baliol "ate dirt," in the church-yard of Strickathro.

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State of
the
country.

1296 A.D.

By thousands of cottage hearths, in the dismal winter following, brave men in shame and sorrow make their moan to each other over the untold miseries and the galling scorn which their native land endures. There is one man whose heart waxes burning hot with silent and terrible wrath as he views the intolerable outrage and wrong done to his bleeding country. He is young, of only seven-and-twenty years, or thereby; a very tall and powerful man, with mighty breadth of chest and vast

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Wallace.

strength of arm and limb ; face long and fair, hair light brown, eyes clear and piercing, a scar on the left side of the chin ; the expression of the countenance serious and sad. This is WILLIAM WALLACE, son of Sir Malcolm Wallace of Ellerslie in the shire of Renfrew.

The home of Ellerslie had been broken up, for the father of Wallace was slain in an encounter with the English, and his mother took refuge with her own kindred north of the Tay. The mind of Wallace was brooding in secret over all the wrongs which he saw and felt, when an event happened which drove him into open rebellion against the English. In the town of Lanark there lived a beautiful young lady, the orphan daughter of Hugh Braidfute of Lamington. Wallace had seen this lady on her way to the kirk, and fell deeply in love with her. They were married, and Wallace enjoyed great happiness in his wedded love. He came and went to his Lanark home, and had many adventures against the Southron oppressors in various parts of the country. It chanced one day in spring that he was in Lanark. He had with him nine men ; and his friend Sir John the Graham, who was along with him, had a following of fifteen. They were all handsomely clad in green, which it was the fashion in Scotland at that time to wear in the season of spring. They had been at church, and were returning through the town. A rude Englishman began to jeer them. "Why, sir," he said to Wallace, "are you not newly come over sea? You are so fine that I took you for an ambassador bringing us a new queen." Wallace, unwilling to have any disturbance, bore the insolence patiently. But the English gathered fast about him, and became still more insulting. One of them contemptuously struck the sheath of the long sword which Wallace bore. In an instant the long sword flashed out, and smote the insulting Southron to the earth. A great tumult arose. The governor of the town with a body of armed men

rushed to the spot. The little party of Scots fought their way to Wallace's house, killing and wounding many English. Wallace's wife opened the door, and they passed through the house, escaping by a back way to a retreat in the Cartlane wood.

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The English governor took a vile revenge. He seized the wife of Wallace and had her put to death. "A true woman," who had long served her, stole out to the wood and told Wallace. His agony of grief was terrible to see. His men stood round him weeping under the greenwood boughs. At last Wallace said, "Cease, men; this is bootless pain. We cannot bring her back to life, but no man shall ever see me rest till I have avenged the wanton slaughter of her so blithe and bright."

1297 A.D.

That very night he collected a party of thirty stanch and resolute men, and silently entered the town. They reached the governor's lodging. It was an upper room, communicating with the street by a high outside stair. Wallace ascended the stair, threw his strength against the door, and burst it open. The affrighted Englishman leaped from his bed, and cried, "Who makes that great deray?" A deep voice answered, "It is I, Wallace, whom you have been seeking all day." With that he struck him so fiercely on the head that the skull was cleft, and the sword descended sheer to the collar-bone. The tumult woke along the street; the English soldiery turned out, and the men of Lanark rose to the fight. When morning dawned, twelve score of English dead lay on the streets, and the Scots were masters of the town.

The news of this daring exploit spread fast, and numbers of brave and warlike men drew to Wallace as their leader. They had their retreats in woods and in rugged and inaccessible spots, from which they issued to attack the convoys and foraging parties of the English. Full often, the provisions which had been on their way to an English garrison, and the wine intended for its com-

Wallace at
work.

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mander's table, served to make good cheer in the forest camp of the bold outlaws. More men flocked in, and Wallace's band increased rapidly. The fame of his daring and successful attacks on the English flew far and wide. All over the country, bands of men took arms, and began the same system of desultory and harassing warfare on the Southron, of which he had set the example. The man who had head and heart to be a nation's captain in a death-struggle for freedom had appeared, and the nation knew him, and obeyed him.

This stalwart man, with the brown locks, the piercing eye, and the grave, sad face, looked forth on the task before him. Full grim it was, and bloody. A powerful enemy, master of the whole open country and of every town and fortified place, was to be driven out at point of steel. The plan of operations which Wallace adopted was skilfully fitted to turn his means to the best account, and to effect the greatest result with the least risk of defeat. He avoided, for a while, taking the field with an army. He made the barons and gentlemen who joined him remain on their own estates, where each of them could command a small force of his own vassals. With this force it was his duty to attack and cut off all detached parties of the English, to stop their convoys of provisions, and to watch every possible opportunity of doing them mischief.

In this way Wallace had, all over the country, numerous bodies of men acting independently of each other, but all submitting to his directions. It was easy for him to keep up communication with them, as there was not a man or woman in all the country who was not ready to be his messenger. Whenever he saw an opportunity of striking a blow which required a larger force than he usually kept with himself, he could bring together in a very short time whatever number of men he required. When the blow was struck, they dispersed to their own

districts, and began again their harassing warfare on the English.

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Many of the feats done by these detached parties of patriots were vastly bold and clever. The Castle of Sanquhar in the county of Dumfries, like the rest of the Scottish strongholds, was in possession of the English. A certain countryman had been in the habit of supplying the castle with fuel. One day, the countryman with his carts was seen to approach the gate as usual. The drawbridge was lowered. The portcullis, or heavy iron grating which moved up and down in grooves like the sash of a window, was raised. The seeming countryman, who was in reality a Scottish soldier in the carter's dress and bonnet, drove the carts across the drawbridge and below the portcullis, in such a way that the bridge could not be raised, nor the grating lowered. He then pulled out a dagger, stabbed the porter at the gate, and blew a horn as a signal to his friends, who were lying in ambush a little way off. At the sound of the horn they rushed in, took the castle, and put the garrison to the sword. But he that would know the numberless exploits of "Wallace wight" must get him to the stirring pages of Blind Harry the Minstrel. Harry, who was blind from his birth, did into rhyme the acts and deeds of Wallace, and, Homer-like, got food and raiment by the recitation of them. He derived his information from the "fair Latin" of "Master Blair," chaplain and companion to Wallace. Though big historians have tried to look down on Harry, let the reader trust and love the wondrous poem of the blind minstrel.

In a short time Wallace had cleared the English out of all the south country and Galloway. The whole of that extensive district—castle, forest, and dale—obeyed him. The English laid a horrid trap for the formidable warrior. They pretended to treat about a peace. Wallace and a number of the Scottish lords who had joined him

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XVIII.Burns of
Ayr.

were invited to a council at the town of Ayr. Hither they went in all knightly faith and trust. The council was to be held in a large wooden building outside the town. Without the building everything looked fair and honest. Inside, a large number of soldiers had been secretly stationed. Ropes with running nooses were attached to the rafters.

Sir Reginald Crawford, the uncle of Wallace, was the first to enter the infamous trap. He was instantly seized and hanged. Many went in, but none came out. Crawfords, Campbells, Boyds, Barclays, Stuarts, and Kennedys, —stout barons and knights who had never turned their backs on an enemy, perished by the hands of hangmen. Their bodies were cast in a heap in a corner of the building, and the contrivers of the hideous scheme waited for the principal victim.

Providentially, Wallace came late. He approached the den of murder, riding fast. A "true woman," who lived in Ayr, had watched, and found out what horrid work was going on. She saw him coming, and cried, "O brave Wallace, they have hanged your friends like hounds." Wallace stopped and heard the dreadful tale, and scarce could sit his horse, so was he affected by the fearful news.

That night the English made great revelry. They feasted, and drank to excess, of the mightiest Irish ale, Ireland being then famous for that liquor. They lodged for the night partly in the building where the murders had been done; partly, they were quartered in houses in the suburbs of Ayr. The houses in the towns of Scotland were at that time entirely composed of wood. Wallace caused the "true woman," and a burgess of Ayr, to put a broad chalk mark on the doors of all the houses where the Southron, drunken and careless, lay. Then, at the dead of night, he came with three hundred men, fastened the doors on the outside, heaped up brushwood and other light material, and set the whole on fire. The

buildings were presently wrapped in flame. Some of the drunken crew within never rose, but were smothered where they lay. Some, wildly shrieking, dashed this way and that among the smoke and fire, and sank overpowered by their agonies. A few, who succeeded in breaking out, were either slain by the Scots or driven back into the fire. Not a man escaped. When Wallace and his company withdrew, they left behind them nothing but blazing ruins and the fearful stench of burned corpses. So ended the "Black Parliament of Ayr."

And now to the work of sweeping out the Southron again. Wallace displayed the broad banner of Scotland, and rode through the country at the head of a right goodly array. Swift and sure his blows fell on the castles and strongholds held by the English. This one was taken with a lion-spring, sudden and fierce. The gates of that other were hewn open by the Scottish axes and sheer dint of manhood. All through the north, by Perth, Forfar, Montrose, and Aberdeen, even to distant Cromarty, ranged the patriot host, clearing the country before them. Except the Castle of Dundee, the English had not a single fortress left to them in all the country north of the Tay. Wallace now returned south and besieged that castle. This was in the month of August. Just one year before, Edward had gone back to England thinking he had conquered Scotland.

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Wallace was engaged in the siege of Dundee when tidings were brought him that an army, fifty thousand strong, was on the march from England to put the Scots down. They were holding their course towards Stirling. Wallace immediately left Dundee and advanced to meet them. If he could reach the River Forth before the English, he meant to make them pay for their passage. He marched swiftly, talking over and arranging his plans with the good Sir John the Graham as they rode. When they reached the hill above Cambuskenneth, two miles

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east from Stirling, no English were in sight. It was not long, however, till their banners were seen approaching. The chief of their host was the Earl of Surrey. But he was old and in broken health, and the man who really took the command was Sir Hugh Cressingham, Edward's Lord Treasurer of Scotland. Cressingham was a priest, haughty and insolent, who loved the corslet better than the cassock.

Battle of
Stirling.

The English, three times more in number than the Scots, advanced and took up their position on the banks of the Forth. Wallace occupied the high ground to the north. The river, spanned by a long and narrow wooden bridge, flowed between the armies. The towers of Cambuskenneth Abbey threw their shadows slant and long as the September sun sank behind Benlomond. The glow of the watch-fires lighted up the deep and sluggish waters of the Forth, as the two armies lay under the silent night, waiting for day, and what fortune God might send.

Morning came, but Surrey was in no haste to begin. The bridge was so narrow that only two men-at-arms could pass it abreast. The attempt to cross a deep river in the face of an enemy, by one narrow passage, was so dangerous that the English general hesitated to risk it. But the rash and scornful churchman, Cressingham, would try it. He insisted on instantly attacking the Scots with the division under his command. Surrey gave way to the taunts of the headstrong priest, and ordered the attack.

A brave knight, Sir Marmaduke de Twenge, led the advance at the head of a squadron of cavalry, heavily sheathed in steel, both horse and man. Cressingham with his division followed. The Scots, posted on high ground, kept their ranks and allowed the English to defile over the bridge. Wait! they know what they are about. Twenge has got his division of heavy cavalry over to the opposite shore. Cressingham's division are eagerly crowd-

ing along the bridge. Twenge forms his cavalry and leads them up the hill against the main body of the Scots. Nearly half the English army has crossed without interruption. But see that strong force of Scottish spearmen who, fetching a circuit, and keeping near the river, make swiftly for the head of the bridge. They dash across the line of English as it issues from the bridge, and cut it in two. Forming in a solid mass bristling with spears, they occupy the bridge-head, and bar the bridge against all passage. Surrey looks on over the water. In three minutes the old general shall see a sight to make his white hair stand up!

The moment Wallace has waited for has come. Up then, and on them! The Scots charge furiously down the hill on Twenge and his cavalry, and hurl them back in disorder on the squadrons of Cressingham, great part of which have not had time to form since they passed the bridge. The English are mingled, horse and foot, in desperate confusion. Hundreds of them go down before the fierce charge of the Scots. The long spears plough the thick, disordered mass. Vast numbers are driven back into the river. The deep, still-flowing river swallows horse and man with splash and gurgle. Multitudes madly plunge in, vainly hoping to struggle to the other side, and the water is lashed into a foam by the drowning struggles of thousands of men and horses. This is the sight which old Surrey sees, sitting his war-horse on the safe side of the Forth.

He did what he could to send help to his reeling squadrons. The royal standard of England, with its three gold leopards set on red, was advanced to the cry of "For God and St. George!" A strong body of knights attended it. Then came Surrey's own banner, of chequered blue and gold, followed by a numerous force of his vassals. It was in vain. They forced their way over the bridge, but, finding no room to form, they only served to increase

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the confusion and swell the slaughter made by the Scottish spearmen. Of all who crossed that fatal bridge there returned but three. Sir Marmaduke Twenge with his nephew and armour-bearer, spurring their steeds, rushed into the midst of the Scots at the bridge-head, cut their way through, and escaped unharmed. The haughty churchman, Cressingham, lay dead on the field. A Scottish spear had pierced his mail like silk, and run him through the body, till the point stood out on the other side. It was said that Wallace's own hand drove that spear home.

Surrey saw that the safe side of the Forth was safe no longer, for the Scots were preparing to cross. He turned his horse, and fled without drawing bridle to Berwick. His troops broke and scattered in all directions. The face of the country was covered with a confused mass of terrified fugitives, who threw away their arms and standards as they fled. Keen and fierce the Scots pressed the chase, and their thirsty swords drank much blood. The powerful host which a few hours before had marshalled so proudly beside Stirling Bridge was beaten small and scattered like chaff.

Scotland
free.

The garrisons of nearly all the strongholds still in the hands of the English fled in consternation as soon as the tidings reached them of that day's work at Stirling Bridge. Scotland, her fetters struck off by that mighty blow, was once more free. Nay, Wallace found himself in strength to invade England, so completely were the tables turned. In little more than a month after the battle of Stirling he passed the Tweed at the head of twenty thousand choice troops. For two months the Scots did their pleasure in England; and, having ravaged Northumberland, Cumberland, and Yorkshire, they returned home laden with booty.

Wallace
governor.

It was upon his return from this invasion of England that the army and the people called Wallace to the high

office of Governor of Scotland. What enlightened views he had may be gathered from this fact: A few years ago, a German author, gathering materials for a history of the "Hanseatic League," found in the archives of Hamburgh a missive from Sir William Wallace addressed to the League, telling them that Scotland was now delivered from oppressors; that it was free, and its ports open to all the world; and calling upon the merchants of Europe to establish trading connections with it. Such insight was in the man that now governed the realm. But many of the nobles, in their stupid pride, could ill brook that a simple gentleman should be raised above them—a wretched jealousy which was to produce bitter fruits another day.

CHAPTER XIX.

DARKENING DOWN.

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EDWARD was in Flanders, occupied in a war with France, while these things were doing in Scotland. As soon as he heard of them, he concluded a truce with all possible speed, and instantly sailed for England. By the month of June he had his army assembled and ready to invade Scotland. Eighty thousand infantry followed his banner. He had four thousand light and nearly as many heavy cavalry, armed, both horse and rider, in plates of steel. With this powerful and splendid army he advanced into Scotland.

Renewed
invasion.

Not a living thing was to be seen. The houses were empty and bare. No cattle were found in the fields, and no flocks on the mountains. The green crops had been cut down and carried away. The stacks of hay and corn at the farm granges were reduced to heaps of blackened ashes. On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, the country was an empty waste, where not a blade of forage was to be collected, nor a hoof of cattle to be seen. The English soon began to feel the miseries of famine. Meanwhile, they found that the enemy, though unseen, was never far distant. If a foraging party was sent out, they were sure to be attacked and cut off. An enemy, who kept himself invisible among the woods and mountains, hung on their flanks, and watched the opportunity of attacking any division of the English which happened to become detached from the main body.

This was Wallace's plan for fighting Edward's immense

army with his own small force. Smaller far it was than it might have been; for many of the great nobility, in their wretched pride and jealousy, refused to act under the only man who could have saved Scotland, and kept back their numerous vassals from lending their strong arms to their country's quarrel. Wallace calculated that when famine had filled the camp of the English with disease and discontent, Edward would be compelled to retire, and then would be the time to attack them, when dispirited and disordered in retreat. His sagacious plan all but succeeded. Edward had been in Scotland for about a month. He had advanced as far as Kirkliston, nine or ten miles west of Edinburgh. Symptoms of mutiny began to appear among his hungry soldiers. He was compelled to give orders for a retreat to Edinburgh, meaning to wait there till his fleet, laden with provisions, should arrive at Leith, and then to advance again.

Things stood thus, when two scoundrels, the Earl of Dunbar and the Earl of Angus, came at daybreak into the camp of the English, and gave information that Wallace lay in the forest of Falkirk, intending to attack the English in their quarters that very night. Edward was filled with joy at the tidings. "Thanks be to God," he cried, "who hath hitherto delivered me from every danger! They shall not need to follow me, for I shall instantly go and meet them."

In an hour's time he had his army in motion for the west. That night they encamped on a moor near Linlithgow. Each man slept in his armour; each war-horse was kept ready bridled beside its rider. The King himself slept on the bare ground, like the meanest soldier in his army. In the middle of the night the sleeping King received a kick from his own charger, by which two of his ribs were broken. As soon as morning dawned the march was resumed. The King, wounded as he was, was among the first to mount.

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Falkirk.

Passing through the town of Linlithgow, they continued their march, and gained a rising ground at some distance beyond. There they halted, and the fighting Bishop of Durham said mass. While the ceremony was performing, the sun rose, and his rays, glancing upon the array of spears, showed them the Scottish army taking their ground on the slope of a small hill not far from Falkirk. Wallace arranged his battle thus: His main force lay in his infantry, who fought with long spears, and carried short daggers and axes for close battle slung at the girdle. They were divided into four circular masses, or *schiltrons*, as they were called in the military language of the time. In these circles the spearmen stood compactly together, with their long spears stretched out, and forming a ring of steel. The spaces between circle and circle were occupied by the archers, tall yeomen from the forests of Selkirk and Ettrick. The cavalry, amounting to a thousand heavy-armed horse, were placed in the rear. Among them were most of the nobles who had joined Wallace; but the jealousy which these proud barons felt towards him, and their selfish fear of losing their estates, made them less than half-hearted in the cause. When we read, however, of the ill behaviour of the Scottish nobility in the War of Independence, we should remember that many of them held lands in both kingdoms. It mattered but little, therefore, to them whether Scotland was Edward's or no. They might as well be vassals to him for the whole of their lands as for a part of them.

Treachery. The English came on in three divisions, each division as strong as the whole Scottish army. At the first clash of spears the entire body of the Scottish cavalry, led by the traitor lords, turned bridle, and rode off the field without a blow given or taken. While the battle raged against the circles of spearmen, the English horse charged the Scottish archers. The brave foresters stood firm to meet the rush of seven thousand of the finest cavalry

ever present on a stricken field. But what could they, lightly armed as they were, do against mailed horse and steel-clad knights? They defended themselves so bravely with their short daggers that the very enemy admired them. But they died there to a man. After the battle the conquerors remarked their tall and handsome forms as they lay dead on the ground they had kept so well.

The four circles of the Scottish spearmen remained yet entire, standing up like a wall, with their spears, point over point, so thick and close together that no living man could pierce through. But the cloth-yard arrows from the great bows of England fell thick and deadly among them. The columns of archers advanced near and discharged their shafts in perfect security, the Scots having neither cavalry to scatter them by a charge, nor archers to reply to them. Drawing their arrows to the head, they shot with all their force into the circles, and quickly breached the living walls. Through the gaps made by the archers the English cavalry charged, and, having once broken in, made a dreadful slaughter. The battle was lost. One duty alone remained to the Scottish leader, and that was to save the remainder of his army from destruction by a retreat. Well and soldierly he did it. Retiring slowly, and himself with his best knights defending the rear, he was able to draw off the broken remains of his circles, and to gain the shelter of Torwood Forest.

The next day he returned and rode over the fatal field. Fifteen thousand Scottish dead lay there. He sought among them for the body of his friend, Sir John the Graham, who was among the fallen. When the body was found, Wallace leaped down from his steed and took it in his arms. Looking upon the pale face, he kissed it, saying, "Alas! my best brother—my true friend when I was hardest bestead!" His weeping followers took the dead man from his arms. They bore the warrior,

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1298 A.D.

Defeat.

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whose battles were done, to Falkirk church-yard, and reverently laid him in the dust. An ancient stone yet marks the spot where "the good Graham of truth and hardiment" found his long home.

Retreat.

Edward meanwhile had marched upon Stirling, hoping to get some supply for his hungry troops. He finds the whole town in flames, and all the neighbouring country wasted and burned by the Scots themselves. A division of the English, which had been sent through Fife, finds the town of St. Andrews deserted by its inhabitants and reduced to ashes. Perth is found to be in the same condition. There was no living in a country whose inhabitants burned and destroyed their property with their own hands rather than leave anything for the support of the invader. In short, this stern and devoted policy forced the English King to retreat at the very moment when victory seemed to have laid Scotland at his feet. It was less than a month after the battle of Falkirk when Edward sullenly led his army, worn out by famine and distress, back into England.

The base desertion of the Scottish lords at the battle of Falkirk had taught Wallace a lesson. How could he with any chance of success lead an army, the greater part of whose chiefs were ready at any moment to abandon or betray him? Let them have a high-born noble for their leader, whom they might obey without offence to their jealous pride. Wallace was ready to serve his country, fighting as a simple knight. He resigned his dignity of Governor of Scotland, believing that he could no longer hold it with advantage to the cause of freedom. He would not, he said, remain in a position which brought him into perpetual strife with the nobility, and so perilled the safety of the leal commons of Scotland.

From the day that Wallace felt himself compelled to retire from the leadership, the fate of Scotland was sealed. The struggle against England was continued, indeed, for

six years longer. Five successive times after this Edward led an army into Scotland. At last the long and desperate strife drew to a close. Scotland, exhausted by the pitiless ravages which had drained her best blood for so many years, sank spirit-broken before a foe so persevering and so fell. All the leading men submitted upon terms more or less hard. All the strongholds were surrendered, and the leopard flag once more floated over their battlements.

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sion.

Whoever might be spared, Wallace was marked for death. Driven to the mountains and forests, with a few faithful friends who still shared his dangers, he lived, as at the beginning of his career, on the plunder of the Southron. A price was set on his head. Hunted from covert to covert, he had taken refuge in the strong and wooded country between Glasgow and Dumbarton. Sir John Menteith, once his friend, and now commander of the Castle of Dumbarton in the service of Edward, bribed Wallace's servant to discover the place of his retreat. Wallace used to lodge at Robrastoun, a solitary village near Glasgow. He had but two attendants, Kerlie, or little Ker, and a nephew of Menteith. About midnight on the night of his capture, Wallace and his two attendants repaired to their lodging. He and Kerlie lay down to sleep, the young man, Menteith's nephew, keeping watch. When they were locked in deep sleep, the villain crept in softly and took away their arms. His uncle was at hand with sixty men. The house was surrounded, and the sleeping men mastered. Kerlie was dragged to the door, and killed. Wallace was bound with cords, and hurried away to the south before daybreak. They conveyed him across Solway Sand to Carlisle, and thence to London. He was an object of great wonder as he passed through England. As he entered London, a mighty crowd turned out to gaze. The fierce King Edward waited impatiently for his blood. They put him through

Wallace
betrayed.

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Death of
Wallace.
1305 A.D.

a mock trial, and condemned him to die a traitor's death. With his hands chained behind him, he was dragged on a hurdle to the foot of a high gallows at the Elms of Smithfield. He desired that a small psalm-book, which he had always carried about with him since his childhood, and which had been taken from him when they stripped him of his clothes, should be restored. This was done, and he caused a priest to hold it open before him while the executioners went about their ghastly work. They hung him up, but cut him down alive. Then they cut out his bowels, and burned them before his face. His head was struck off by the hangman's axe, and his body quartered. The head was set on a pole on London Bridge. His right arm was fixed above the bridge at Newcastle, his left was exposed at Berwick; the right limb was sent to Perth, and the left to Aberdeen.

Edward had achieved the object which, for fifteen years—ever since the little maid of Norway died—he had pursued with such deep cunning and such merciless perseverance. Scotland—her freedom crushed, her champion slaughtered, and his body “hewed as a carcase fit for hounds”—was all his own. Yes—for six months!

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ROBERT THE BRUCE.

IN six months from the murder of Wallace, ROBERT THE BRUCE was crowned King of the Scots. CHAPTER
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Some thirty years before this time, Marjory, the youthful widow of Adam, Earl of Carrick, was out one day upon a hunting excursion, with a gay company of ladies and esquires. A stranger knight, handsome and noble to look at, crossed her path. It was Bruce, the young heir of Annandale and Cleveland. The Countess kissed the knight; and he, as the courtly manners of the day required, returned the salute. He declined her invitation to join in the chase and accept the hospitality of her castle. But she, laying her hand on his bridle, would not be refused. The chase over, he went with her to Turnberry Castle, where he found such pleasant entertainment that he remained a fortnight, and then became the husband of his hostess. The eldest son of this romantic love-match was Robert the Bruce—*our* Bruce. He was grandson to that Bruce who was competitor with John Baliol for the throne. He was Earl of Carrick and Lord of Annandale in Scotland, and possessed besides immense family estates in England. His father had been the friend of Longshanks, and, in their younger days, had fought side by side with him in Palestine against the infidel. The young Bruce was received into Edward's household, and trained up in the exercises of war and chivalry under the eye of him whose mortal enemy he was destined to prove.

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During the Wallace wars, Bruce took no part with his countrymen. Edward seems to have borne him in hand with hopes of the crown. Bruce, on his part, though willing to accept the throne as Edward's vassal, doubtless intended to take the first opportunity of throwing off the yoke and asserting his independence. When he found how Edward had deceived him, great was his disappointment and deep his indignation.

John Comyn, Lord of Badenoch, called the Red Comyn, was sister's son to Baliol, Edward's king-of-straw. As Baliol had given up all claim to the crown, his right, such as it was, came to his nephew, the Red Comyn.

Scotland was now in a condition such as might turn even a coward's blood to flame. English soldiers kept every castle and town ; English sheriffs and other officers exercised a tyrannical mastery in every district. So rapacious, haughty, and despiteful were they, that men's lives were a misery to them to bear. The wives and daughters of Scotsmen were insulted foully ; and if any man resented it, an occasion was quickly found for his destruction. If any Scotsman possessed a good horse or hound, or anything else that he valued, some Englishman would seize it ; and if the owner resisted, he paid for it with his lands or his life. Many good knights were hanged like felons, on the shallowest pretext, or none. The land was full of bitter wrong and shameful scorn.

Bruce and
Comyn.

Bruce saw with deep indignation the wretched fate of his countrymen. He began, with great caution and secrecy, to arrange with the friends in whom he could trust, a conspiracy for throwing off the yoke. Riding with Comyn from Stirling, they conversed about the miseries which the kingdom suffered under the English rule. Bruce said to Comyn, " Give me your lands, and I will assist you to expel our enemies, and place the crown on your head ; or else I will give you my lands, on condition that you support me in my efforts to regain

the throne of my fathers." Comyn agreed to take Bruce's lands and assist him to drive out the English. A formal agreement to this effect was written out, and each kept a copy. Bruce then returned to England, for the jealousy of Edward never allowed him to be long absent.

The traitor Comyn sent his copy of the agreement, and information of the conspiracy, to Edward. Edward concealed his knowledge of the secret, and wore his usual face to Bruce, not wishing to give any alarm till he could arrange his means for seizing all the conspirators at once. Bruce, however, got a hint from a friend of the danger he was in, and taking horse, escaped with all speed to Scotland. He reached the Castle of Lochmaben, which was then kept by his brother Edward. The Comyn, as it chanced, was to be in Dumfries the next day, at the court of the English Justiciary. Bruce, minding to have speech with him, rode over to Dumfries with a few friends,—a man right dangerous for Comyns and traitors to tamper with. The meeting of Bruce and Comyn took place in the church of the Gray Friars. They embraced and kissed each other, after the manner of the times, with all show of friendliness, and then walked up the church together towards the high altar, engaged, as it seemed, in earnest conversation. As they advanced their words grew high and keen. Bruce accused Comyn of having betrayed him to Edward. "You lie!" said the impudent traitor. Bruce, without a word more, drew his dagger and struck him down on the very steps of the altar. It was the outburst of a moment. Bruce instantly felt shocked at the rash deed. He rushed to his friends, who waited him outside the church. "I doubt," he said, "that I have slain the Comyn!" "You doubt;" cried Sir Roger Kirkpatrick; "I mak siccar;" and running into the church, he despatched the wretched man with repeated wounds.

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"When you kill a man, do it well," says the Korân; which also seems to have been the opinion of Sir Roger.

It was a wild, unhappy deed. Bruce's situation, difficult and dark before, was tenfold more dangerous now. All the connections of the powerful family of Comyn were bound to what feudal times considered the duty of revenge. Superstition regarded with horror him who had outraged a holy place, and polluted the altar with blood. Yet, in the wonderful ways of God, from that rash and bloody deed sprang the freedom of Scotland.

Bruce had made the plunge, and there was no turning back. Either his head must wear a crown, or be set with Wallace's on London Bridge. A small band of faithful friends stood by him, and brought what followers they could muster to his standard. A number of the old Wallace men, who, after the death of their great leader, had sought refuge in remote and lonely spots, came out of their retreats, and joined him. With this little army he marched round by Glasgow to Perth and Scone. Ten years before, Edward had carried away the crown, the sceptre, the robes, the coronation stone, everything connected with Scottish royalty. Many a proud scene the old Abbey of Scone beheld at the coronation of the Kings of Scotland. But the coronation of by far the greatest King that ever Scotland saw was the lowliest of them all. A friendly bishop lent the robes; the Abbot of Scone lent the chair; and a circlet of gold, borrowed probably from the statue of some saint or martyr, served for the crown.

Bruce
crowned.
1306 A.D.

When the news of this revolution in Scotland reached Edward, it threw him into an ungovernable fury. He was old now, and much broken; but the fierce, determined spirit of his earlier days was yet entire within him. He swore a great oath that he would never rest

till he had taken vengeance on Robert the Bruce. The long limbs were now so weak that he was ill able to sit on horseback. Nevertheless he set out for Scotland in person. Unable to endure the fatigue of a quick journey, he pushed on the Earl of Pembroke with a force to attack the Bruce. Pembroke reached Perth. Bruce drew out his little army in a field near the town, and challenged the English leader to battle. Pembroke answered that the day was too far spent, but that he would meet him on the morrow. Relying on his knightly faith, as the military code of the times entitled him to do, Bruce withdrew to the wood of Methven. Here they undid their armour, allowed their steeds to graze, and began to prepare the evening meal. Suddenly a cry rose that the English were upon them. They had scarce time to grasp their weapons when they were furiously attacked by a force triple their number. They maintained for a while a desperate combat. But they were clean defeated at last. Bruce and the remnant of his men retreated, after this luckless beginning of his battles, into the rugged mountains of Athole.

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MethvenWander-
ings.

For many a day after this he led a wild and wandering life among the hills. Most of his followers dropped away; but a small party of true and faithful friends, among whom were his brother Edward and the good Lord James Douglas, abode fast. The Queen, accompanied by the wives and sisters of his few followers, joined him. With them came his fair young brother Nigel. They harboured like outlaws in the woods, changing about from place to place, and living upon the produce of their hunting. The most useful man in the company was the Lord James Douglas. Sometimes he brought in venison; sometimes he twisted lines with which he took pike and salmon, trout, eel, and minnows. His liveliness and good humour cheered the spirits of the ladies. The King, to amuse his followers, would tell

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them stories drawn from the pages of old romance. And ever he counselled them to keep a brave heart, and to hope that God would yet help them, as he had done to many as hardly bestead as they.

Summer passed, and the nights of autumn grew long and chill. It was time for even the stoutest men to draw to a hold, and it was impossible for the ladies to endure the hardships of winter in the wilds. The King resolved to send them, under the care of his brother Nigel, to the Castle of Kildrummie, in Aberdeenshire. This castle was in the hands of friends, and was a place so strong, that it would be hard to take it as long as there were men and meat within. The King and his companions parted from their wives and sisters with a dark foreboding of evil, and tears wet the cheeks of stalwart warriors and manly knights, little used to the tender mood. Bruce and his handful of followers pushed on through many hardships and dangers, making for concealment in some remote part of the western coast. They reached the headland of Cantyre, which stretches its long snout far into the Atlantic. Thence they took boat over to Rachrin, a little island about four miles off the north coast of Ireland. In this remote spot the King passed the rest of the winter, safe from the pursuit of his enemies.

Meanwhile his Queen, with their young daughter and the King's two sisters, had been seized and shut up in strait prison in England. His beautiful young brother Nigel, his brother-in-law Sir Christopher Seton, the Earl of Athole, Sir Simon Fraser, and many more of his true and noble friends, had been captured and hanged. His lands were forfeited and given to other lords. The Countess of Buchan, by whose hands the crown had been set on his head, was shut up in an iron cage, which was hung on the wall of Berwick Castle, open to the public gaze. The Pope's legate appeared with great pomp at

Carlisle, then Edward's head-quarters, and pronounced sentence of excommunication on the Bruce and all his adherents. A wanderer, stripped bare of all his possessions, and laid under that curse which had quelled the most powerful monarchs,—thus low had the fortunes of King Robert sunk.

CHAPTER

XX.



ROBERT BRUCE.
From a Coin.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE KINDLING OF THE BEACON.

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Bruce in
Arran.

THE kindly spring came on, and Bruce, thoughtful, calm, and firm, prepared once more to try his venture. He found some friends and help among the chiefs of the Western Isles, so that he was able to assemble a little fleet of thirty-three galleys, with three hundred men on board. With these he sailed for the Island of Arran. Opposite to the shore of Arran, and bounded by the blue line of the distant Scottish coast, lay his own lands of Carrick. There, where he might expect support among his own vassals, he resolved to begin. His first attempt should be to recover his own castle of Turnberry from the English.

Turnberry
1307 A.D.

First, however, he sent over a trusty scout, a Carrick man, to look about him, to find out how the people were disposed, and what was the strength of the enemy. If he saw any fair chance of success, he was to kindle a fire upon a height above Turnberry on a certain fixed day. The day came, and Bruce walked backwards and forwards on the beach, anxiously looking towards Turnberry. The time passed, and no signal appeared. At last a faint gleam of fire showed on the sky, and quickly increased to a broad red glare. With blithesome cheer they shot their galleys into the sea, and bore away with sail and oar.

Night fell before they were midway across the channel; but they steered right for the fire, which still burned brightly over Turnberry, and soon reached the land. The

scout met them on the shore. He told a gloomy tale. The English were in great force, and no good-will among the people. "Traitor!" said the King, "why made you then the fire?" "Ah, sir," he said, "the fire was never made by me. I did not see it till after dark, and dreading the mistake it would lead you into, I came to meet you here and warn you of your danger." Bruce was staggered by this intelligence. Turning to his friends, he asked what they thought best to do. "I for one," said his brother Edward, "shall not return, but shall take mine adventure here, whether it be good or ill." "Brother," said the King, "since you will so, we shall together take what God may send."

Percy, the English lord of Turnberry, had about two hundred of his men quartered in the village beside the castle. That night he was startled by a tumult, mingled with shouts and yells. The garrison within the castle listened to the sounds, which told of a fierce slaughter going on in the village below; but, ignorant of the enemy, they dared not venture forth in the darkness. The uproar died away, and the growing light showed the Scots dividing a rich spoil—arms, war-horses, and the whole camp equipage of the governor. Weakened as he was by the loss of so many men, the Percy was fain to keep within his gates and suffer the despite. A somewhat better beginning than the King made last year in Methven wood.

Many dark turns of fortune he had after this, however, and many a perilous adventure. The story of his adventures was written by John Barbour, a priest of Aberdeen, who lived in the reigns of the Bruce and of his son. Its black-letter page, and the many words in it which are now antique and strange, render Barbour's "Life and Acts of Robert Bruce" difficult at first. But there is a noble, free spirit in it, which makes it sound stirring as the Bruce's own war-horn. Simple and primitive as it

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Bruce and
the spider.

is, there was no such good English written in England itself at that time. But let us follow the King. An English force, too strong for his little band to oppose, poured into Carrick. Bruce retired into the mountainous part of the district. The English, assisted by a body of Galloway men, eagerly endeavoured to hunt him down. Driven from haunt to haunt, weary, toil-worn, and dejected, he had retired one day into a wretched hovel to snatch some repose. There, as he lay upon a heap of straw, his mind darkly pondering on his gloomy situation, he had well-nigh resolved to abandon the whole enterprise, leave Scotland, and engage in the Crusade. A spider, hanging by its long thread from the roof of the hovel, caught his eye. The creature was endeavouring to swing itself from one rafter to another. Its movements interested the King. Six times it made its attempt, and failed. Would it try once more, and succeed after all? Bruce thought within himself, If this creature tries again, and succeeds in its object, I too will make another attempt. The history of this proud old country hung by a spider's thread. Bruce watched. The spider launched itself from its rafter the seventh time, and succeeded. The perseverance and success of the insect struck the King like a cheering omen. He thought no more of giving up his enterprise, and the strength of his mighty purpose was renewed within him. Never, surely, was little thing so great as that day in the Carrick hovel. Such is the famous tradition of Bruce and the spider.

One evening, when he had with him a company of only sixty, he received information that two hundred Galloway men were coming to attack him. Near by was a river, running between high and steep banks. Over this river he led his men, and posted them about two bow-shots off, on a spot of ground well secured by a morass. Here he made them rest, and returned himself

with two attendants to the bank of the stream. There was but one ford, from which a steep path led up to the top of the bank, and the path was so narrow that two men could not come up together. Here the King waited and listened for some time. At length he heard the distant baying of a hound, which came every moment nearer. "I shall not disturb my weary men for the yelping of a hound," thought the King. In a little, however, he heard the noise of a body of men making straight for the ford, and instantly sent his two servants to rouse his little camp. It was a bright moonlight night, and he had a full view of his enemies as they descended the opposite bank and dashed into the ford. The first man that came up the narrow path was received with a thrust of Bruce's spear through his body. Another spear-thrust, dealt as quick as lightning, killed his horse. The fallen animal blocked up the path. Another and another of the Galloway men came on, but it was only to be rolled back on the point of that terrible spear. Those behind shouted, "On him! he cannot stand!" and more tried to rush up the steep path. Their bodies either encumbered the bank or rolled back into the ford. By this time the assailants heard the sound of the King's men hastening to his aid. They turned and fled. The King sat down on the bank, took off his helmet, and wiped the sweat of battle from his brow. There his men found him, sitting alone in the moonlight, with fifteen corpses before him. Look at him! The moonlight, gleaming on his mail, shows a man of strong and powerful frame; the hair curls close and short round a muscular neck; the forehead is full and broad; the cheek-bones very prominent; the square and massive jaw bears the mark of some old wound; his years are about thirty. If Providence had not given us that man, Scotland at this day would have been another Ireland.

The Lord James of Douglas bethought him about this

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The Lord
James.

time to go over into Douglasdale, and try to snatch his own castle out of the hands of the English. Coming to the neighbourhood by night, he discovered himself to a faithful vassal of his father's, whom he had known in his boyhood, and who wept with joy at seeing him. In this man's house he kept close, sending secretly one by one for the trusty men who dwelt on his lands. With them he settled his plan. Palm Sunday was at hand, when the garrison of the castle would attend the neighbouring church of St. Bride. Douglas and his men took care to be there too. He had on an old cloak above his armour, and carried a flail in his hand like a countryman. His men had their weapons concealed under their mantles. The priest was busy with his ceremonies, when a voice shouted, "Douglas! Douglas!" At this signal the countryman dropped his flail and old cloak, and fell furiously with his sword on the English. His men did the same. The church rang with the clash of weapons and the din of combat. But it was soon over, and the English were all either struck down or made prisoners.

The victors proceeded immediately to the castle. The alarm had not reached it, and the gate was found open, with nobody but the porter and the cook within. Dinner for the garrison was ready, and the board was laid in the hall. Douglas ordered the gate of the castle to be shut, and sat down with his men to enjoy the feast. He then collected the arms, clothing, and valuables—all that his men could readily carry away. Next, he made them pile together in a heap all the wheat, flour, and malt found in the stores. On this heap he struck off the heads of his prisoners, and stove the casks of wine, and then set fire to the whole. All that was not stone in the castle was reduced to ashes. The country people called this terrible vengeance the "Douglas Larder." It was a grim jest, but the heads of Nigel Bruce and his gallant

companions were blackening in the sun above Berwick gates or on the Tower of London.

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The King, meanwhile, was pursuing his work in the west country. His deadly enemy John of Lorn, uncle of the slain Comyn, joined the English with eight hundred Highlanders, hardy, active mountaineers. These cunning enemies wrought the King a great jeopardy. The English were advancing along the open country. Bruce, who kept among the hills, came down and attacked them. While they were hotly engaged, a new enemy burst upon the rear of the Bruce's men. It was John of Lorn and his Highlanders, who had made a long circuit and stolen in behind the King. Whirling their broadswords, and heaving high their long-handled Lochaber axes, they rushed on with wild and savage yells. The Bruce, placed between two enemies, each more than thrice his number, was forced to provide for the safety of his men by flight. Splitting into three bands, his men went off in as many different directions, to meet again at a place fixed. As the great object of the enemy was to seize the King, and as they could not know with which of the three bands he went, this plan of separating was well calculated to perplex them in the pursuit.

John of Lorn was not to be thrown out so. He had in some way contrived to get into his possession a favourite dog of the King's. This dog was a bloodhound, so stanch and good that when once it had struck a scent, nothing could make it quit. Lorn came to the place where the King's men had separated. The hound, after questing a few minutes, followed right on the way which the King had taken. When Bruce saw this, he again divided his company into three parts, and sent them off in different directions. The hound hesitated scarce a moment, but came straight after the party with which the King had gone. Bruce then made his party disperse,

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and every man hold his way by himself. Only his foster-brother remained with the King. The "devilish hound" was not to be cheated. Without wavering it followed the King's trace.

Near and nearer sounded the deep baying of the hound. John of Lorn and his Highlanders were in view, when the King and his foster-brother came to a wood, which they entered. Through a glen in the wood a water ran—one of Scotland's "trotting burns." The King had resolved to turn and sell his life as dearly as he could, when a thought occurred to him. He said to his foster-brother, "I have heard say that if a man wades the length of a bow-shot in water, he will make the sleuth-hound lose the scent. Prove we now whether it will be so." They entered the water, and went down the stream a good space before they resumed their way on land.

The hound
at fault.

When the dog came to the place where they had entered the stream he wavered a long time to and fro, puzzling after the scent. He was completely thrown out. When Lorn saw that the hound was at fault, he said, "We have lost our trouble; it is of no use to go on, for the wood is both broad and wide, and he is far off by this time." With that he recalled his men, and gave up the pursuit.

Bruce and his foster-brother made their way, meanwhile, through the wood, and entered upon a wide moor. In the midst of the moor they discovered three men coming towards them. The strangers had swords and axes, and one of them carried a sheep on his shoulder. They came up, and saluted. The King asked them where they were going. They were going, they said, to join Robert the Bruce. The King had a strong suspicion that they were John of Lorn's men. He consented, however, that they should travel together. To hungry men on a trackless moor the fat sheep might recommend indifferent company. Bruce's caution was fully awake, however. "Com-

rades," he said to the men, "till we be better acquainted, you three must go in front, and we two will follow after you." "Sir," quoth they, "there is no need to suspect any ill in us." "None do I," said he; "but I will have it thus till we be better known to each other." The men complied, and marched on before.

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They continued their journey thus until sunset, when they came to a lonely house, deserted by its inhabitants, which they entered. The strangers killed their sheep, and kindled a fire. The King bid them kindle another fire at the other end of the building, one fire to be for them, the other for him and his friend. The men kindled a second fire accordingly. They divided their sheep with the King, and both parties cooked their meat. When it was prepared, the King and his foster-brother "fell right freshly to eat," for they had fasted long. Fatigue, a full meal, and the warmth of the fire, brought drowsiness. The King, feeling sleep ready to overcome him, said to his foster-brother, "May I trust in thee to keep awake till I take a little sleep?" "Yes," said the foster-brother.

Bruce and
his foster-
brother.

The King then slept, lightly, however, as bird on branch, for he doubted the three men. He had slept but a little when sleep mastered the weary watcher at his side. The three traitors, who, though pretending to sleep, had been watching all this while, thought their opportunity had come. They rose, drew their swords, and moved softly towards the King. Not so softly, however, but that his ear caught a sound, and he awoke. A glance showed him his foster-brother soundly asleep, and the three traitors coming on with weapons drawn. He sprang up, and drew his sword. As he stepped forward to meet the traitors, he pushed his foster-brother with his foot to rouse him. The foster-brother, half awake and confused with sleep, was in the act of rising, when one of the traitors killed him with stroke of axe. Thus

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the King had to face the three alone. Stiff and stern was the combat in that lonely house of the moor. But by God's favour and his own manhood he slew all the three.

Sorely grieving for the death of his good and true foster-brother, the King took his way to the place—a certain house—where he had set tryst to meet his men. The housewife was sitting on the “bink.” She asked him who he was. He said, “A wanderer.” “All wanderers are welcome here for the sake of one,” said the woman. The King said, “Good dame, who is he for whose sake you bear such favour to homeless men?” “King Robert the Bruce is he,” the goodwife replied, “the lawful King of this country, whom I hope to see before long Lord and King over all the land, in spite of his enemies.” Bruce made himself known to this loyal housewife. “Ah, sir,” she said, “and where are your men gone?” The King told why he came alone. She said, “This must not be. I have two sons, stout and hardy, they shall be your men.” And she brought her sons, and made them swear true service to the King.

He had not been long in the house when a great tramping of horse was heard. The King and his two men started to their weapons. Presently, however, he heard voices which he knew well—the voices of his brother Edward and the Lord James of Douglas. They had come to the trysting-place with a company of a hundred and fifty men. Right glad they were to find the King safe. After they had conversed together a while on the events of the day, the King said, “Our enemies scattered us so completely to-day that they will think it impossible for us to assemble in less than three days. To-night they will sleep secure, and keep a slack watch. If we knew where they are encamped, we might work them a skaith.” “I can bring you where they lie,” said the good Lord James.

With that they took the way, and came, just as morning broke, to a farm where two hundred of the English were lodged a mile's distance from their host. The Scots rushed in, slew more than two-thirds of them, and chased the rest to their camp. Hunted with a bloodhound one day, and putting his enemies to the sword before next sunrise—such was the life King Robert led.

His cause strengthened and grew more and more. His little army increased in numbers and in heart, and he felt himself able for more considerable enterprises. Early in spring he had landed in Carrick, and about the middle of May the posture of things was this: he had two English Earls, whom he had defeated in the field, shut up in the Castle of Ayr with the wrecks of their forces, and he was holding the castle in close siege.

Word was brought of these doings to Edward, weakened now, and shattered by age and illness. But all his fury woke afresh. He summoned his military force to meet him at Carlisle, and set out for Scotland. At Carlisle he fancied himself so much better that he offered up the litter in which he had travelled, in the cathedral there, and mounted on horseback to proceed with his army. But it took him four days to ride six miles. He reached a village called Burgh-upon-Sands, from which the Scotch coast could be seen across the tossing Solway. There he had to yield to the power that conquers kings. Before he died he called for his son, and made him swear that as soon as he was dead he would boil his body in a cauldron till the flesh separated from the bones; after which he should bury the flesh but keep the bones; and as often as the Scots rose in rebellion, he should assemble his army and carry with him the bones of his father. So died "The Hammer of the Scottish Nation," a nation which has stood a good deal of hammering. His son, happily for us, was a special fool; but he had feeling or sense enough to disregard the wish of the fierce old

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XXI.

Death of
Edward I.
1307 A.D.

CHAPTER XXII. savage, and to send his father's body for decent burial in Westminster Abbey.

After his father's death, he marched into Scotland as far west as Ayrshire, and then marched back to England again without striking a blow. Bruce, no doubt, was keenly watching to see of what metal this new Edward was made, and smiled grimly as the weakness and fickleness of the light youth appeared. Edward had retreated, but the towns and castles of Scotland were all held by English troops; and many powerful Scottish nobles, traitors to their country for the sake of their own selfish interest, were on the side of the English. King Robert had his work before him.

The northern districts, Buchan, Aberdeenshire, and Angus south to Tayside, were first cleared. As fast as the castles were taken, Bruce had them levelled with the ground. The woods and mountains were his castles, and he would not leave these great surly strengths of stone to shelter the enemy. He destroyed, first and last, a hundred and fifty castles throughout Scotland. In the south, the Lord James of Douglas freed Selkirk and Ettrick, the country of the gallant foresters who fell under Wallace at Falkirk, many of whose sons were now grown up and able to make help against the Southron.

Randolph. Thomas Randolph, the Bruce's nephew, after the unlucky business of Methven wood, had joined the English and fought against his uncle. The Lord James took him prisoner in a battle near Peebles, and brought him to the King. Sharp words passed between the uncle and the nephew at their meeting. But King Robert forgave young Randolph and took him into favour. His generosity was well rewarded, for Randolph was ever after his faithful friend, nor was there any one of all the Bruce's captains of more account than he, either in council or in field.

The King's brother, Edward Bruce, swept the English

out of Galloway. In one year this brave captain took no fewer than thirteen castles. It happened, on one occasion, that he received intelligence of the approach of an English force fifteen hundred strong. He made his men, who were much fewer in number, take up a strong position in a narrow valley. Early in the morning, under cover of a thick mist, he set out with fifty horsemen, and making a circuit, got unperceived to the rear of the English. His intention was to follow them cautiously under the screen of the mist, till they should attack the troops he had left in position, and then to fall on them from behind. But the mist suddenly cleared away, and discovered to the English his little party of horse at about a bow-shot off. Edward hesitated not a moment. With his fifty riders he charged the English sharp and furiously, and bare many of them down to the earth. Again, and a third time, he charged, dashing fiercely through the English ranks and throwing them into hopeless confusion. They broke away in a panic and were completely routed. It was "a right fair point of chivalry." Such were the men who made Scotland free.

Six years from the time that the beacon blazed over Turnberry, Edward Bruce was engaged in the siege of Stirling, the last fortress of any importance remaining to the English in Scotland. The warden of the castle, Sir Philip Mowbray, made a stout defence. Set high on its bold rock, the castle long defied its besiegers. At last provisions began to fail, and the warden sent to propose a truce, binding himself to surrender the castle on Midsummer day the next year, if not relieved before that day by an English army. When Edward Bruce told his brother the treaty he had made, it displeased the King greatly. "It was unwisely done," he said, "to give such long warning to so powerful a King. We shall be but a handful against the mighty host that he is able to bring.

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XXI.

Edward
Bruce.

1313 A.D.

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God may send us fortune, but we are set in great jeopardy."

Tryst of
battle.

"Let the King of England come," said Edward Bruce, "with all that he can call to his banner. We shall fight them all, and more!" When the King heard his brother "speak to the battle so hardily," he said, "Brother, since it is so that this thing is undertaken, let us, and all who love the freedom of this country, shape us to it manfully."

So it was resolved at all hazards to keep knightly faith, and to meet the English on the appointed day.

CHAPTER XXII.

WAGER OF BATTLE.

THE time drew near when this great wager of battle was to be tried. Edward assembled a more powerful force than had ever yet been led against Scotland by any king or captain. A mass of archers with their six-foot bows were there, each man with his four-and-twenty cloth-yard arrows, and his archer's boast that "every English bowman carried four-and-twenty Scotsmen's lives at his belt." The force of cavalry, heavy and light together, was forty thousand strong. The host which rolled northward from Berwick towards Stirling numbered altogether more than a hundred thousand.

King Robert, well aware of the mighty force advancing against him, mustered his army. It did not exceed forty thousand fighting men. His plan was to wait the enemy on ground where their vast cavalry should want room to act with effect. He chose his position in what was then called the New Park, near Stirling—a space of ground studded and encumbered with trees. The Scottish army, fronting to the expected advance of the English, looked towards the south-east. The enemy could not get in upon their right, for it was protected by the Bannock Burn, whose banks were steep and wooded. On the left, again, where the ground was open, Bruce caused a vast number of pits to be dug, and covered carefully with turf, so that the field, which looked level and firm to the eye, was in reality like a honeycomb, and perfectly impassable to calvary. The front of the position was so far protected

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1314 A.D.

Bannock-
burn.

CHAPTER by a marsh, that only one way of approach was left open
XXII. to the English.

The first
stroke.

On Sabbath the 23rd of June they came in sight. Countless banners, standards, and pennons floated gaily above their broad and dense battalions. The sun shone brightly, and the land seemed in a blaze with their burnished helmets, and the brilliant colours of the surcoats which the knights wore above their mail. They came so near that it seemed they were going to attack at once. Bruce was in front of his own line, arraying his men. He had his full armour on, and a battle-axe in his hand, but to keep his charger fresh for the day's work, he rode as yet only a little palfrey. He could easily be known by a light crown of gold which he wore upon his helmet. He was laughing and talking gaily as he rode to and fro along the line. An English knight, Sir Henry de Bohun, riding out a bow-shot from their front, knew the King by the crown on his helmet. Seeing him so poorly horsed, he thought that he could easily have him at his will. Levelling his spear and spurring his charger, he came on at speed. The King, measuring him with steady eye, waits his approach. He comes rushing at full career; the Bruce, by a touch on his palfrey's rein, avoids the shock, and rising in his stirrups as the English knight sweeps past, smites him fiercely on the helmet with his battle-axe. The axe crashes through helmet and skull deep into the brain, and the riderless steed gallops wildly away. This was the first stroke of the fight. Let Barbour tell it in the war notes of his own gallant rhyme :—

“ And when Gloucester and Hereford were
With their battle approaching near,
Before them all there came ridand,
With helm on head and spear in hand,
Sir Henry Bohun the worthy,
That was a wight knight and hardy,
And to the Earl of Hereford cousin,
Armed in armës good and fine,

Came on a steed a bow-shot near,
Before all others that were there,
And knew the King, for that he saw
Him so range his men on raw,
And also by the crown was set
Upon his head and basinet,
And toward him he went in hy ;
And the King so apertily
Saw him come forouth his feres,
In hy to him his horse he steers.
And when Sir Henry saw the King
Come on withouten abasing,
To him he rade in full great hy.
He thought that he should well lightly
Win him and have him at his will,
Since he saw him horsed so ill.
They samen sprent into a ling,
Sir Henry missed the noble King,
And he that in his stirrups stood,
With axe that was baith hard and good
With so great main raught him a dint,
That neither hat nor helm might stint.
The heavy duiche that he him gave
The head right to the harnës clave,
The hand-axe shaft frushed in two,
And he down to the earth did go
All flatlings, for he failed might—
This was the first stroke in the fight.”

It was not the purpose of the English, however, to attack that night. They drew off, and encamped. All night long sounds of revelry were heard from their lines. The Scots lay in arms upon the field. Early in the morning the English host advanced, pressed by the narrowness of the ground into one immense unwieldy column. When King Edward came near enough to have a full view of the Scots, he was astonished to see so small a force waiting on foot, on a plain field, the attack of his mighty army. He could scarce believe it possible. “Will yon Scotsmen fight?” he asked of Sir Ingram de Umfraville, a veteran leader in his father’s wars, who chanced to be at his side. “Yea, siccarly, sir,” said the knight. At this moment the Scots, as their custom was on the edge of battle, all knelt down, and made a short

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prayer to God. When the English King saw them kneeling, he cried, "Yon folk kneel to ask mercy." Umfraville answered, "You say truth; they ask mercy, but not of you. Believe me, yon men will win, or die." "Be it so," said the King, and immediately ordered the trumpets to sound the charge.

The English horse, spurred to full speed, rushed to the shock. The Scots, with their long spears levelled, stood like a wall. The crash of their meeting and the breaking of spears could be heard far off. Many a good horse, pierced by the spears, fell, and threw its rider to the earth. Many a bold rider, unable to recover himself, was slain on the ground. The ranks behind came dashing on. Their horses either fell dead from deep spear wounds; or, stabbed and maddened, they reared and recoiled, and rushed masterless with blood-streaming breasts, spreading disorder among the advancing squadrons. Randolph now came up with his division and attacked the English. So small in comparison was his force, that they seemed to be lost in the crowd, as if they had plunged into a sea of steel. The third division of the Scots also closed, and the battle was presently general along the whole front.

The archery.

The English archers, ten thousand strong, had taken up their position on a piece of elevated ground, from whence they shot their arrows thick and fast upon the Scots. If that sharp and deadly shower were to last, it would go hard with us. But King Robert has an eye to everything. At his signal, a body of five hundred horsemen kept ready for the purpose, are let go. They dash in among the archers, spearing and scattering them. The archers, having neither spear nor axe to defend themselves at close quarters, are so utterly broken and dispersed that they never rally again. Their bow-strings are effectually cut, for this time at least.

Meanwhile a battle grim and great was raging. The shouts and cries, the groans of the wounded and dying,

the clang of blows struck in the fierceness of deadly hate, made a noise which it was hideous to hear. The field was red with blood. Whoever lost his footing in that fierce tumult never rose again. Many a valiant knight lay upon the ground, the sheen of his armour dimmed in blood, and his gay surcoat all foul by the trampling of feet dyed in the gory grass. The vast and dense mass of the English rocked to and fro like waves of the sea, and their banners rose and fell as the battle swayed this way or that. At length they visibly wavered. The cry rose from the Scottish ranks, "On them! on them! they fail!" With that they charged in so compact and solid a mass, so swiftly and so fierce withal, that the English were borne back a good space beyond the point where the battle began.

At this moment a singular event occurred which had an effect in deciding the battle. The King had left his baggage and camp-followers behind a small hill immediately to the rear of his position. These camp-followers and servants numbered about fifteen thousand. They made banners of sheets and blankets fixed on sticks and tent poles, and forming themselves into a column, appeared marching down the hill, and looking like a new army coming to the assistance of the Scots. King Robert, depend upon it, knew all about the stratagem. His marking eye now detected symptoms of wavering among the English. Shouting his war-cry, he charged in person at the head of his own division upon their reeling squadrons. The other divisions of the Scottish army advanced. The English masses were rent in pieces, and scattered in complete rout. Many of them were drowned in the River Forth. Many were overthrown and slain among the pits which Bruce had dug on his left wing. Others, attempting to cross the rugged valley of the Bannock stream, were overtaken and slain in such numbers that the bodies of men and horse filled up the hollow, and

Rout of the
English.

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formed a bridge over which the pursuers passed from bank to bank. Thirty thousand English dead remained to rot in Scottish earth.

Edward, sufficiently convinced by this time that the Scots meant fighting, fled, without drawing bridle, to Dunbar, accompanied by no more than five hundred horsemen. All the way of his sixty miles' gallop he was followed by the good Lord James, with a handful of riders. Dunbar Castle was in the hands of a friend of Edward's, and lowered its drawbridge to take him in. Thence he escaped to his own dominions in a fishing-boat,—a fool brayed in our Scottish mortar, with all his folly remaining in him still.

Such was the battle of Bannockburn. We Scottish folk could wish the memory of it to go down to distant generations, because to us it seems very clear that had Bannockburn gone foul for Scotland, our whole history, national character, Church, and all that is peculiar to us as Scotsmen, had been shapen far otherwise.

The Castle of Stirling surrendered the day after the battle, according to the agreement. Edward, "fishing before the net," had been so confident of victory, that he had brought with him a poet to celebrate his arms. The luckless poet was taken prisoner, and King Robert, who could well enjoy a dry joke, offered him his liberty on condition of his writing a poem on the triumph of the Scots; which sour task he executed, and the performance remains readable to this day. The booty taken from the English was immense. But, better far than all the spoil of victory, Bruce was enabled, by an exchange of prisoners, to obtain the freedom of his Queen and daughter, after eight years' imprisonment in England.

The King's
joke.

It was now the turn of the English to suffer some of the miseries which they had so long inflicted on the Scots. Twice in the autumn following Bannockburn, a Scottish army invaded England, laying waste the northern

counties, and returning laden with spoil. Next year the Scots again harried the north of England. King Robert offered to make peace, but the stupid obstinacy of Edward oftener than once marred the negotiations. The fierce visitations of the Scots into the north of England were repeated at intervals for the next twelve or thirteen years, up to the close of Edward's reign. It was not till the second year of his son's reign that peace was settled, 1328 A.D. and the independence of Scotland acknowledged. A treaty was made, in which it was stipulated that there should be perpetual peace between the kingdoms of England and Scotland. The better to knit the cords of friendship, it was agreed to marry Joanna, sister to the King of England, to David, the son and heir of Robert Bruce. The fathers of this royal couple met at Bannockburn, and the children met at the altar. Since the invasion of Scotland by Longshanks in King-of-straw Baliol's time, there had been two-and-thirty years of war.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SIEGE IN BOW-AND-ARROW DAYS.

CHAPTER XXIII. — THE time between Bannockburn and the peace was one of brilliant exploits and stirring adventures. The spirit and vigour of the Scottish nation were roused to the utmost. Not only did the Scots visit upon England the oppressions of many years ; they passed over into Ireland to aid the native Irish princes in driving out the English, and there they carried on the war with such effect that Bruce's brother, Edward, was solemnly crowned King of Ireland.

Berwick

The siege of Berwick was one of the events of this remarkable time. It was five years after Bannockburn when Edward attempted to wrest that important town from the Scots. The whole military strength of his kingdom was called out. His camp formed a city of tents and pavilions which covered a far greater extent of ground than the town itself. His fleet blockaded the mouth of the river, and from the town wall its numerous masts looked like a wood. The first care of the English was to surround their camp with a strong rampart and a deep trench, so as to resist any attempt which King Robert might make to raise the siege. Their next work was to cast up mounds of earth against the walls of the town. The walls were but low. A man standing on the ground might, with a spear, strike one standing on the battlements in the face. It did not, therefore, require that the mounds should be of any great height in order to enable the besiegers to scale the wall.

When the mounds were completed, the English attacked the town at once by land and sea. Early in the morning their trumpets were heard, and they were seen assembling to their banners. They advanced in various bodies, well provided with ladders, scaffolds, and mining tools, and having massive defences of plank borne before them. Squadrons of archers and slingers covered the attacking columns, and rained their shot on the besieged. The enemy came on with great swiftmess, planted their ladders against the wall, and thronged up, holding their shields above their heads. Thrust and stab, or crashing stroke of axe, met them at the top. Many of the ladders were overthrown. Others were crushed under heavy masses of stone rolled from the battlements, and the climbers sprawled in struggling heaps in the ditch below. The English ships, sailing as far up into the river as the tide permitted, attempted to enter the town from the rigging of a vessel which they had prepared for that purpose. This vessel had her boat hoisted up half-mast high, and to the bow of the boat was fitted a fall-bridge, which was to be lowered on the wall, and thus to afford a passage from the ship into the town. The boat and the ship's rigging were crowded with soldiers. Luckily this ship took the ground, and when the tide ebbed she lay high and dry. A party from the town sallied out and set her on fire. By this time it was high noon, and the assault had begun early in the morning. Informed by the blaze of the burning ship of the failure of their attempt by sea, the English blew a retreat and drew off to their camp.

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Modes of
attack.

It was only, however, to commence preparations for a more desperate assault. They spent the next five days in constructing a huge machine moving on wheels, and several stories high. Each of these stories or platforms was filled with armed men. The roof and sides were formed of thick planks, and covered with raw hides, to

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prevent its being set on fire. It was moved forward by men with handspokes or levers, as a ship's windlass is turned round. The upper stories of this enormous machine, which was called a "sow," overtopped the town walls, so that if it were once brought close, the town was almost sure to be taken by storm. Instead of a single vessel, as at the former attack, a whole squadron of ships, with their tops manned by picked archers, and their boats, full of armed men, slung half-mast high, were ready to sail in with the tide, and anchor beneath the walls.

The besieged on their part were not slack. Machines fitted for throwing stones of enormous weight were placed on the ramparts. Large masses of combustibles, and fire-fagots, composed of pitch and flax, were kept in readiness. At intervals on the walls were fixed springalds, or huge cross-bows, for the discharge of heavy darts winged with copper, and wrapped with tow dipped in oil or sulphur, which was set fire to at the moment of discharge. The battlements were lined with archers, crossbowmen, and spearmen. Thus prepared, the Scots waited the enemy.

At sunrise the English war-horns sounded the attack. Their columns came forward sturdily in the face of a shower of stones and arrows from the wall; and surrounding the town, began the assault at all points. All morning, on to noon, they fought desperately to scale the wall. Numbers got a footing on the battlements, but a charge of the Scots with levelled spears bore them back into the ditch. They now began to move forward their "sow." When the ponderous fabric was seen advancing, the besieged got ready a machine to launch against it a mass of rock. But the engineer's aim was not good. The stone flew over the "sow" and fell beyond her. The men in her cheered, and shouted, "Quick! to the wall! It is ours." Again the machine was charged

with a mass of stone, and again the engineer took his aim. The heavy stone went booming through the air and fell right before the sow. This time the people in her did not cheer—so narrow a miss rather taking away their breath. A few minutes more, and the moving tower would have been near enough the wall to drop its drawbridge on the battlement. A third time the engineer took aim. The mass of stone again went booming through the air, and lighted so fairly atop of the machine that it crashed through the roof, and through the different floors, shivering the whole structure into wreck, and crushing and mangling the wretched soldiers who filled it. A loud shout of triumph rang from the ramparts. Grappling-chains were thrown out, and the shattered sow dragged nearer to the wall. Fagots of pitch and flax were kindled and tossed over, and the luckless machine was presently in a blaze.

The attack by sea was equally unsuccessful. The ships came up with the flood tide. A great stone from a machine on the wall hit the foremost ship upon the platform, or round gallery, filled with armed men, which she bore in her top. The platform was hurled to the deck, killing or wounding its occupants. Seeing this, the other ships did not venture to approach.

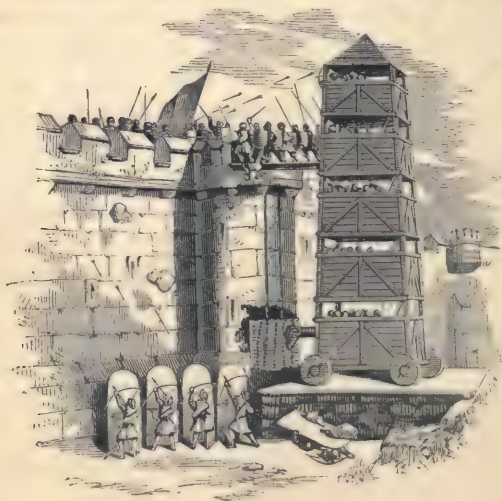
A last effort was made to enter the town by one of the gates. A strong body of the enemy came up to the gate of St. Mary, each man carrying a bundle of light stuff to burn. They cast their combustibles against the gate, and set them on fire to burn it down. The governor, who was Lord Robert Stewart, son-in-law of the Bruce, bade throw open the gate. Making a sudden rush, they scattered the fire, and charged desperately on the enemy. A fierce conflict ensued, and it was not till night fell, and the strife grew languid from utter weariness, that the English retired to their tents.

They had no intention of giving it up, however. On

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the contrary, they began preparations for a third attack. They had fortified their camp in order to baffle any attempt which the King of Scots might make to force them to raise the siege. But it was no light matter to get beyond King Robert. While the siege of Berwick was going on, the English Queen kept her court at York. A Scottish army, fifteen thousand strong, moving with silent and rapid march, were in the heart of Yorkshire before it was known that they had crossed the Border. The Queen of England escaped only by a hasty flight. The first news which Edward heard in camp at Berwick was, that the Scots had defeated an English army with great slaughter, at Mitton, in Yorkshire; and were burning towns and villages, and wasting the country at their pleasure. King Robert's purpose was perfectly answered. Edward was obliged to raise the siege, and hasten against the invaders of his territories. The clever and active invaders, however, in spite of all that he could do, made good their return to their own country, enriched with an immense booty.

1319 A.D.



WOODEN TOWER, USED FOR STORMING WALLS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A RAID INTO ENGLAND.

THE policy by which the Bruce at length obliged the English to agree to a peace, was this: if they chose to have him for a friend, they could have him as such on reasonable terms; if not, they would find him a right dangerous neighbour. Accordingly, he broke into England every now and then at the head of an army, and wrecked their northern provinces.

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XXIV.

Bruce's
policy.

Near the end of his reign, when disabled by illness, and unfit to undertake in person the toils of the field, he despatched a force under Randolph and the good Lord James, on the old errand of invading England. This expedition affords an excellent illustration of that species of warfare by which King Robert compelled that powerful nation to acknowledge the freedom and independence of Scotland.

1326 A.D.

Tidings were brought to the King of England, now Edward III., that the Scots were ravaging the northern counties. He immediately advanced against them with an army of sixty-two thousand men. The Scots were only twenty-three or twenty-four thousand. But they were admirably adapted for the kind of warfare they came to carry on. The knights and esquires were mounted on large bay horses; the common men on hardy little Galloways, sagacious creatures, which were never tied up, but turned, after the day's march, to pasture on the heath or in the fields. Behind the saddle each man carried a bag of oatmeal. Under the saddle-flap each

Scots on a
campaign.

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had a plate of iron. This was their whole cooking apparatus. Mixing a little water with a handful of oatmeal, the hardy Scot baked his cake on his iron plate over the camp-fire. Beef they did not want, for they seized more cattle than they knew what to do with. The skin of the bullock, suspended bag-fashion to four stakes, with the hairy side out, served as a pot in which to boil the flesh.

The English army advanced from York, but could learn no tidings of the Scots till they entered Northumberland. The smoke that rose from burning villages and hamlets was the first thing to tell in what direction to seek them. For three days the English army marched on, guided by the line of smoke which continually advanced before them. But though the Scots burned and wasted the country within five miles of them, they were never once seen. At length the English, greatly exhausted with toil and hunger, directed their march to the River Tyne. There they determined to wait the return of the Scots, hoping to cut off their retreat to their own country. They lay for eight days on the bank of the Tyne. The weather was excessively wet. They cut down branches, and made themselves some shelter from the heavy rain; but they suffered much from the want of fire, as the green wood would not burn. The men were reduced to great straits from want of provisions; and the horses had no better forage than the leaves of the trees. The Scots, of course, did not come, knowing much too well what they were about, to do so simple a thing.

Alarmed by symptoms of mutiny which began to appear in his army, Edward broke up his camp and resumed his march in search of his enemy. On the fourth day, about three in the afternoon, an esquire, galloping up to the King, said, "Sire, I bring you news of the Scots: they are three leagues from this place, lodged on a mountain, where they have been this week, waiting

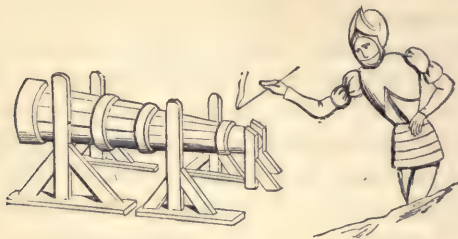
for you." Guided by this esquire, the English came in sight of the Scottish camp the next day at noon. It was on the top of a hill, which looked steeply down upon the rapid River Wear. The river was full of rocks and large stones, and swollen by the rains, so that it was dangerous to pass. If the English had passed, there was not room between the river and the hill to draw up their line of battle. The position, in short, was so strong that it could not be attacked. Heralds were sent to the Scots to propose that they should descend to plain ground, and decide the battle in a fair field. The Scottish leaders returned for answer, "The King and the Barons of England see that we are here in his kingdom, and that we have burned and pillaged wherever we have passed. If this displeases the King, he may come and amend it, for here we will stay as long as we choose."

The English lay that night in great discomfort upon the hard ground, among rocks and stones, with their armour on. They could procure no forage for their horses, nor any trees or bushes to make fires. The Scots in their hill-camp had good huts, and kept great fires blazing all night long. Next day, and for three days running, the two armies were drawn up facing each other, with the river between. Frequent skirmishes and single combats took place, but neither army moved from its position. At night, the English lay in their dark and chill camp, mortified with the sight of the warm, ruddy glare which lighted up the camp of the Scots. It was when lying on the top of their hill by the River Wear that the Scots for the first time saw a sight which was "wonder to see." This was "war crackys," the first rude attempt in this country to use guns and gunpowder in battle—the small puppy-bark of the great dogs of war.

On the fourth morning, all was silent on the hill. The Scots had secretly marched off by night, and taken up a position upon another hill, about four miles off. This

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position was much stronger than that which they had left. It had the river in front, and a morass and a wood in the rear, under cover of which they could conceal their



WAR CRACK.

From MS. Royal Library, Paris.

The Doug-
las.

operations. The English once more encamped in front of the Scots, thinking to hold them besieged on their hill until they had famished them. On the seventh night that they lay there, Lord James Douglas took five hundred horse, and crossing the river by a ford at some distance from both camps, came round to the rear of the English, where they kept but slack watch. The Scots rushed in, shouting, "Douglas! Douglas! Ye shall die, thieves of England!" In this dashing attack, more than three hundred English were slain in a few minutes. The King himself had a narrow escape. The Scots penetrated to the royal tent, cut the tent ropes, and would have carried off the King; but his attendants, bravely defending their master, gained as much time as enabled him to escape in the darkness. The whole army was now roused. Sounding his horn, and shouting his war-cry, Douglas charged through the thickening mass and gained the Scottish camp with little loss.

The Scots had been eighteen days in this second position when provisions, hitherto plentiful, began to fail in their camp. It was time to move. They prepared a

great number of hurdles, made of boughs firmly wattled together, to lay under their feet in passing the softest parts of the moss in the rear. On the evening they had set for their departure they lighted up their camp as usual, and at midnight they drew off silently and cautiously, leaving their fires burning. On reaching the morass they dismounted and led their horses, making them step on the hurdles over the dangerous places. Thus they passed the bog in safety, taking care to remove the hurdles to prevent pursuit. By daylight they had advanced five miles on their march homewards. When it was broad day, and nothing was seen moving in the Scotch camp, the English sent over scouts, who returned with the intelligence that they were gone every man. Some of the English had the curiosity to go up and examine the deserted camp. They found satisfactory evidence that their enemies had not wanted a reasonable degree of comfort—the carcasses of more than five hundred cattle, which the Scots had killed because they were too heavy to carry, and too slow to drive; three hundred skin caldrons, hanging on the fires, with water and meat, ready for boiling; a thousand wooden spits with beef on them, prepared for roasting. They found also more than ten thousand pairs of old shoes, made of raw hides with the hair on the outside. It was this style of shoeing that got our ancestors the name of “rough-footed Scots.”

Meanwhile the rough-feet were on their way to their own country, which they reached in perfect safety, and in high health and spirits, with as much booty as they could carry. The English army, on the contrary, was in a wretched condition. Their horses were so weakened by famine that they could scarce move. Great numbers of them died, or were rendered useless. Edward's fine army was quite unfit for further exertions in the field. Hopeless of overtaking the Scots, he withdrew

CHAPTER to York, where he disbanded his forces. The tactics
XXIV. of the Scots had beaten him as effectually, and with
— as heavy loss, as if he had been defeated in a pitched
battle.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SCOTS IN IRELAND.

THE exploits of the Scots in Ireland have already been mentioned. The Irish of Ulster, sorely oppressed by their English masters, saw with admiration how Bruce had beaten the English out of Scotland. Might he not help the Irish to beat them out too? The Irish sent over some of their chief men to see King Robert, and ascertain whether he would give their cause a lift. Sir Edward Bruce, the King's fierce and aspiring brother, who "had no will to be at peace," was eager for the adventurous business. The King consenting, Sir Edward shipped from Ayr with a body of six thousand hardy troops, and many knights—

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May 1315.

"That siccar were in hard assay."

They entered Belfast Lough, landed, and proceeded in two battalions towards Carrickfergus. The Lords Mandeville, Bisset, and Logan assembled a force to resist the daring invaders. What with English and Irish, they mustered nearly four to one of the Scots. "Then might men see a great melee." But the Scots "dang on their foes" with such vehement force and might that they scattered them wholly into rout, leaving many a blood-dabbled corpse behind. After this "full fair beginning," the Scots advanced and entered Carrickfergus without opposition. The castle was newly provisioned and strongly garrisoned. The Scots quartered themselves in the town, and set siege against the castle. The garrison

Carrick-
fergus.

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resisted like stout men, rushed out in brisk sallies, and did much desperate fighting. Meanwhile, ten or twelve of the Irish chiefs, with a swarm of their followers, joined the Scots. These "Irishry" were a rude, wild race, their bodies half naked, their heads bare, and their long hair streaming over their shoulders. There was no faith in these wild men. Edward Bruce, in his hot, impetuous way, was pushing southwards into the country. A woody pass, called the Pass of Inermellane, had to be traversed. Two of the chiefs who had joined the Scots beset the pass, and thought to bar it against them. As a sledge-hammer breaks open a deal door, the Scots broke open the pass, putting the Irishry to the sword, or scattering them in the forest.

Dundalk.

Word was brought that an English army was assembled in Dundalk, under the command of Sir Richard Clare. Sir Edward marched upon Dundalk forthwith, and lay a night encamped near the town. At sunrise the English leader sent out fifty horsemen to bring information as to the numbers of the Scottish host. The scouts reported that there were not enough of Scots to be "half a dinner to us here." The English came forth, and immediately the "stour" began. The sun had climbed high in the heavens, and the fate of battle still hung in doubt. At last the English began to yield ground, and the backward movement soon became a rout. The victorious Scots followed the chase, and drove the English into the town, through the town, and out of the town. The slaughter was so great that the streets were encumbered with corpses, each in its red pool.

Three days the Scots stayed in Dundalk, enjoying themselves right blithely in the abundant store of wine and victual which they found in the town. Then they marched southwards again. They saw many men upon the hills, who fled away whenever they approached. Coming to a great and fair forest, called the forest of

Kilrose, they rested themselves there. Sir Richard
 Clare assembled meantime another army, and sought the
 Scots to give them battle. The scouts, sent out of the
 forest by Edward Bruce to view the coming enemy, guessed
 their number at fifty thousand, of whom a large mass
 were cavalry. Bruce drew out his men into the plain.
 The Scots all fought on foot in solid battalions. The
 long Scottish spear with its deadly thrust brought down
 horse and man. Dead and wounded steeds, dead and
 disabled riders, rolled in heaps on the plain. The Eng-
 lish array was completely broken. They fled, leaving
 the field of battle covered with weapons, armour, and
 slain. The Scots returned to their encampment in the
 forest, where they lived some days merrily, till the want
 of provisions made it necessary to change their ground.
 An Irish chief, one of those who had made oath of
 fidelity to Edward Bruce, offered to lead them into his
 own territories, where, he said, they should not want
 victual.

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 ———
 Kilrose.

He led them across the River Ban, and under his
 direction they encamped in a fair plain which lay low
 beside a stream. He then departed to order in supplies.
 Evening fell, and he had not returned, neither did the
 promised supplies appear. The humour of the hungry
 host, as they lay down that night, was probably not the
 sweetest. About the middle of the night they were
 roused by a hollow sound, which grew louder every
 second. It was the roar and rush of waters, and before
 they could collect their armour and camp furniture, their
 tents and huts were swept down by the flood. They all
 escaped with their lives, but with some damage to their
 baggage. When morning broke, they discovered the
 trick which the treacherous chief had played them. The
 outlet of a loch at a little distance from their camp had
 been dammed up till a mighty force of waters gathered.
 The dike had then been broken and the deluge let go

The Ban.

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 upon the sleeping Scots. Their situation was perilous enough. On one side, the Ban, unfordable at that place, prevented their return to Ulster. The flood, which had so nearly been fatal to them, made it impossible to advance into Westmeath. Weary, drenched, and foodless, our kindly Scots were in a bad way. From this hard stress, however, they were happily relieved. Thomas of Doune, a Scotch rover, chanced to be in the neighbourhood, picking up a thing or two on the seas. Hearing that his countrymen were in an evil strait, he sailed up the Ban to help them if he might. Right welcome was Thomas of Doune, with his weather-brown face, to the imprisoned host. Having with him four ships which he had taken, he quickly ferried the entire army across the Ban into a district where they found plenty of victual for man and horse. This done, friendly Thomas—good speed to him!—went on his own way again.

Connor. The Scots next advanced into County Down, and came near to the town of Connor, where the English had again assembled an army. They outnumbered the Scots by four to one, but they were in no hurry to fight. The Scots repeatedly cut off their provision convoys under their very beards, and at last provoked them to issue forth from the town for battle. After a fierce melee, they were scattered with great slaughter. The Scots occupied Connor the very day of the battle. They found in the town such quantities of corn, flour, wax, and wine, as greatly amazed them.

Edward Bruce now returned to Carrickfergus, and “held the siege full stalwartly.” The time of “Easter” came on, and the combatants made a truce, that they might give themselves to penance and prayer. The Scots kept the truce in all faith and honour. But the English hatched a treason. Lowering their drawbridge at break of day, they made a swift and sudden sally upon the slumbering Scots. That night, Neil Fleming, of the

ancient house of Wigton, commanded the watch, which consisted of sixty men. He saw that everything depended on gaining a little time. There was only one way of doing that, and he took it. Hastily despatching a soldier to alarm Sir Edward, he cried, "Now it shall be seen who will die for their lord," and fiercely flung himself upon the English force. His men were worthy to die with such a leader. The desperate onset of the devoted handful checked the English for a little space. A few minutes of wild struggle, and the gallant sixty were struck down to a man. But the check had the effect of giving Bruce and his soldiers time to arm themselves. The Scots rushed to the affray, and few of those who had sallied from the castle entered it again, so effectually did the Scottish battle-axe punish their treason. As soon as the fray was done, Edward Bruce hastened to the spot where Neil Fleming lay among a heap of slain. This noble soldier still breathed, but the agonies of death were upon him. Bruce, hardy and steeled to all the calamities of war, was not wont to bewail any disaster himself, and took it impatiently when those who were with him indulged in grief. This time, however, the fierce warrior was melted and subdued. He wept over the brave Fleming, clasped him in his arms, and bemoaned him so piteously that it was a wonder to see.

The Castle of Carrickfergus did not long hold out after this. Immediately upon its surrender, Edward Bruce was solemnly crowned King of Ireland. May 2, 1316

Meanwhile, Earl Thomas had passed into Scotland, to ask King Robert to come over and help to complete the conquest of Ireland. King Robert said he would go and see his brother, and judge of the prospects of the war for himself. He sailed from Lochryan in Galloway, with a chosen force of infantry and cavalry, and, after a prosperous passage, landed safely at Carrickfergus. The two brothers took counsel together to overrun all Ireland

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from one end to the other. Sir Richard of Clare endeavoured to bar their daring way with an army of forty thousand men, in which were the very flower of the chivalry of Ireland. Edward Bruce, who commanded the vanguard of the Scots, had rashly pressed on till far out of sight of the rearguard, which was led by King Robert. The English, covered among hilly and wooded ground, kept themselves concealed, and allowed the vanguard to pass. Then they took up their position on a plain facing a defile through which King Robert and the rearguard had to come. Thus the Scottish army was cut in two, without being aware of it.

King
Robert.

As King Robert emerged from the woody defile, he saw the English army before him in four squadrons, forty thousand to his five. The King did not hesitate a moment. Forming his men into a compact square, he charged the English so fiercely that great numbers of them went down at the first shock. In all the war of the Scots in Ireland, such hard fighting was not seen. The Scots had often been victorious when they were one to five of the enemy; here they were but one to eight. Their discipline, hardy courage, and confidence in their leader, prevailed over the heavy odds. The English began to waver and give ground. Sharply and fierce the Scots pressed on, and drove all before them in confusion and rout. Upon the field of battle were "right many slain," and the ground over which the pursuit passed was thickly covered with dead.

The Scots might be able to drive before them every enemy who met them in the field, but wise King Robert soon perceived that the conquest of Ireland was a hopeless undertaking. The native chiefs in the central provinces, instead of flocking to his standard and serving him with supplies, showed themselves nearly as hostile to the Scots as to the English. The farther he advanced into the heart of the country, the greater was the dis-

tress of his army for want of provisions. He could conquer the English, but not the famine. His presence, too, was required in his own country, and he returned home. Edward Bruce remained, resolute to maintain by the sword the crown which his mailed hand had grasped.

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IRISH CAVALRY—(FROM AN OLD PRINT).

The Irish enterprise had a dark ending. After his brother's departure, Edward Bruce remained inactive at Carrickfergus for a long time. He had with him but two thousand Scots in all. Help was coming from Scotland. But the fiery Bruce, impatient of rest, set out southwards on an expedition with his little army. The English were soon aware that the Scots were in the field with so small a force. They assembled an army of nearly forty thousand men, and advanced to meet them. Sir John Stewart, Sir John Soulis, and Sir Philip Mowbray earnestly, counselled Bruce to retreat, and not fight

Dark end-
ing.

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against such fearful odds. The rash and headstrong man repelled their advice with rage and scorn. He would have instant battle.

One thing he did for prudence before plunging into the desperate jeopardy. He exchanged armour with a brave soldier, Gib or Gilbert Harper. The English came on, and the Scots met them "right hardily." Edward Bruce's last battle was soon over. He lay dead, surrounded by the best and bravest of his knights and yeomen. Gib Harper, who wore the armour and surcoat of his master, was among the slain. The English, supposing they had got the body of Edward Bruce, cut off the head, salted it in a "kit," or little barrel, and sent it as a delightful present to the King of England.

A remnant of the Scottish army made good their retreat to Carrickfergus, whence they embarked for Scotland. So ended the venture for the Irish crown.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DEATH OF THE BRUCE.

KING ROBERT had seen the great purpose of his life accomplished after the toils and struggles of four-and-twenty years. He was not an old man, but the hardships of war had broken him down. A mortal disease settled upon him. He retired to his rural palace of Cardross on the Clyde, to spend the close of his life in quiet. In the intervals of disease, he attended to the building and improvement of ships. Thoughtful to the last for his country, he designed that Scotland should possess a navy both to trade and to fight. He amused himself with architecture and gardening, and would still sometimes ride out to see the sport of hawking. It appears from the accounts of his chamberlain, that a lion was kept for his diversion; and the hero, feeble and sore broken, could still interest himself in the habits and listen to the deep *brool* of the forest king.

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Last days

When he saw that there was no way with him but death, and felt that his end drew near, he sent for the lords of his realm in whom he most trusted, and charged them, upon their honour and loyalty, to be true to his son David, and to set the crown upon his head as soon as he should be of a fit age. Then he called to him the Lord James of Douglas, and said to him before them all,—

“Sir James, my dear friend, none knows better than you how great labour and suffering I have undergone in my day for the rights of this kingdom. When I was

Dying
charge.

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hardest beset, I vowed to God that if I should live to see an end of my wars and to govern this realm in peace, I would then go and make war against the enemies of our Lord and Saviour. Never has my heart ceased to bend to this desire, but our Lord has not consented thereto, for I have had my hands full in my days; and now, at the last, I am seized with this grievous sickness, so that, as you all see, there is nothing for me but to die. And since my body cannot go thither, I have resolved to send my heart there in place of my body, to fulfil my vow. And now, dear and tried friend, since I know not in all my realm any braver knight than you, I entreat you, for the love you bear me, that you will undertake this voyage, and acquit my soul of its debt to my Saviour. For I hold this opinion of your truth and nobleness, that whatever you undertake I am persuaded you will accomplish. I will, therefore, that as soon as I am dead you take the heart out of my body and cause it to be embalmed, and take as much of my treasure as seems to you sufficient for the expenses of your journey, both for you and your companions; and that you carry my heart along with you, and deposit it in the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, since this body cannot go thither."

At these words all who were present wept sore. Sir James could not at first speak for tears. When he was able to reply, he said,—

"Ah, most gentle and noble King, a thousand times I thank you for the great honour you have done me in making me the bearer of so precious a treasure. Most faithfully and willingly, to the best of my power, shall I obey your commands."

"Ah, gentle knight," said the King, "I heartily thank you, provided you promise to do my bidding, on the word of a true and loyal knight."

"I do promise, my liege," replied Douglas, "by the faith which I owe to God, and to the order of knighthood."

"Now praise be to God," said the King, "for I shall die in peace, since I know that the best and most valiant knight of my kingdom will perform that for me which I myself could never accomplish."

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After this, the violence of his disease still increasing, death approached fast, and the noble King departed this life in the fifty-fifth year of his age. When it was known that he was dead, the loud wail rose from every town, village, and homestead. Men smote their hands together, and tore their hair and their garments, and wept aloud. "Alas!" they cried, "he is gone whose wisdom and might compelled our enemies to respect us, and made our name honourable in all lands."

1329 A.D.

A fair tomb of marble was reared in the choir of Dunfermline Abbey, where they laid the illustrious dead. The Church lavished its most pompous rites. Bishop and prelate, knight and noble were there. The funeral chant rose and swelled beneath the massive vaults of the sombre aisles. But ever, in the pauses of the dirge, the voice of weeping was heard through all the stately throng. Well might they weep. The day was near when they would miss him right sore, and never again did Scotland see a king's face like this one.

Burial.

Obedient to his master's dying request, the Lord James departed for Jerusalem, having with him a goodly company of knights and squires. He bore the King's heart in a silver casket hung about his neck. On his passage to the East he learned that Alphonso, King of Spain, was waging war against the Saracens. Deeming that it came within his commission to embrace this opportunity of fighting against the infidel, he joined the Spaniards. The two armies met in array of battle close by Gibraltar. The King of Spain gave to the Lord James the command of his centre division. The Scots headed the charge, which was made with such success that the enemy were routed and their camp taken. While the Spaniards were

CHAPTER
XXVI.Death of
the Lord
James.

engaged in plunder, the Scottish leader, at the head of the small band of his own knights, pursued the flying infidels. But before he was aware, the Saracens rallied, and he was surrounded by a cloud of their horsemen, which thickened every moment. Taking from his neck the casket containing the Bruce's heart, he cast it into the thickest of the enemy, saying, "Now pass thou onward as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!" With that he made so furious an onset that he soon cleared a space about him. But his valour was in vain against the overwhelming numbers of the Saracens, and he fell covered with wounds.

Not far from his dead body the precious casket was found. His surviving knights took him up with reverent



THE BODY OF ROBERT THE BRUCE ENCASED IN LEAD.
Discovered at Dunfermline in 1818.

care. His flesh was separated from the bones, and buried in holy ground in Spain. His bones were brought home to Scotland, and buried in his own church of Douglas. The heart of Bruce, shrined in its silver casket, was deposited in the Abbey of Melrose. Living, that heart had been for all Scotland; and none but Scottish earth could be its meet resting-place.

In the year 1818, the workmen, engaged in clearing the foundations for a new church among the ruins of Dunfermline Abbey, came upon the tomb of Robert the

Bruce. A leaden coating, shaped at the head into the form of a crown, enclosed the body. Fragments of a rich cloth of gold, which had been spread over it, were still visible. On examining the skeleton, it was found that the ribs of the left breast had been sawn asunder to take out the heart. The jaw had been fractured at the chin, as the knitted bone showed—doubtless in some hazard of battle. Men looked with wonder and awe upon the skull where once had dwelt counsel so sage and high, and upon the mouldering bone which had once been the strong right arm that struck down the fierce De Bohun.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DAVID II.

CHAPTER
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—

THE son of a very great man is apt to be a very small one. Solomon's son was a Rehoboam; Cicero's son was a fool; Cromwell's son a weakling; Robert the Bruce's son a vexation and a shame. He was named David, in honour of his ancestor, the Sore Saint. When his father died, he was a child of but six years old.

A boy-
king.

A boy-king of Scotland was a temptation more than the King of England could bear. Edward III., regardless of the treaty by which he had bound himself, began, all whole, the atrocious schemes of his grandfather, Longshanks. He secretly put up Edward Baliol, the son of the old king-of-straw, to make an attempt on the crown. A party among the Scottish nobles were gained over. Baliol, supplied with English ships and troops, landed at Burntisland, and marched into the interior. Strengthened by numbers of the traitor nobles and their followers, he marched to attack the Scots on Dupplin Moor, fast by the River Earn. There were traitors in the Scottish camp, who gave him such information that he surprised the Scots by night and completely routed them. He then marched to Scone and had himself crowned King. The next thing he did was to pay homage to Edward as his vassal. All this took place within little more than three years after the death of Robert the Bruce.

1332 A.D.

When the Scots, recovering from their surprise, flung out the ridiculous puppet, Edward invaded Scotland to set him up again. King Robert, shortly before his death,

had left his barons his directions as to the mode in which Scotland should defend itself against England. The Scots, he said, ought always to fight on foot, having for arms the bow, the spear, and the battle-axe. The mountains, morasses, and woods should be to them instead of walls and garrisons. Driving their herds into the narrow glens, and fortifying them there, they should lay waste all the open country by fire. Their scouts and watches should keep the enemy in perpetual alarm by day and night. Thus worn out with famine, fatigue, and harassment, they would retreat as certainly as if routed in plain battle. Then would be the time for the Scots to commence their attacks. This was "Good King Robert's testament;" and in all their subsequent struggles with the English, his countrymen were seldom unfortunate, except when they neglected the maxims of their great deliverer.

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—
Bruce's
testament.

The war with England during the minority of David II. fully proved the wisdom of these maxims. In the first campaign, the Scots lost the bloody battle of Halidon Hill, beside Berwick. They were rash enough to attack the English as they held the top of a bold hill, at the foot of which lay a marsh. The English archers, posted on the face of the hill, shot down the Scots, almost at their leisure, while they struggled heavily through the spongy ground. Under the deadly arrow flight, the Scots dragged themselves through the bog, and attempted, all breathless and exhausted, to charge up the hill against the fresh troops of England. They were forced down with great slaughter. Many more were slain as they struggled back through the fatal bog. The bloody lesson, however, seems not to have been lost. Once and again this Edward made the savage apparition of war to pass through Scotland. But the Scots baffled him by following the wise policy of Bruce. He traversed a country completely deserted and laid waste. The inhabitants, with their cattle and all their property, had retired to the inaccessible fastnesses

Halidon
Hill.

Wise
policy.

of the mountains. Every advanced column and detached party of the English was assailed, stragglers cut off, alarms kept up. Famine and disease did the work. Captain Hunger was more than a match for Captain Sword. Edward made nothing by his invasions, though he marched through the country as far north as Inverness. He was compelled each time to fall back again on his own territory, with great loss of men from hardships and misery, and the harassing attacks of the Scots who sallied out from every glen, forest, and mountain defile.

It was well for Scotland, however, that this able and ambitious King got involved in those famous wars with France in which he made such prodigious efforts, and inflicted on that country miseries so terrible, and on his own burdens so grinding. The war with France gave breathing space to Scotland.

The Scots had conveyed their boy-king to the Court of France, that he might at the same time be safe and receive a kingly upbringing. They sent for him when he had reached his eighteenth year. We may imagine with what interest the son of Robert the Bruce was expected home, and how warm the welcome with which old Scotland received him. He was tall and goodly in person. But it was soon seen that he was headstrong, violent in his passions, excessively addicted to pleasure, and quite unfitted to govern.

Some years after his return home, he burst into England at the head of an army. Edward was absent in France, and David thought to avail himself of the opportunity. It turned out a dear business to him. Marching southward as far as Durham, he laid waste the country with fire and sword. At a place called Neville's Cross, an English army came up. A Scottish knight, seeing their archers gathering in a vast cloud, and knowing well the bitter shower which that cloud would discharge, said to the King, "Give me but one hundred horse, and I will

disperse them all." The conceited and headstrong King gave no heed. The archers commenced their deadly

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THE ARCHERY.

practice without interruption. Three hours of the arrow sleet, three hours of furious charging by the English horse, and the Scots were a rout of fugitives. Their King was taken prisoner and conveyed to London. Mounted on a tall black horse, that he might be seen by all the people, the son of Robert the Bruce was conducted to the Tower.

1346 A.D.

He remained a captive for eleven years. Edward at last let him go, on his coming under obligation to pay a ransom, which, taking the comparative value of money then and now, amounted to about a million and a quarter sterling. But Scotland was drained by long and wasting wars. The money was hard to come by. Besides, David

Captivity
of David.

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wanted it all and more to meet the expense of his own wretched pleasures. The ransom hung like a millstone about his neck. To relieve himself, this degenerate son of a noble father sold the independence of his country. He entered into a treaty with Edward, by which, as he had no children of his own, he made the King of England his heir, on condition that the arrears of the ransom should be remitted. There was too stanch a love of independence in Scotland, however, to suffer the base bargain to stand. It was received with such universal indignation, that it was plainly impossible to carry it out. Edward let it drop. But he perseveringly maintained a system of intrigues to bring over the Scottish nobles to his interest, and win by fraud that supremacy over the Scottish nation which he had failed to secure by force. David, up to the end of his life, was the tool of England in carrying on these intrigues against his country. This unworthy son of the great King Robert died, to the relief of the nation, in the forty-seventh year of his age. His reign covers forty-one years of Scottish history.

1371 A.D.

The Black
Death.

In his time the great pestilence, known as the "Black Death," desolated Scotland. This awful scourge ravaged the whole of Europe. Wherever it came, the dead were so numerous that with difficulty they were buried. He who was in health to-day was in his grave to-morrow. In the more populous places large trenches were dug, in which the corpses were heaped by hundreds, like bales in a ship's hold. The disease attacked even the brute creation. An Italian writer, who was in the midst of it, says:—"I have seen two hogs in the street shake with their tusks the rags of a dead body; an hour afterwards they turned, and turned, and fell—they were dead." Friends left their friends, and even parents their children to expire alone, and fled from the deadly infection. Many resorted to the glass, the song, and reckless jollity. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Many, espe-

cially in Germany and France, betook themselves to bloody mortifications and frantic processions, in the superstitious hope of propitiating the angry Heaven. The whole population of a place would set out, they knew not whither, as if urged by the breath of divine vengeance. Half naked, they arranged themselves in lines, and all fell down flat on their faces except the last. He, with a lash whose cords were tipped with iron, ran along the prostrate line, striking the naked shoulders of each, and then threw himself down at the front. Each did the same throughout the line till each had lashed all. This they did twice a day. All the while they sang a wild and dismal song. The penance was supposed to be complete in three-and-thirty days.

It was a common idea that the Jews had poisoned the wells and springs. The people in many parts of the Continent fell upon them in blind fury, and slew and burned them without mercy. This fearful scourge raged for several months in England without touching Scotland. The Scots thought themselves exempt. They called the plague "The foul death of the English." A Scottish army happened to be assembled in the forest of Selkirk. The pestilence broke out in their camp,—an enemy more terrible by far than the Southron. It was not till they had buried five thousand dead under the forest oaks that they disbanded. The infection went with them to the most distant parts of Scotland. It was said to have struck down a third part of the population. Certainly it was the most destructive visitation of this nature known in the annals of mankind.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PARLIAMENT.

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The
Baron's
court.

LOOK back into the long-buried feudal ages, and see the Baron, on a fine summer's day, holding his court amid his assembled vassals on his "mute-hill," or hill of judgment and council. The mute-hill is a little mound or hillock, probably artificial, near the castle. The landscape around is broken here and there by dark green masses of ancient forest, yet untouched by the axe. The Baron's pennon floats from his battlement. His stalwart vassals sit with him on the little hillock, place and precedence duly arranged. The retainers, in attendance on their masters, wait out of ear-shot, and form lounging groups with the serfs from the Baron's village, who have gathered out to enjoy the universal human cordial of gossip. Great rough dogs gambol on the grass, and mouth each other for sport. High overhead in the clear blue sky, the lark pours down its melody. Meanwhile, the feudal court sitting on its hillock is busy inquiring into some matter of disputed right, or discussing the affairs of the barony. Sometimes they seem to talk loud and eagerly; and sometimes, too, the bushy beards that fall over their manly breasts shake with hearty laughter.

Do not scorn this old rude scene, but mark it curiously, for it is the germ of a great thing, one of the greatest things in our modern world—the British Parliament.

The Baron, who held court on his own estate with his vassals, was himself a vassal of the King, the great chief Baron. As King's vassal, he was bound, according to the

same feudal rules, to give attendance and service in the King's court. The great crown vassals, whether lay Barons or Churchmen, composed the court of the Sovereign. This court met at no stated time or place, but as occasion and the King's convenience required. It might be called together to consult on the affairs of the kingdom, to pass laws, or to dispense justice. In very early times the attendance at the King's court was small, only a few Churchmen, the great Officers of State, and a portion of the Nobility and great Barons being present.

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The first meeting of the King's court, or national council of Scotland, to which the name of *Parliament* was given, took place in the reign of King-of-straw Baliol. It was held at Scone, and a spirited Parliament it was. It banished all Englishmen from Scotland, forced the craven King to break with Edward, and resolved on immediate war with England.

As the Burghs rose in importance, they began to send representatives to the national council. The time when burgesses first appeared in Parliament cannot be precisely told. It is certain, however, that members for the Burghs were present in the Parliament which the great King Robert held at the Abbey of Cambuskenneth in the summer of 1326. It was nearly the last Parliament of his reign, for his health was already much broken, and his country was not to have him long. In this Parliament the burgesses took their place, and from that time forward the great national council regularly comprised the Three Estates of King, Lords, and Commons.

Here, then, was the representative system fairly on foot. The Burghs had taken their place by their commissioners in the great national council; but there was not, as yet, any representation of Counties. That came a hundred years later. Members of Parliament, in those early times, were by no means so ravished with the honour of having a seat in the Legislature as we moderns are. Political economy had never troubled their sturdy

Representative system.

heads, and instead of jealously guarding their right to sit in Parliament as a privilege, they sought relief from it as a burden. The smaller Barons and Freeholders felt the hardship most. An Act was therefore passed, dispensing with their attendance, on condition of their sending to Parliament, from every shire, two or more of their number to represent them. In this way the representation of Counties had its beginning.

Feudal Barons, most of them unable to sign their own names, were not likely to endure with much patience long and tedious sessions of Parliament. They liked a great deal better to halloo to hawk or hound, than to listen to the eloquence of the honourable gentleman opposite. And then the heavy expense incurred in giving a prolonged attendance on Parliament was a grievance. The Earl, Baron, or Knight, had to appear with a retinue and all the surroundings proper to his rank. That bacchanalian laird, of whom the story goes, had a way of his own for deciding when it was time for him to leave town and go home. He tried to throw his purse over the town gate against the wind. If the purse went over, the laird picked it up and stayed another day. If it was so light that it was blown back, he called for his horse. Many a Baron's purse, which had hung plump and heavy at his girdle when he rode to attend Parliament, was too light to be thrown against the wind before he got back again. Parliament bethought itself of a way of relief, and naturally appointed a committee. What would become of public bodies, if they could not appoint committees to do their thinking for them?

But this committee was a very singular committee indeed. It was called the Committee of the Articles. The Lords of the Articles prepared all the business for Parliament, and it came to be the established practice that no business could be laid before the Parliament but such as had been prepared by this committee. It was

the hopper of the Parliamentary mill, by which all the grist went in. In the long run, it came to this that Parliament sat but two days. On the first day, they chose the Lords of the Articles. All business intended for Parliament was first brought before these Lords, who approved or threw out as they pleased. When all matters were ready, Parliament sat another day, and passed or rejected the Bills laid before them. One Parliament is on record so wondrously active that it passed a hundred and fourteen Acts in a day.

Parliaments anciently had no fixed place of meeting, but assembled sometimes in one town, sometimes in another. This circumstance led, in the case of the English Parliament, to a no less important result than the division of the Legislature into a House of Lords and a House of Commons. The conjecture is, that in some towns where Parliament met, there being no single room large enough to accommodate the whole body, the great Lords took one room, while the representatives of the smaller Barons and of the Burghs took another. The division, occasioned at first by so simple an accident, gradually became established. The Scottish Parliament, however, was never divided, but continued to meet together as one body to the last.

The mill must grind whatever grain comes through the hopper, and the miller puts into the hopper such grain as pleases him. In the old Scotch Parliaments, the usual tug of strife between parties was to decide which should have the power of the hopper. The party which obtained a majority in the Committee of Articles could keep out all the measures of the other party. The King, too, was frequently much disposed to play the miller, and when a majority of the Lords of Articles were devoted to the royal will, effectual security might be taken against the intrusion of all unpalatable proposals. Liberty of debate and the mill-hopper arrangement scarce agree.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HOUSE OF STEWART.

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ONE of the leaders under the Bruce at Bannockburn was a young man named Walter, the Lord High Stewart, or Seneschal, of Scotland. The office was hereditary, and this Walter was the sixth of the family who had held it. Besides their high office, the family possessed ample estates. The broad lands of Renfrew and the fair island of Bute were theirs. Walter the Stewart, greatly distinguished himself at Bannockburn; and Bruce, the year after, gave him his only daughter Marjory to wife. This pair were the ancestors of that long line of Stewarts, Kings of Scotland, and ultimately of England too. The last King of the Stewart family in the male line was driven out at the Revolution of 1688; but the female line have possession of the throne at this day in the person of Queen Victoria.

Robert I.

David II., having died childless, was succeeded by Robert, the son of Walter Stewart and Marjory Bruce. Robert was fifty-five years old when he ascended the throne. He was tall and large of person, simple and affable in manners, but easy and indolent, at least as he grew old. His eyes, from disease, looked raw and red, from which circumstance he got the name of King Blearie; his subjects being, as it would seem, more familiar than reverent. There was little enough of the warrior in himself, but he had nine sons who "loved arms."

Scotland at that time had need of a ruler of far sterner mould than this worthy and respectable prince. The long

wars had accustomed men to a wild, unsettled life. During the weak reign of David, there was no power to hold

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THE KING AND HIS NINE SONS.

the fierce nobility in check, and they had now become too powerful to be controlled, except by a King of immense vigour. Claiming the right of private war and of fighting in their own quarrels, they were ready to take up arms on the slightest occasion. The King of Scotland might conclude a truce with England, but that did not prevent his barons from riding, when it pleased them, upon English ground, and wasting the frontier with fire and sword. These inroads, which he was unable to prevent, exposed the King of Scotland to the charge of breaking the faith of truce, and frequently disturbed the peace between the nations.

The "raids" or forays were, of course, by no means on

one side. The English were not in the least behind the Scots in the ferocity of their inroads. When the beacons, answering to one another from hill top to hill top, glared broad and far the tidings of an English invasion, the people drove off their cattle, and carried their goods into the forests and hills. The English might burn their houses, but a few stakes with wattles and turf were all that was required to rebuild their slight dwellings. When the invaders retired, the people came out of their fastnesses, and returned to their customary occupations. Such was life in these "old, unhappy, far off times."

1386 A.D.

One of the Scotch inroads into England in the time of Robert II. led to the famous battle of Otterburn, or "Chevy Chase." This was considered, by the judges of fighting in those days, to have been the best fought, and, for the numbers engaged, the most severe of all the battles of that age. There was not a man, knight or squire, that did not acquit himself gallantly, fighting hand to hand with his enemy. It was about the time of Lammas, when the moor men were busy with their hay harvest, that the Earl of Douglas rode into England to drive a prey. The warders on the walls of Newcastle and Durham saw, rising in all directions, thick columns of smoke. This was the first intimation of the presence of the Scots. In their return homeward they halted three days before Newcastle, where they kept up an almost continual skirmish. The Earl of Douglas had a long combat with Sir Henry Percy, "Hotspur," and took his pennon. "I will carry this pennon into Scotland," said the Douglas, "and fix it on the tower of my Castle of Dalkeith, that it may be seen from far." "That shall you never, Earl of Douglas," said Hotspur; "be assured you shall never have this pennon to boast of." "I will fix your pennon before my tent," said Douglas, "and shall see if you will venture to take it away."

The Scots resumed their march homeward. They en-

camped at Otterburn, "upon the bent so brown," and Douglas declared his resolution to wait there for two or three days, and see if the Percy would come to recover his pennon. On the evening of the second day the Scots were supping, some, indeed, had gone to sleep, when a loud shout of "Percy! Percy!" was heard, and the English were upon them. It was a sweet moonlight evening in August, clear and bright, and the breeze blew soft and fresh. The Scots, though somewhat taken by surprise, rose to the fight cool and "siccar," as at Bannockburn itself. The lances crossed, and many on both sides went down at the first shock. Douglas, shouting his war cry, ordered his banner to advance. Percy, eager to encounter the Douglas, advanced his banner also. The two banners met, and many valiant deeds of arms were done around them. But the English were three to one, and the Scots were beginning to be forced back.

Seeing this, the Earl of Douglas seized a battle-axe with both hands, and dashed into the midst of the enemy, his men following close. He struck right and left, and cut a lane deep into the battalion of the English. At last three spears were thrust against him all at once. One struck him on the shoulder, one on the breast, and the stroke glanced off his armour down into his groin; the third struck in the thigh. With these three strokes he was borne to the earth, and as soon as he fell a battle-axe hewed deep into his head. The English marched over him without knowing who he was.

Sir John Sinclair, cousin to the Earl, knelt beside him, supported his bloody head, and asked, "Cousin, how fares it with you?" "Indifferently," said he. "Thanks be to God, there are but few of my ancestors who have died in their beds. I bid you revenge my death, for my heart grows every moment more faint. Lift up my banner, which is on the ground, from the death of the valiant squire who bore it. Shout 'Douglas!' and tell neither

CHAPTER
XXIX.Douglas
lead.

friend nor foe but what I am with you." Having spoken thus he expired. His orders were obeyed. They cast a mantle over his body, took his banner from the dead hand of the squire, raised it, and shouted, "Douglas!" The Scots came thronging to the cry. They levelled their lances, and pushed with such courage that the English were soon driven beyond the spot where the Douglas lay. Again the shout of "Douglas!" rose more vehement and loud. The Scots in a dense mass renewed the onset, bore the enemy before them, and broke them so completely that they never rallied again. Percy himself was made prisoner. He and his pennon too had to go to Scotland.

Thus the dead Douglas won the field. The Scots laid the body of their leader in a coffin, which they placed on a car, and began their march home. They came without interruption to Melrose; and there, in the fair abbey, the Douglas was laid. The banner, about which his dying charge had been given at Otterburn, was hung above the place of the warrior's rest, and is in Cavers House to this day.



THE OTTERBURN FLAG.

390 A.D.

Respectable King Robert with the bleary eyes died in peace at a good old age, after a reign of nineteen years.

His oldest son and heir was called John. But John Baliol had been an unlucky King. So had been King John of England; and so had been King John of France, whom the English took prisoner, and showed his lank and dismal face to the citizens of London in a triumphal procession. John was therefore an unlucky name for Kings, and John Stewart, to improve his luck, changed his name. He took the name of Robert III. When he became King he had already passed his fiftieth year. He was tall and graceful, in spite of a lameness caused by the kick of a horse, received in a tournament in his youth. He had a ruddy countenance, clear, bright eyes, and a long flowing beard of snowy whiteness—a man that looked the King well enough. But of all kingly ability and action he was void. In fact, the weak and indolent prince never tried to govern. He shrunk at once from all the cares and duties of a throne, lived completely private, and left his brother to manage everything. His brother was as active, ambitious, and daring as the King was indolent and soft. The King made him Duke of Albany, and at the same time made his own son and heir Duke of Rothesay. These two are the first Dukes of whom Scottish history makes mention, the title not having been used in Scotland before, and there was a general prejudice against it, which was long in dying out.

CHAPTER
XXIX.

Robert III.

The first
Dukes.

The "Inch" of Perth—beautiful green meadow beside that fair city—was the scene, in Snow-beard's time, of a proceeding very illustrative at once of the spirit of the age and the state of the country. Two Highland clans, the clan Chattan and the clan Kay, had long been at deadly feud, and their strife filled the whole district with slaughter and confusion. It was agreed to refer the dispute to the judgment of battle. A space was railed in for the combat, which was fought in the presence of the King and a great assemblage of the

CHAPTER nobles. Sixty Highlanders—thirty from each clan—
 XXIX. stalked into the barriers to the sound of their great
 Verdict of war-pipes. They were armed with bow, sword, knife,
 the sword. and battle-axe, and wore no defensive armour. Just as
 they were about to fall on, it was discovered that a man
 of the clan Chattan had lost courage and slunk away.
 This brought matters to a stand, and the battle was
 likely to be broken off. But a stout burgher of Perth,
 an armourer by trade, sprang within the barriers, and
 declared that he would take the place of the deserter for
 half a merk. The offer was accepted; the signal was
 given, and the combatants rushed together with a ferocity
 that astonished the beholders. The warriors of the clan
 Kay were all slain except one man. Eleven bleeding
 figures, including the Perth volunteer, were still able to
 wield their weapons on the other side. The clan Chattan
 had clearly proved their case, and the King thereupon
 declared accordingly. It is said that after this ver-
 dict of the sword the two clans kept quiet for a long
 time.

The young Duke of Rothesay was a wild and reckless
 profligate. Between him and his uncle Albany there
 grew a deadly hatred. Each of them wanted to have
 the feeble King in his hands, and thus to wield the
 power of the State. Rothesay's mad excesses of riot
 and dissipation made his father's life bitter, and tear-
 drops often fell on the snowy beard. Rothesay had
 made himself many enemies by his offensive conduct and
 wanton abuse of power. The King was persuaded that
 a little temporary restraint would be a wholesome lesson
 to the wild youth. He roused himself, and issued an
 order under his signet to Albany, to arrest the Duke or
 Rothesay and place him in confinement.

What followed is a dark story. The young Prince
 was shut up in a dungeon in the Palace of Falkland.
 There, in a short time after, he died. His body was

found to be wasted to a skeleton. Many believed that he had died a horrible death from starvation, and laid his murder at the door of his uncle Albany. Perhaps it was the confinement, acting upon a constitution enfeebled by vice, which brought on fatal disease. The dark secret never was cleared. One thing only was certain, that the Duke of Rothesay stood in Albany's way, and that his death happened while he was a prisoner in Albany's power.

The King had but one other son, the Prince James, a boy of twelve. This boy alone now stood between Albany and the crown. The horrible thought that his dreaded brother had robbed him of one son, and might rob him of the other, seems to have haunted the mind of the feeble King. He adopted the resolution of sending the boy for safety to the Court of France. Preparations for his departure were made with speed and secrecy. Not so secretly, however, but that Albany knew of the project. He sent a hint to the King of England. The ship which bore the young Prince proceeded on its voyage. Off the coast of Norfolk it was met by a squadron of armed merchantmen. Though it was a time of truce between the two countries, the English ships made prize of the Scottish vessel, and took the Prince and his attendants prisoners. They were carried before King Henry. The Earl of Orkney, who had received the Prince in charge, complained of the outrage. Their mission, he said, was entirely peaceful, its object being to conduct the Prince of Scotland for education at the Court of France.

Treachery

"As the event has happened," said the King, "my brother of Scotland ought not to be disappointed. If he wished his son to be taught French, I am tolerably good at that language, and the boy could not have fallen into better hands."

The poor old King of Scotland never held up his head

CHAPTER again after the tidings came of the captivity of his only
XXIX.
— son. He sank into profound, uncomplaining melancholy,
and fell completely under the power of his fierce and
1400 A.D. ambitious brother. He drooped away, and in a year's
time the snowy beard lay smoothed down on his shroud,
never to be wet with tear-drops any more.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FALSE UNCLE.

FALSE Albany had now reached the object of his ambition. He was King of Scotland in all but the name. Though touching upon his seventieth year, his craft, cruelty, and love of power retained all their activity. The thing which he had most to fear was the return of the young King, his nephew. He took care, however, to maintain such an understanding with the King of England as to render that unlikely. To make his seat the more firm, he studied to attach to his interest a large party among the nobility, on whom he lavished the crown property in gifts and presents. His ill-gotten power was the occasion of grievous evils. His whole endeavour was to secure himself in his position. The mischief of a weak government was felt in its worst form. He durst not attempt to curb the excesses of the powerful barons, who oppressed the middle classes, and carried on bloody strifes with one another. These fierce and ungovernable sons of Zeruiah were too hard for him. The land was filled with oppression and violence.

CHAPTER
XXX.

Albany's
usurpation.

About the beginning of Albany's regency, there came one into Scotland who was destined to prove the first on the long roll of God's martyrs in this land. This was John Resby, an English priest. He had received the knowledge of the truth from Wickliff, the "morning-star of the Reformation." After Wickliff died, his disciples were persecuted and scattered into different countries. Resby found his way into Scotland, and began openly to

First mar-
tyr.

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publish his doctrines. For a while it passed unnoticed. But the truth began to make an impression on the people, and the jealousy of the Romish Church caught alarm. Resby was seized and put upon his trial before a council of the clergy. This brave soldier of Jesus Christ was burned alive at Perth. They cast his books and papers into the same fire, and went home, it is probable, and supped and slept, and thought that they had ended the whole matter. But from that hour Bible truth was never quite extinguished in Scotland. Resby had left disciples who met and prayed in secret, and cherished the faith which he had taught them. The light, which was supposed to be trodden out, was only hidden for a time. God covered it under the hollow of his hand, that the blast of persecution should not extinguish it.

1411 A.D.

An event which happened in Albany's time shows that the kingdom had become so disorganized, through a long continuance of feeble government, as well-nigh to have fallen in pieces. A fierce chieftain, Donald, Lord of the Isles, thought he had a claim to the Earldom of Ross. The Earl of Buchan claimed it too. Albany decided in favour of the Earl of Buchan. Donald raised an army of ten thousand men, and almost the first tidings which the governor heard of him was that the fires of the Highland army were blazing in the heart of Ross. The Lord of the Isles was met at Dingwall by a force of the Earl of Buchan's men; but this little army, after a fierce struggle, was almost entirely cut to pieces. Donald swept onwards, spreading havoc before him. He overran the fertile province of Moray, advanced through Strath-bogie, and from thence broke into the district of the Garioch, threatening to make Scotland a desert to the shores of the Tay.

The Garioch belonged to the Earl of Mar, a warrior of determined spirit and great experience. Enraged at

the havoc made on his territory, Mar got together a force. The burgesses of Aberdeen took down their swords, put on their steel caps, unfurled the banner of the city, and with their Provost at their head marched with the Earl of Mar. The two armies encountered at the village of Harlaw, near the place where the water of Ury falls into the Don. With pibrochs deafening to hear, the Highland host came down. The Lowland knights in plate and mail, with bridle on mane and lance in rest, charged in among the plaids, and rode them down like moorland fern. The Lowland infantry, with levelled spears, cut a passage through the mass. But the Highlanders, who were greatly superior in numbers, crowded about the small columns of the Lowlanders. With the hook attached to their long-handled Lochaber axes they pulled the knights out of their saddles ; or, springing up behind them with the agility and fierceness of the wild cat, they stabbed them to death with their dirks. Pent in by the living mass which yelled and fought around them, the Lowland host began to faint under the dreadful stress. Many of their bravest fell. The flower of the gentry of Buchan and Angus were down. The Provost of Aberdeen, and most of the stout burgesses who had accompanied him, lay on the "red Harlaw." The banner of the town, torn and soiled with blood, was saved however. It is still shown, or at least the staff of it, in that ancient city. In these railway times one would even go some way to see it.

At evening of the day which had been occupied with this dreadful strife, Mar found himself surrounded by a small body of survivors, most of them wounded, and feeble from loss of blood. The Lowlanders slept on the field of battle. Morning showed that the Highlanders had retreated to the hill of Bennochie. Neither side was in a condition to renew the battle. Mar found it necessary to fall back on Aberdeen, and Donald retired to the

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Harlaw.

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north. The white-haired governor, Albany, the moment he learned how matters stood, marched with an army and drove Donald of the Isles away into the remote and outlying nooks of his dominions, so that he gave little more trouble.

This battle undoubtedly saved the kingdom of Scotland from being broken in two. It might be said also to determine whether the Gaelic or the Saxon race should be the leading race in Scotland.

Our first
college.
1412 A.D.

The year after Harlaw an event, more interesting by far than the bloody tumults of war, took place. Scotland obtained her first college. This was the College of St. Andrews. It was the work of Henry Wardlaw, bishop of the place. When Henry Ogilvie, the messenger who had been sent to Rome on that errand, arrived with the Pope's consent and sanction, they rang the bells for joy; a procession, in which were four hundred clergy, went through the streets, and many a horn of wine was emptied to the prosperity of the new institution. Poor and barren, for many a long day after this, was the stuff taught at the infant college, now so venerable. But it was a beginning, and only fools despise the day of small things.

Albany held the supreme power in Scotland to the end of his life. Meanwhile James, the captive King, had grown from a boy of twelve to a man of eight-and-twenty. Many attempts were made for his liberation, but the crafty usurper always contrived that they should come to nothing. It suited the King of England to keep the King of Scotland in his hands. Albany might, at any moment, have a master sent home upon him; and this fear was a bridle over him in the hands of the King of England. And thus, to suit the policy of Henry, and the selfish interest of his uncle, King James wore away his youth in captivity.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE POET KING.

KING HENRY, to do him justice, gave the young King of Scotland an education, the best which that age could afford. The Prince, as he grew up, excelled in all manly and knightly accomplishments. He knew French, and was not ignorant of Latin. But his favourite study was English poetry. He was a poet himself, choosing the poets Gower and Chaucer as his masters and models in the art. His largest poem was written in his captivity. It is called the "King's Quhair;" that is, the "King's Book." Good judges of poetry think some parts of it not unworthy even of Chaucer, the "well of English undefiled." In this poem the King describes his days of happy boyhood, his embarkation for France, his cruel and unjust seizure by the English, and his imprisonment at Windsor. He bewails his long captivity in a foreign land, and his lonely and inactive existence, shut out, in the vigour of youth, from all the enterprise and enjoyment of life, while even the lower animals live in freedom, every one after its kind.

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XXXI.
James at
Windsor.

One day, as he tells us, he had risen at dawn to escape from the weary thoughts of a sleepless pillow. Lonely and dispirited, he turned to seek a prisoner's dull pastime of looking out at the window. The window looked forth on a garden, which lay at the foot of the tower. The garden had a green arbour, hawthorn hedges, and walks thickly shaded with trees. The nightingales among the branches sang, now soft, now loud and clear, and made

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the garden and tower ring with their song. As he looked from his latticed window upon the garden below, the King beheld "the fairest and the freshest young flower that e'er he saw." This was the Lady Jane Beaufort, walking in the garden to enjoy that "fresh May morrow." Better and happier days came round, and this fair flower, his "milk-white dove," became Queen of Scotland.

1424 A.D.

Time slid on; the False Uncle was dead, and his power had passed to his son, the second Duke of Albany. King James had spent eighteen years in captivity. At last, wiser and more generous counsels prevailed in the Court of England. It was seen that a King of Scotland, married to an English wife, and at friendship with England, would be of greater advantage to that nation if seated on his throne, than if wasting his life as a prisoner at Windsor. A treaty was entered into, by which he was set at liberty. The prudent English, however, put in a little account of £40,000, equal to ten times the sum at the present day, for his board and education. The towns of Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen, became security for the payment of this remarkable school bill.

James re-
turns.

James, now in his thirtieth year, set out for his native country, happy in the restoration of his freedom, happy in the possession of his "milk-white dove," now become his Queen. He found Scotland in a wretched condition. The feudal nobles, accustomed to a weak and feeble government—the reign of King Log—almost ever since the great King Robert closed his eyes, held the laws in open contempt. They kept the whole country in confusion with their feuds and revenges, their fierce wars on one another, and their cruel oppressions of the people. Outrage and violence filled the land; security for life and property was unknown. "If I am spared," said James, "I shall bring in a change such as men little dream of. There is not the wildest spot where the key shall not keep the castle, and the bracken bush the cow."

Our Poet King had a dangerous task before him. The criminals he had to deal with possessed numerous bands of armed vassals. They could shut themselves up behind the battlements of their strong castles and fortified towers in inaccessible situations among bogs and crags. If their suspicion of the King's intentions should be roused, they could muster a force amply sufficient to bid him defiance in the field. Tiger hunting, they say, is good sport, when you hunt the tiger; but not so good, when the tiger hunts you. James proceeded with profound secrecy and caution. Neither word nor look of his betrayed to the nobles that he had any design against them. When all his arrangements were complete, he called a Parliament at Perth. Everything went on quietly for a week. The Parliament were sitting in their hall engaged in their business, beards, no doubt, eloquently wagging, when an armed force was marched in, and twenty-six of the highest barons and nobles were seized and borne off prisoners. So completely had the King arranged his plans, that there was scarcely a single fortress or castle of any importance in the kingdom of which he did not immediately make himself master.

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—
State of
Scotland.

A blow so stern and decided overawed the whole body of the nobility. But the King judged it necessary to write the lesson in blood. Among the nobles apprehended at Perth were the Duke of Albany, son of the False Uncle, with his two sons and his father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox. The King had a long and heavy account to settle with the house of Albany. To that house he owed his eighteen years of captivity, and much of the disorder from which he was labouring to retrieve his kingdom. If he could have sent old Albany to the scaffold, it would have been an act of unquestionable justice. But the false uncle had gone where the vengeance of an earthly King could not follow him; and whatever might be the necessity of striking terror among

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XXXI.The Head-
ing Hill.

the fierce nobles of a land so long almost lawless, there is an ugly stain of blood on the robe of our Poet King. Close by the north side of Stirling Castle stands an eminence still known by the name of the Heading Hill. Here, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators, Albany and his two sons ascended the scaffold. Behind them came the Earl of Lennox, a venerable nobleman in his eightieth year. Albany and his sons were all three men of tall and commanding presence. Their appearance, and the dignity with which they met their fate, commanded the respect and pity of the multitude. But when the aged Earl of Lennox laid his head on the block and his gray hair was stained with blood, loud expressions of horror and indignation broke out. It was a terrible deed, and destined to be terribly avenged.

The lawless nobility quailed at the stern warning thus given them, and James could proceed in the work of restoring order to the kingdom without fear of resistance. He applied himself with all his uncommon vigour to get good laws made and enforced. Before his day, the laws were written in the Latin language. His good sense caused them to be issued in the Scottish tongue. The same good sense did not visit the English till many years later. It was his practice to assemble Parliament very frequently, and to rule the country in a regular and constitutional way through Parliament. A change, introduced by him into this great national council, was the beginning of a privilege which lies at the foundation of all free government. Up to this time the smaller barons had been summoned to give attendance on Parliament along with the great lords. It was now enacted that the smaller barons of each sheriffdom should elect two or more of their number to represent them in Parliament. In this way the important principle of a representative government was introduced.

Nothing which he thought for the good of his people

escaped the attention of this energetic King. Laws were made to protect the small vassals and serfs against the oppressions of their lords. Agriculture, trade and manufactures, fisheries, the state of the labouring class and the poor, all partook of his care. An Act was passed for the preservation of forest trees and green wood ; a proof that the immense forests which had once covered the face of the country were fast disappearing, and that a scarcity of timber had begun to be feared. Still there must have been plenty of cover, since another Act appointed that in each barony there should be regular days for hunting the wolves, four times in each year. A reward was also fixed for each wolf-whelp that should be brought in. What splendid days for the village boys these hunting-days would be!

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—
Good go-
vernment

Our Poet King was interested in free masonry, and made it the special subject of his royal favour. Free masonry was opposed and denounced in many countries, including England. But it never met with any hinderance in Scotland, and ever since the time when it was cherished by James I., it has been kept up amongst us with greater zeal than perhaps in any other country.

The King paid great attention to the military training of his people, and the improvement of their skill in the use of arms. Armed musters, called "Weapon-shows," were held in every county four times in the year. All males between sixteen years and sixty were obliged to attend, in order to be drilled and have their weapons inspected. Every man was obliged to furnish himself with arms, according to his means. During his long residence in England, James had become well acquainted with the vast superiority of the English archers. He was himself a capital shot with the bow, and was specially anxious to promote this warlike art among his subjects. The Scottish people at that time were excessively fond of the game of foot-ball. But the game was forbidden

Military
exercises

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under a severe penalty, that nothing might take off the attention of the people from the practice of archery. Bow-butts, at which all males, from twelve years old, were compelled to practise, were erected beside every parish church.

Christ's
Kirk.

Our Poet King, to pique his subjects into some zeal of archery, directed his wit and ridicule against their indifferent management of the bow. One of his poems, called "Christ's Kirk of the Green," gives an exceedingly humorous description of the fair held at the village of Christ's Kirk, in Aberdeenshire. The country people gather out to the fair. The young women, neat and clean, are dressed in gray kirtles of Lincolnshire stuff, well pressed with many plaits. They have gloves of the roe-deer skin, and their shoes are of Turkey leather from the Straits. The green rings with the merry laughter of groups of youths and damsels. Music, singing, and dancing contribute to the merry-making. Brown ale foams in beakers, and the rustics grow heated and quarrelsome. A general battle ensues, in which, as every man is taking to his weapon, bows are bent and arrows shot. One archer draws his bow with great fury, and his opponent, thinking himself a dead man, bawls out, "Blood and murder!" but the arrow misses him a whole acre's breadth. With that, a friend of the shooter cries "Fy!"—and draws his bow to mend the bad shot. But the wretched bow cracks and breaks in his hand. Another archer, Lowrie, boasts of the shot he will make, and offers to wager a sheep that he will kill his man. But his man happens to have on a leather doublet, from which the feeble arrow "buffs" off without scratching the wearer. No efforts, however, ever succeeded in making good archers of the Scots. They were neither to be drilled into archery nor laughed into it. They preferred to fight hand to hand, dealing lance-thrust and stroke of axe, to the distant exchange of the

steel point and goose wing. The English knew these keen axes well. They had a word, "scotched," which is a good English word still. It meant to be cut with an axe in the Scottish wars. Many a Southron carried the marks of scotching to his grave. CHAPTER
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During the long usurpation of Albany, the Highlands had fallen into a state of lawlessness and disorder almost passing belief. It was one of the labours of James's reign to reduce these districts to order. It happened that a Highland widow had been plundered and rendered utterly destitute by one of the Ketherans, or robber chiefs. In the bitterness of her heart, the poor woman vowed that shoes should never be upon her feet till she had gone and told the King her wrong. "It shall be a broken vow," said the brutal spoiler; "you shall have shoes on your feet before you stir from this spot." At the command of the ferocious chief, the helpless woman was seized, and a pair of horse-shoes nailed on her naked feet. "Now," said the brute, "you are fitted for a rough road." Roused by her cruel wrongs to a pitch of desperate determination, the woman did make her way to the Court, where she saw the King, and showed her wounded feet in proof of her complaint. Forthwith orders were sent to the sheriff of the county where the outrage was committed, commanding him on peril of his own head to seize the author of the atrocious deed, and send him to the King at Perth. A sheriff with such a motive for activity was not likely to let the criminal slip through his fingers. In a short time the miscreant stood in the presence of the King. He was ordered to immediate execution. A shirt, on which was painted a picture of Highlanders nailing iron shoes to a woman's bare feet, was put upon him, in which dress he was hanged. The High-
lands.

Twice in the course of his reign James was obliged to lead in person an army into the Highlands to put down the fierce disorders which raged. So ferocious and

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bloody were the clan battles of that time, that once, at Strathnaver in Caithness, out of twelve hundred men who fought, only *nine* returned from the field! James, in his last expedition to the Highlands, compelled three hundred of the most noted robbers to be delivered up to him. The spectacle of this ferocious troop marching along in fetters and under a strong guard, produced a deep impression of the power of the law. The three hundred were hanged to the last man. Such grim business had our Poet King to go through before he could establish order in his dominions.

Ever since John Resby, the Englishman, was burned at Perth, in Albany's time, for teaching the doctrines of the Bible, there had been a considerable number of his disciples who met in secret and encouraged one another in the hope of the gospel. This little flock, who kept the truth, appear to have had communications with the enemies of Popish corruptions in other parts of Europe.

The Bohemian.

The citizens of Prague, in Bohemia, sent over to Scotland one Paul Crawar, to keep alive the light of reformation which Resby had kindled. This Paul Crawar was a skilful physician, but the exercise of his profession was only a means of obtaining opportunities for imparting the knowledge of the great Physician of souls. In fact, he was what we now call a medical-missionary, a kind of agency found to be peculiarly effective in spreading the truth among the heathen. Crawar met with so much success that the jealous vigilance of the clergy was speedily roused. He was seized and brought before the Inquisitor, Prior Laurence of Lindores—the same who had sent Resby to the stake. In vain did the Bohemian defend his doctrines with learning, ability, and eloquence. The tribunal before which he pled knew no mercy. He would not retract, but he could die. They put a ball of brass into his mouth, lest any word from his eloquent tongue should fall on the ears of the people. Thus they

led him to his death-fire, the first of many which were to cast their fearful glare over the waters that wash the base of the frowning wall of rock where St. Andrews, so long "princess among the provinces," sits as a widow. This was the welcome which Scotland had for the messenger of peace from a far land.

In the time of James I., Edinburgh, the capital, contained about four thousand houses, and sixteen thousand inhabitants. These houses were wooden cottages thatched with straw. The dwellings of the common people in the country consisted of turf walls, and a roof of branches covered with turf. A cow's hide, dried and stretched upon a frame of sticks, served for a door. Coal had begun to be used. Eneas Silvius, an Italian, who afterwards became Pope Pius II., visited Scotland at this time, travelling in the disguise of a merchant. One of the things which attracted his observation in this northern land, was "a stone, dug up from the earth, which is used in firing." He saw "the poor people, who in rags begged at the churches, receive for alms pieces of stone, with which they went away contented. This species of stone, whether with sulphur or whatever inflammable substance it may be impregnated, they burn in place of wood." Food consisted chiefly of fish and flesh, with pease-meal bread. The want of vegetables and of cleanliness, and the constant use of salted meat throughout the long winters, rendered common a disease which was called the leprosy. This disease was equally common in the rest of Europe, and from the same causes. In every town and village of Scotland a leper might be seen begging. He carried a wooden dish to receive alms, and a clapper or bell to warn the passenger to keep aloof from the loathsome and dangerous contact. King James himself, in one of his poems, called "Peebles to the Play," gives us a curious glimpse of Scottish manners in his time. The women described by the royal poet as coming to see the

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sports at Peebles, are dressed in hood, tippet, and kirtle or close gown. The dress of the men consists of cloak, doublet, and short trousers. Some of them wear flat bonnets, and some wear hats of birch. The bark of the birch-tree would form a not very bad steeple-crowned hat with a rolled up brim; and the rustic could as easily make it for himself as a carpenter makes his paper hat. The bag-pipe gave them music, and their dances were more athletic than elegant. The *salmon-dance*, consisting in exertions in high leaping, such as salmon use when trying to leap up a waterfall, appears to have been the favourite on the green at Peebles. With all this homely roughness, the table in the tavern, where the merry-makers go to refresh themselves, is spread with fair white linen. This, perhaps, is what no one would be prepared for, who has been compelled to rest at a country inn of our times, and take his refreshment off a bare deal table, clammy with the stains of greasy ale.

For seventeen years the reign of James was prosperous in a high degree. Then it came to a sudden and deplorable end. He had given a happy period of comfort and security to the people. But he had shorn the nobles of much of their power; he had bridled their lawless licence; he had forced some of the most powerful of them to surrender estates which they held without a sufficient title. Many fierce spirits, to whom violence and rapine had been a trade and a delight, hated his justice and severity. The numerous connections of the family of Albany still cherished, according to the ferocious code of feudal times, the sleepless purpose of revenge. A conspiracy, the history of which cannot now be unravelled, was formed. The chief actor in the plot was one Sir Robert Graham, a dark, crafty, determined man. This Graham had the daring once in open Parliament to propose that the King should be seized and put into confinement—so hateful to these fierce men was the iron curb of law to which the

strong hand of James subjected them. Punished for this offence with the loss of all his lands, he meditated a desperate revenge. The Earl of Athole, and Stewart, the King's chamberlain, were partners in the treason of this ferocious conspirator.

The Court had gone to hold Christmas at Perth. The King took up his residence in the Monastery of the Dominicans. It was a spacious edifice outside the town, standing in the midst of a garden, which was surrounded by a moat. On the fatal night the royal circle had been peculiarly happy and joyous. They played at chess and other evening games; they listened to the pages of romance; or with song and harp they drove on the smiling hours. Meanwhile, Stewart, the false chamberlain, had laid planks over the moat for the conspirators to cross. He had also contrived to spoil the locks of the chamber doors, so that they could not be shut. About midnight the King prepared to retire to rest. He was standing at the fire in his gown and furred slippers, talking gaily with the Queen and other ladies who had not yet withdrawn.

Suddenly a great noise was heard without, and the clanking of iron told that men in armour were approaching. The glare of torches lighted up the garden. The Queen and the ladies rushed to the chamber door, but to their dismay found the lock useless. The King tried to force out the iron bars of the window, but they resisted his utmost strength. In this extremity, the King, in the words of the old chronicle, "was ugly astonished, and in his mind could think of none other succour, but started to the chimney, and took the tongs, and under his feet he mightily burst up a plank of the chamber floor, and therewith covered him again, and entered adown low beneath." The place where the King had taken refuge was a vault on the level of the ground. It had an opening into the garden by which he might have escaped;

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but only three days before he caused this opening to be built up, because the balls, when he played at tennis, often ran in at it.

The conspirators forced their way into the chamber, violently thrusting aside the ladies who endeavoured to keep the door shut. The Queen, speechless and motionless with terror, was struck and wounded by one of the conspirators. The poor King had brought his milk-white dove from Windsor to this! After searching the chamber and side-rooms, looking into the presses, below the couches, and every place where it was possible the King might be hid, the conspirators began to think that their victim had escaped them. At last one of them, who was familiar with the building, remembered the vault, and, going straight to the place, saw that a plank had been wrenched up. Lifting the plank and holding a torch down into the vault, he saw the King, and proclaimed his discovery with a savage shout of joy. "Sirs," he cried, "the bridegroom is found for whom we have sought all the night." Sir John Hall leaped down into the vault with a great knife in his hand. The King, who possessed great strength and activity, seized him and hurled him to the earth. A brother of Hall's next leaped down. Him also the King seized with a desperate gripe and threw down. A frightful struggle ensued in that dismal vault between the armed murderers and the unarmed King. In the attempt to wrench their knives from them, his hands were desperately cut and mangled.

Death of
the King.
1437 A.D.

The traitor Graham, seeing the King grow faint and weary, sprang into the vault sword in hand. Then the King cried for mercy. "No mercy shalt thou have here." "I beseech thee, then, that for the salvation of my soul ye will let me have a confessor." "No confessor shalt thou have but this sword." This was the brief and terrible conversation which the conspirators, eagerly surrounding the opening in the floor, heard from the vault.

Graham passed his sword through the King's body. The two Halls stabbed him again and again as he lay. Sixteen deadly gashes were afterwards counted in his manly breast, not reckoning many other wounds with which his person had been hacked in less vital parts. And this was the end of our Poet King.

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ANCIENT FOOT-PLOUGH.

CHAPTER XXXII.

JAMES OF THE FIERY FACE.

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—
Venge-
ance.

SUCH vengeance was taken for the murder of our unhappy Poet King, that even to this day men's ears tingle to hear of it. The milk-white dove became a fierce she-eagle, striking down with swift avenging swoop the slayers of her royal mate. Within a month after the murder, they were all seized and put to horrible deaths. The false chamberlain, and Thomas Chambers who found the King's hiding-place, were the first to suffer. They were tied naked to crosses, which were set up on a cart. The hangman stood beside them, and nipped and tore their flesh with sharp pincers, till they were dripping in blood from neck to heel. In this manner they were carted about the streets of Edinburgh,—to the scaffold at last, where their heads were hacked off with an old rusty axe. The Earl of Athole, an aged man, and the least guilty of the conspirators, was beheaded without previous torture. But the extremity of torment was reserved for Graham, the actual murderer. He was made to stand in a cart in which was set an upright post. His right hand was nailed to the post with the sword that slew the King. The cart, with the assassin standing thus in it, was driven through the town of Stirling. That done, the hangman took the sword and cut off his hand with it. Then they stripped him naked, fastened him to the pole, and again paraded him through the town. Beside him in the cart were a couple of hangmen tearing his flesh with red-hot pincers, till there was scarce a

handbreadth of his body whole. Before they suffered him to die they disembowelled his son, living, before his eyes. CHAPTER XXXII.

The son and successor of the murdered King was a child of six. He had a large red birth-mark which quite covered one cheek—a circumstance from which he came to be called “James of the Fiery Face.” The strong will and hand, which had held in check the turbulent nobility, were now gone, and there was none to curb these wild and stormy spirits. Prodigious disorders sprang up. The officers appointed to rule in name of the royal child were Livingstone of Callendar, Governor of the kingdom, and Sir William Crichton, the Chancellor. These ambitious men, each bent on grasping the whole power, fell into a scandalous strife with each other. The Governor made a proclamation at every market-cross that all men should obey him on pain of death. The Chancellor made a proclamation that all men, on pain of death, should obey *him*. While the rulers were quarrelling, the laws fell into contempt, and robbery and outrage passed unpunished. If a quiet citizen, violently handled in following his lawful business, went to complain to the authorities, he was very likely to find his house a smoking ruin when he returned. Disorders.

The great point between the Governor and the Chancellor was, which of them should have the keeping of the young King. The Chancellor had the Castle of Edinburgh; the Governor that of Stirling. After the murder of his father, the little King was sent for safety to Edinburgh Castle. In this way he came into the hands of the Chancellor, who watched his prize with keen vigilance. But the widowed Queen, who sided with the Governor, cleverly contrived to steal her child out of his hands. She went to Edinburgh to visit her young son; conversed affably with the Chancellor, established herself on friendly terms with him, and was allowed to go in King-stealing.

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and out of the castle at her pleasure. She then told the Chancellor that she was going on a pilgrimage to the "White Kirk of Brechin," to pray for her son, and asked permission to take two trunks, containing her clothes and ornaments, out of the castle. This being granted, she put her clothes into one of the trunks and her son into the other, passed the guard without suspicion, and reached Stirling almost before the trick was discovered.

A few years afterwards, the Chancellor paid the Governor back in his own coin. The young King was now grown a stout and manly boy, able to back a horse and ride out to hunting. The Chancellor had spies who brought him word that on a certain morning the King would hunt in the park at Stirling. Taking with him a hundred armed men, he made them glide one by one into the park at different entrances. The night was very dark, and the ambush was set without the least suspicion. At daybreak, the King with a few attendants came out of the castle to hunt in the park. All at once he was surrounded by the Chancellor's party, who saluted him with great respect. The wily Chancellor entreated him to free himself from the Governor's control, and come to Edinburgh where he would be his own master. The King looked pleased, and began to smile at the idea of change and liberty, as what boy would not? On this they took his horse by the bridle, and set off upon the spur to Edinburgh. The Governor happened to be from home that day, and long before he learned how he had been outwitted, the Chancellor and his friends were in Edinburgh Castle, laughing over the success of their stratagem.

Feuds.

King-stealing is no doubt a very exciting game to those engaged in it. But while the rulers were playing this game, the state of the country grew fearful. From the Western Isles bands of fierce robbers came over to the mainland, and burned and harried the whole country-

side, sparing neither old nor young, child nor wife. The nobles fought out their deadly feuds with one another in plain battle, so that well-nigh every district of the country had its war raging, and suffered the ravages which the contending parties mercilessly inflicted on each other. Among these dreadful scenes of violence the tillage of the soil was hindered to such an extent that a terrible famine set in. The famine was followed by a horrible pestilence, which was called "the pestilence without mercy," for none seized with it ever recovered, but died within four-and-twenty hours.

The mischiefs of those dismal times were greatly aggravated by the overgrown power of the House of Douglas. The family of Douglas, springing from the noble stock of the Good Lord James, had advanced in the course of generations to a height which made them almost the equals of the throne itself. The Earl of Douglas was Duke of Touraine, one of the richest lordships in France. His estates in Scotland covered whole provinces. Numerous warlike vassals dwelt on his lands, ready to follow his banner, or garrison his castles. He lived in a style of splendour which outshone that of the royal Court. When he rode out, he was followed by an armed train of a thousand or two thousand horsemen. He made knights and held parliament within his territories, as if he were a king. He set the authority of the government at defiance, and suffered no commands, save his own, to be obeyed within his bounds. Great numbers of fierce and lawless men resorted to the Douglas. Any wild fellow, who loved idleness and plunder, was safe among the retainers of the great Lord of the South, and none dared question the deed that was done by either a Douglas or the follower of a Douglas.

William, the sixth belted Earl of Douglas, was a young man, proud, rash, and violent. He carried the insolence of that haughty house to a pitch beyond any

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of his line before him. Setting all law at scorn, he traversed the country with an army of followers, whose excesses of plunder and violence created misery and distress wherever he thought fit to fix his residence. The Governor and the Chancellor laid their own quarrels aside for a time, and joined their wits to put down this formidable chief. It is safer to trap the lion than to beard him in his den. Douglas was invited, with many flattering professions, to the Court, which was kept in Edinburgh Castle. He went, taking with him his brother David. The King, at this time a boy of ten, took a boy's quick and warm liking to the bold young noble, who talked to him of warlike adventures and the famous deeds of gallant knights. For some days all was fair and gay. At length the trap was ready.

1440 A.D.

Douglas and his brother sat at dinner with the King, the Chancellor, and the Governor. The splendid entertainment was over, and the unsuspecting victims were gaily conversing. Meanwhile, the apartment had been silently beset with armed men, who, on a signal from the Governor, rushed in and seized the two brothers. The young King wept and clung to the Chancellor's knees, vainly begging the lives of his friends. What the Earl and his brother said is not on record; but as the unhappy young men were hurried from the banquet to the block, their countenances, we are told, were "dreary!" Their heads were struck off in the back court of the castle. This was the "Black Dinner" which Earl Douglas got in Edinburgh. The crime was done in vain. The murdered Earl was succeeded by his uncle, called Gross James, a huge fat man, and enormously lazy. His laziness and his fat kept him from being troublesome. But he lived only two years, and then made way for his son William, the proudest and the most dangerous of all that ever bore the name of Douglas. For him, too, there was a black dinner waiting.

The Black
Dinner.

The miseries which the country suffered from the feuds of the nobility pass description. It happened that the Abbey of Arbroath had appointed Alexander Lindsay, eldest son of the Earl of Crawford, their chief justiciary. He was a ferocious and violent man, afterwards known by the name of the Tiger, or Earl Beardie, on account of his great bushy beard. Human tigers do not improve upon nearer acquaintance. The monks found it advisable to dispense with Beardie's services, and appointed Ogilvie of Innerquharity in his room. Beardie immediately collected an army of his vassals to revenge the affront. The Earl of Huntly, returning from court, chanced to lodge for a night at the Castle of Innerquharity, just at the time when Ogilvie was mustering his vassals to meet the Crawford. Huntly had no interest in the quarrel. But there was an ancient custom binding the guest to take part with his host in all dangers which might occur, so long as the food eaten under his roof remained in his stomach. Huntly, therefore, marched with Ogilvie to the fight. They found the Crawfords drawn up in battle order before the gates of Arbroath.

The Earl of Crawford, father to the Tiger, was in Dundee at the time. Hearing of the intended combat, the old Earl took horse, and rode with all speed to Arbroath. He arrived just as the two armies were ready to level their spears and close. It was late in the afternoon of a Sabbath in January. Commanding his son to forbear the onset, he rode between the lines to seek the chiefs of the Ogilvies, and try to settle the strife without blood. A soldier, not knowing who he was, nor for what purpose he came, struck him with a spear, which entered by his mouth, and, passing through his neck, killed him on the spot. He died, says the old historian, "in good action, albeit he was very insolent all the rest of his lifetime." On the death of the Earl, the Crawfords rushed to the attack with desperate fury. The Ogilvies

A Sabbath
afternoon.

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were broken and thrown into hopeless disorder; but they fought fiercely, and many gallant men went down on both sides. At last the Ogilvies fled. In the pursuit, the Crawfords made a pitiless slaughter. The slain, Ogilvies and Crawfords, were not fewer than five hundred, among whom were many barons and gentlemen of Angus. The Earl of Huntly, heavily wounded, rode off the field, but was taken, and soon after died of his hurt. Such was the price of a night's lodging in feudal times. After the battle, the Tiger let loose his army upon the lands of the Ogilvies, burned their castles, slew their tenants, plundered their property, and fired everything that could not be carried away. Quite recently, in the course of excavations made at Orchard Street, Arbroath, a number of skulls and other bones were found; the remains, in all probability, of combatants who perished in the wild rage of feudal strife on that ancient Sabbath *gloaming*. This feud of the Crawfords and Ogilvies might be on a larger scale than common; but otherwise it is only a specimen of the feuds which raged alike in Highland and Lowland, and wrought untold woe and wreck to the unfortunate people.

The King, meantime, was shooting up to manhood, and displaying, as he grew, great sense and firmness of character. One grand point of good sense he had; he knew good advice when he heard it, and he followed it too. It boded well for Scotland that she had not only a manly young King who could take good advice, but a wise and true counsellor who could give it. This was Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews, whose curiously carved tomb is still to be seen in the old College Kirk there. Kennedy, who was cousin to the King, was a man of learning and experience, much travelled in foreign parts, honest, clear-sighted, and resolute—such a one as looks confusion in the face and has power to say to it, Be thou abolished!

Under the guidance of this able counsellor, James buckled himself to the difficult and dangerous task in which his father had fallen—that of reducing the turbulent nobility under the power of law. By far the most outrageous of these feudal tyrants was the Earl of Douglas. So fearful was the name of Douglas become to all peaceable men, that if a murderer was taken, and alleged that he murdered at a Douglas's command, no man durst bring him to justice. The Earl of Douglas, aware of the King's intention to reduce his overgrown power, prepared himself to maintain it by force. He entered into a league with the Earl of Ross and the Tiger, in which they bound themselves to stand by one another in arms against all men, not excepting the King himself. He called upon all his vassals to join in this treasonable league. One of them named Maclellan, a gentleman of spirit and independence, refused to be concerned in what was nothing else than plain rebellion. The Earl immediately had Maclellan seized, and imprisoned him in Douglas Castle.

Maclellan's uncle, Sir Patrick Gray, was captain of the King's guard. Sir Patrick, on learning what had taken place, went in great alarm to the King, who forthwith despatched a letter to the Earl under the royal seal, requesting him to give up his prisoner. Sir Patrick himself set off for Douglas Castle as the bearer of the letter. When he arrived the Earl was sitting at dinner. He asked Sir Patrick if he had dined, and finding he had not, the Earl said, "There is no talk to be had betwixt a full man and a fasting; therefore you shall dine, and we shall talk together at length!" Sir Patrick sat down to table, and the two talked merrily during the meal. In the meantime, the Earl had secretly given orders to take Maclellan out to the castle green and strike off his head. The unfortunate prisoner was led out and beheaded. A cloth was spread over the headless body and the bloody

A full man
and a fast-
ing.

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grass. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the King's letter, which the Earl received with a great affectation of respect. As to the King's request, it should be granted, he said, and that the rather for Sir Patrick's sake. Taking his guest by the hand he led him out to the green, and caused the cloth to be removed from the body of the murdered gentleman. "Sir Patrick," he said, "you are come a little too late; yonder is your sister's son, but he wants the head. Take him, and do with him what you will." "My lord," answered Sir Patrick, "as you have taken from him his head, dispose of the body as you please." Immediately calling for his horse, he leaped into the saddle, and turning to Douglas, he said, "My lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for this." Enraged at this defiance, the Earl called, "To horse!" and commanded to chase Sir Patrick. They chased him near to Edinburgh before they left him, and he would have been taken had it not been that the horse he rode was so tried and good.

Enraged as he was at this atrocious murder, and the affront put upon his authority by the chasing of his officer, the King could not risk the attempt to punish it. The Douglas was still too strong for him, and if driven to do his worst, the throne itself would scarce be safe. James, who was now a young man of one-and-twenty, appears to have thought that if he and Douglas were to have a personal interview, they could arrange such terms as would induce his dangerous subject, or rival rather, to abandon his treasonable league. A message was sent to the Earl, inviting him to the Court, then held at Stirling. A letter of safe-conduct under the royal seal accompanied the invitation. Douglas, attended by a small retinue, came to Stirling and took up his residence in the town. He went up to the castle, and was received by the King with all cordiality. Next day he dined at the royal table, and stayed to supper, the hour for which was then seven o'clock.

After supper the King took Douglas aside. They walked up and down the chamber for some time, conversing in a friendly manner. By-and-by, however, they grew warm. The King urged Douglas to give up his league with the northern Earls. Douglas, heated perhaps with wine, replied with haughty insolence, and broke out into reproaches against the King and violent abuse of his counsellors. James of the Fiery Face had fire in his heart as well. Giving way to sudden fury, he drew his dagger, and exclaiming, "False traitor! if thou wilt not break the band, this shall," he dealt the Douglas a stab in the throat and another in the body. Sir Patrick Gray was standing by, and instantly struck down the wounded man with a blow of his pole-axe. The other nobles who stood near rushed upon him and despatched him with their daggers. It was the affair of a moment, and the mighty Earl lay dead, covered with twenty-six wounds. The window was thrown open, and the mangled body cast into the court-yard below. The murderer of Maclellan had got his black dinner.

CHAPTER
XXXII.Another
Black Din-
ner.

This rash and violent act kindled a furious war. The brother of the slaughtered Earl succeeded to his estates and honours, and in revenge of his death raised a rebellion which gave the King cause to tremble for his throne. The Douglas, abandoned by some of his most powerful friends, was ultimately obliged to seek safety by flight into England. The Earl of Angus, himself a 1456 A.D. Douglas, had stood by the King and rendered him important service in this formidable contest. On him the King conferred the lordship of Douglas and the wide domains attached to this dignity. Thus the one branch of this great house rose upon the ruins of the other, and "the red Douglas put down the black."

James had now leisure to attend to the regulation and improvement of his kingdom. The administration of justice, the encouragement of agriculture and trade, the

CHAPTER
XXXII.The parson
of Duffus.

peace and security of the realm, and other objects worthy the care of a wise ruler, engaged his attention. He turned his attention especially to the establishing of order and security in the north. He laboured at the work in person, residing sometimes at Inverness, sometimes at Elgin. When in the Elgin neighbourhood, he sometimes found a lodging in the house of Mr. David Stewart, parson of Duffus. The parson's house went on fire one day—probably when the kitchen was travelling with a royal dinner. A quantity of dried fish and three bolls of pease, with casks, barrels, tubs, and other vessels, which had been provided for the King's use, were burned. The King built a new kitchen for the parson, which, let us hope, yielded dinners to his reverence for many comfortable years. His Majesty liked well that glorious Moray district. Here he enjoyed the sport of the chase for two seasons. Great territories on both sides of Findhorn River were thrown out of cultivation for the King's sport, and there,—

“ With bended bow and bloodhound free,”

or at least with the old rough greyhound, still known as the deer hound, James enjoyed the pleasures of the field, his face of two colours glowing with the animation and the exercise.

Roxburgh

Everything in the state of the country and character of the King gave promise of a prosperous reign, fraught with the blessings of order and law. But it was not so to be. Ever since the captivity of David II., a period of more than a hundred years, the Castle of Roxburgh had been in possession of the English. James laid siege to it. He had gone with several of his nobility to watch the effect of a battery of cannon which had begun to play on the fortress. One of the pieces, a large gun of Flemish manufacture, formed of iron bars hooped together, burst in firing. A heavy fragment struck the King on

1460 A.D.

the groin, and killed him on the spot. A holly tree in the park of Fleurs Castle still marks the place where James of the Fiery Face, not yet thirty years old, came to his untimely end. CHAPTER
XXXII.

On hearing the lamentable tidings, the Queen, Mary of Gueldres, came immediately to the camp. She appeared in the midst of the army, leading by the hand her little son, now the King. The spirited woman exhorted the soldiers to spend no time in vain regrets, but to show their regard for the dead, by gaining the victory which he had so much at heart. Catching ardour from her appeal, the army renewed the attack and carried the castle by storm that same day. The ruins of the stronghold which cost Scotland so dear are still to be seen on the tongue of land where Tweed and Teviot join, a little way above Kelso Bridge.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JAMES III.

CHAPTER
XXXIII.

Another
minority.

1465 A.D.

ONCE more a child was King, and Scotland had before it all the mischiefs of a long minority in feudal times. So long as Bishop Kennedy was spared, which was till the young King was about thirteen years of age, the nation had one whose wise counsels guided it through many dangers and difficulties. Kennedy was a "siccar targe to the commonweal" while he lived. But the time came that he must go. The sagacious bishop left a great ship, which he had built to encourage trade; and a new college at St. Andrews, which he had built to encourage learning. But he could not leave his own long head, and the loss of him was the ruin of the King. After Kennedy's death, the charge of the youthful Sovereign fell into the hands of Lord Boyd and his brother. These Boyds abused their trust vilely. That they might have the whole power in their own hands, they sought to give the King a dislike for all public business. They humoured him in everything, gave him unlimited indulgence in his pleasures and amusements, and studied to shape him into a feeble idler, a crowned trifle, incapable of a King's work or a man's.

In a gallery of family portraits, it is sometimes to be seen that the same face re-appears after an interval of some generations. A man is like neither his father nor his grandfather, but very like some ancestor from whom he is removed by several descents. It would seem that mental features re-appear in the same way. James III.

considerably resembled in character his notable descendant James VI. The same taste for literature, the same caprice and faithlessness, the same love of despotism and flattery, the same avarice and indolence, the same attachment to favourites, marked them both.

CHAPTER
XXXIII.

The favourites on whom James III. lavished his partiality were one Cochrane, a builder—Rogers, a musician—Torphichen, a fencing-master—Andrews, an astrologer—Hommil, a tailor—and Leonard, a smith. In the society of these persons the King spent his time, neglecting the duties of his high place and the interests of his kingdom. The haughty nobility were disgusted at the preference shown to low-born men. Cochrane, the builder, was the prime favourite. The earldom of Mar had become vacant by the death of the King's brother, who was believed to have been murdered in prison by the King's orders, and who, at all events, never came out of prison alive. The King bestowed on Cochrane the earldom of his dead brother. The upstart set no bounds to his pride and insolence. He lived in a style of splendour which eclipsed the proudest of the old nobility. All places of honour and dignity were given through his favour. Whoever wanted Court influence or protection had to buy it at his hands. James was King, but Cochrane ruled.

Royal fa-
vourites.

At length, when the measure of hatred to the favourite was full, the nobility entered into a conspiracy to put him down. Some of the conspirators, among whom were the Earl of Albany, brother to the King, and the Earl of Angus, had a deeper design. These traitors entered into a secret agreement with Edward IV. of England, by which that King was to assist Albany in dethroning his brother and seizing his throne. Albany bound himself, on obtaining the Scottish throne, to become the vassal of England. Edward, in fulfilment of this base bargain, sent an army to invade Scotland.

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James mustered his forces, and marched to meet the English.

Lauder
Bridge.

It was always possible, when an army was in the field, for the feudal lords to coerce the King. According to feudal custom, the followers of each lord gave obedience to himself alone. If the lords, therefore, thought proper to combine, they could at once reduce the King to the condition of having no army to obey him. The opportunity to execute the plot for the removal of the hated favourite was taken when the army lay in camp at Lauder. Early in the morning, the conspirators had met in the church to consult as to the best mode of proceeding. They all agreed that Cochrane must be seized and despatched immediately. Upon this Lord Gray told the old story of the mice and the cat—how the mice met and unanimously resolved to have a bell hung about the neck of their enemy the cat, to warn them of his approach; but the scheme broke down for want of a mouse bold enough to undertake the task of fastening on the bell. “I understand the moral,” said the Earl of Angus, “and that what ye propose may not lack execution, I will bell the cat.” This speech procured him the name, by which he was afterwards known, of Archibald Bell-the-Cat.

Just as this was said, a knocking was heard at the church door. They demanded who it was. “This is I, the Earl of Mar,” said a voice which they knew right well. The door was opened and Cochrane stepped in. He was dressed in a riding suit of black velvet, with a great chain of gold about his neck, and a gold-mounted and jewelled hunting-horn. Angus pulled the chain from him, saying, “A rope would set you better.” Douglas of Lochleven snatched away the horn, telling him that “he had been the hunter of mischief too long.” “My lords, is this jest, or earnest?” said Cochrane. “It is good earnest, and so thou shalt find.”

The conspirators at once despatched a body of armed men to the royal tent to secure the King and seize the rest of his favourites. As soon as this was done, they brought out Cochrane. They had bound his hands with a rope, and the wretched man, vain even in that terrible hour, begged them to take one of the silken cords of his tent to bind him, and save him the disgrace of being bound with a hempen rope like a thief. They told him he was a traitor and deserved no better, and, in contempt, they took a hair tether and hanged him over the bridge of Lauder before the King's eyes. The other favourites—the musician, the fencing-master, the astrologer, the tailor, and the smith—were all hung along with him in one dismal row. When the grim deed was done, the nobles disbanded the army, and conveyed the King to the Castle of Edinburgh.

CHAPTER
XXXIII.
—
1482 A.D.

There they kept him prisoner for some time. The scheme of dethroning him did not take effect, however; for it was found that there was too strong a party in the nation on the King's side for the conspirators to dare it. He was allowed to resume the exercise of his power. He even roused himself from his indolence, and applied with some vigour to the duties of his station. But the nobles engaged in the affair of Lauder Bridge always had a suspicion, as well they might, that the King was waiting his opportunity of vengeance. Men will "keep their neck-bone from iron" if they can. The fierce barons who hanged Cochrane were not the men to sit still and let the King and his friends ripen their measures for bringing them to the block. They saw that they must either wait and let destruction come, or bell the cat once more.

Their choice was quickly made. They mustered their forces, and rose in open rebellion. The governor of Stirling, who had charge of Prince James, the King's eldest son, brought him into the camp of the rebels.

CHAPTER
XXXIII.Battle of
Sauchie.

The Prince was now in his seventeenth year, and the rebels, declaring that his father had forfeited the crown, proclaimed him King under the title of James IV. But the royal cause had strong support, and the King was soon able to take the field at the head of a powerful force. The place where the two armies looked one another in the face was within a mile of the famous field of Bannockburn. The battle, which was signalized by the cruel circumstance of the son's presence among his father's mortal enemies, ended in the defeat of the royal troops after a stiff conflict.

Almost at the first onset, the King, losing any little courage he ever had, turned his horse and fled. He spurred at flight-speed through the village of Bannockburn. A woman who happened to be drawing water from the Bannock stream, seeing an armed horseman coming at the gallop, threw down her pitcher and ran off, startling the King's horse, which bounded over the stream, and the rider, who sat badly, was thrown from the saddle at the mill door. He was so bruised with his fall and the weight of his armour that he fainted away. The miller and his wife drew him into the mill, and laid him in a corner, spreading a cloth over him. When he came out of his swoon, the King asked if there was a priest there to whom he could confess. The miller inquired who he was. "I was your King this morning," he said. The miller's wife clapped her hands, and ran out, calling, "A priest for the King." A man was passing, who said, "Here am I, a priest, where is the King?" Priest or not, he was led to the corner where the King lay. Kneeling on his knee, he asked the King how it fared with him, and whether he thought he should recover. The King said he believed he should, but in the meantime he desired to make his confession. The stranger, bending over him as if to receive his confession, drew a dagger, and dealt him four or five deadly wounds

about the heart. He was only in the thirty-fifth year of his age, this poor murdered King.

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XXXIII.

The nobles of Scotland, no doubt, were for many generations the cause of immense mischiefs—outrage in every form, miseries and wreck of civil war, untold hindrance to the progress of peaceful industry. But this evil was not without a compensation. It is well known what a brutal tyranny sprang up in France when the power of the feudal nobles was cut down, and there no longer remained any check upon the arbitrary power of the King. So might it have been in our own country, save for that fierce nobility whose rude independence held in check the power of the Crown. But where is the evil out of which the adorable Ruler of the world fails to bring good?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JAMES OF THE IRON BELT.

CHAPTER
XXXIV.

The King's
penance.

JAMES IV. quietly succeeded his murdered father. Young and thoughtless, he was not at first visited by self-reproach for his share in the rebellion which had ended in his father's death. But the thought of it smote him afterwards, and awoke deep remorse. As a penance, he is said to have worn round his body an iron belt, which he caused to be made heavier every year. He was a "canon," too, of the "chapter" of Glasgow, and loved to show favour to the cathedral of which he was a member.

In spite, however, of his iron belt, the King was all life and gay spirits. He delighted in hunting, hawking, and racing. He played at bowls, golf, foot-ball, and all sorts of out-door and in-door games. A favourite amusement of his was striking with the heavy fore-hammer which blacksmiths use. It requires both skill and strength to deliver the rapid, swinging blows to which the anvil rings again; and the King must have been of right manly make to love such sturdy play. He was passionately fond of music; played on the lute himself, and wherever he journeyed his favourite musicians went with him. Never was the Scottish Court so gay. Revels, balls, masques, stage-plays, pageants, tournaments, followed each other in a glittering round. Gentle John, the English fool, with many a juggler, jester, and buffoon, received favour and liberal reward from the mirth-loving Prince. But Dunbar the poet, who lived at

Court
gaeties.

Court in great familiarity with the King, complains bitterly of the neglect and poverty which he suffered, while mountebanks and impostors throve on the royal bounty. In the midst of this life of frolic and dissipation, the King was frequently seized with fits of remorse. At these times he would set off on a pilgrimage to the shrine of some saint, or shut himself up in a monastery. It was probably at these seasons of penance-doing that he wore the iron belt. But such periods were brief, and they were no sooner over than he returned to his old life as gaily as ever.

This King, so vigorous to play, was vigorous to work also. He made frequent visits to all parts of his kingdom, to awe the lawless and strong, and see that justice was administered. The Highlands and the distant isles frequently saw the King's face. He thought it nothing to throw himself into the saddle and ride from Stirling to Elgin in a single day. He would frequently put on a disguise, and roam the country, entering the houses of the people, getting a night's lodging like a common traveller, and sharing with the family in fare and conversation. In this manner he became acquainted with the way of life of his humblest subjects; and learned, too, what they thought of their King.

Warned by his father's fate, James kept on good terms with his nobility. He took them into his counsels and his society. Instead of letting them dwell apart in their gloomy castles, he attracted them to the Court by its gay festivities. Free and affable, his manner possessed a charm which made him the best beloved King, by both great and small, that Scotland ever had. He must have possessed no common qualities, to manage, as he did, the fierce spirits who surrounded him. It happened one day that the conversation at the royal table turned upon strength and courage. All agreed in giving to the Earl of Angus, Bell-the-Cat, the palm for

CHAPTER
XXXIV.Angus and
Kilspindie.

prowess. Spens of Kilspindie, however, a great favourite with the King, made a slighting remark. It was true, he said, if Angus was as brave as he was strong. Some prating tongue carried the remark to the Earl. Shortly after, Angus, while hawking near Borthwick with a single attendant, met Kilspindie. "What reason had ye," said the grim Earl, "for making question of my manhood? Thou art a big fellow, and so am I, and one of us shall pay for it." They fought, and Angus with a single stroke cut Spens's thigh asunder, so that he died on the spot. "Go now," said he to the servant of the slain knight, "tell my gossip, the King, that here was nothing but fair play. I know my gossip will be offended, but I will get me into Liddesdale, and remain in my castle of the Hermitage till his anger be abated." Such were the ferocious and powerful chiefs whom James of the iron belt taught both to obey and love him.

The reign of James IV. fell at that period when all Europe was ringing with the fame of those discoveries which astonished mankind with the knowledge of a new world beyond the Atlantic. Vasco di Gama, the Portuguese, had rounded the Cape of Storms,—to be called Cape of Storms no more, but thenceforward Cape of Good Hope,—and had showed the way to India. Columbus, the world-finder, had discovered America. John Cabot, the Venetian merchant, settled at Bristol, had discovered the Continent of North America. Animated by the report of these marvels, each adventurous spirit burned with the desire to participate in like triumphs. The King of Scotland, eager, energetic, and full of enterprise, caught the prevailing excitement. He set himself to create a Scottish fleet. His first care was to encourage fisheries and commerce, as the nurseries of skilled and hardy seamen. Sir Andrew Wood of Largo was a famous sea-captain of those days. At that time, the

Scottish
navy.

merchant who traded with foreign ports was himself a sailor, who commanded his own ship, and fought her too. A trading ship was an armed privateer, fitted either to carry cargo or to make prize of an enemy. Sir Andrew Wood, merchant and mariner, a feudal baron on shore, on blue water, with his ships the *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel*, a brave old sea lion, was an immense favourite with the King. James frequently took a short voyage with this veteran captain, to learn the practice of navigation. He would point and fire the guns with his own hand; and had always a frank and hearty word for the men, such as sailors love. He brought ship-wrights and cannon-founders from abroad, and personally superintended the building of ships of force. In course of time he made the navy of Scotland a powerful one for that period, and the Scottish flag inspired respect in all seas. The largest ship then known in the world, the *Great Michael*, was launched in the Scottish waters. Some Scottish ships had been seized and plundered by the Dutch, and the crews thrown overboard. Stout Sir Andrew Barton, another favourite sea-captain of our manly King, was sent in the *Great Michael* to give the Hollanders a lesson. Sir Andrew took a number of Dutch vessels, filled several great casks with Dutchmen's heads, and sent them home to the King as a witness how he had sped. The Dutch, it is to be hoped, took care not to afford the materials of such another grim bulletin.

According to a modern poet, the Earl of Angus thanked his patron saint that no son of his, save Gavin, ever could pen a line. An Act of Parliament, early in James's reign, ordained all barons and freeholders to send their sons to school at nine years of age. It might thus begin to be a less extraordinary thing for a gentleman to be able to write his own name. Scotland now possessed three universities—St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen.

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XXXIV.

Education, therefore, was slowly creeping into esteem. The genius and learning of Gavin Douglas, the poet and translator of Virgil, little as his father, grim Bell-the-Cat, esteemed them, form the brightest ornament of the Douglas line. The poet wore a bishop's mitre,—

“ Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.”

Lollards.

During the reign of James, the number of God's hidden people must have been increasing. The Archbishop of Glasgow once brought up thirty Lollards to stand their trial before the King and his Council. Among them were gentlemen and ladies of rank and property in the west. James would not lend himself to be a persecutor. The manly King loved fair play. He encouraged the accused to speak out freely and defend themselves; and when their clever and biting replies put the Archbishop out of countenance, he enjoyed it heartily. Thanks to the good-natured Monarch, the trial ended in laughter.

1502 A.D.

The Church of Lamberton, three miles north-west from Berwick, was “the first kirk in fair Scotland.” On a day in the rich midsummer, several gaily adorned tents stood pitched beside the little church. A belted Earl and a train of Scottish Barons waited beside the tents. By-and-by, another gay company came riding towards them. At their head was the Earl of Surrey, at whose right hand there rode, on her managed palfrey, a lady in the earliest bloom of womanhood. It was Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. of England, come to be the bride of the King of Scots. With stately courtesy the English Lords delivered her over to the Lords of Scotland. On her life a great event was to turn. The

Margaret
Tudor.

fair girl, so ceremoniously handed over at Lamberton Church, became a mother, and a grandmother, and a great-grandmother,—the great-grandmother of James VI., who succeeded through her to the English throne, when the royal line of England died out in the person of Queen Elizabeth. Thus were wedded the Thistle and the Rose.

James was the ready patron of every new invention or curious art. Walter Chepman, a servant in the royal household, was the first to introduce printing into Scotland. The King granted him a patent to exercise his mystery, bought his books, and gave him every encouragement. We may be sure the active King visited that work-room, saw types set, the ink-balls applied, and a proof pulled, and chatted with the printers, and was delighted with the new and astonishing art which was destined to work such wonders.

CHAPTER
XXXIV.Printing.
1509 A.D

ARMOURER'S SHOP.

With the credulity of that age, James was a believer in alchemy. There came to his Court a Frenchman, who

Alchemy.

CHAPTER
XXXIV.

had the dexterity to insinuate himself into the King's favour, and persuade him that he wanted but a few experiments to discover the secret of multiplying gold. The King, whose extravagance often brought him into straits, established the quack in a laboratory in the Palace of Stirling. This impostor not only made the King believe in him; he did more, he believed in himself. He undertook to fly, and had a pair of wings made for the purpose. With these appendages he boldly sprang from the castle wall of Stirling, but fell to the ground and broke his thigh. He accounted for his failure, however, from the circumstance that he had unwarily used the feathers of domestic poultry in the construction of his pinions, which, on that account, tended to the dunghill, and not to the skies.



SHIP OF THE PERIOD

CHAPTER XXXV.

DARK FLODDEN.

TEN years had come and gone since the Earl of Surrey brought King James's bride to Lamberton Church. Ten years had passed since the wedding of the Thistle and the Rose, and the peace which had been settled to last for ever was already broken. James had quarrelled with his brother-in-law, bluff and boisterous Henry VIII., and had invaded England with a powerful army. His camp was pitched in a strong position on the height of Flodden—a broad-backed ridge forming the termination of the Cheviot range of hills. There, in the September weather, lay the Scottish host, looking southward over the extensive flat of Millfield plain, with only four or five miles between them and the English. The Earl of Surrey, now “an old crooked carle, lying in a chariot,” who commanded the English, was too wary a general to attack his enemy before skill had equalized the chances of battle. He made a flank march; swept round the east end of Flodden ridge, keeping wide of the Scottish artillery, which numbered sixty pieces; and, wheeling westward, placed his army between the Scots and Scotland.

CHAPTER
XXXV.

Quarrel
with
Henry
VIII.

1513 A.D.

Then began “a murder grim and great.” Setting fire, according to their custom, to their huts and the refuse and litter of their camp, the Scots charged down the hill under cover of the dense smoke, and dashed against the English front. When the smoke clears, see! the fronts of both armies are shattered by the shock.

CHAPTER
XXXV.
—The Scot-
tish circle.

To the west there, on their left wing, the Scots break the English and throw them into disorder, but cannot improve their success, nor aid the next division of the army, being held in check by the English cavalry which acts as a reserve. Eastward again, on their right, the Scots are broken and dashed into utter rout. For a time their centre seems as if it were to hold its own, or even more. The King fights there with the flower of his nobles and gentry. But the English divisions, having done their work at the two extremities of the field, now come up and attack him on both flanks. The Scots are closed in by overwhelming masses. They throw themselves into a ring with the King in the midst, and extending their long spears on every side, face the enemy with a circle of steel. The cloth-yard arrows from the English archers fall thick and deadly among them. Again and again the furious charge of the English horse rolls back from the fence of spears. The billmen, whose huge weapons make ghastly wounds, hew at the circle. Smaller and ever smaller the circle grows, sternly closing up over the slain. At mid-afternoon the battle began; the western sun now slants low over the moor, gleaming upon another purple than that of the heather, and the royal standard throws its lengthened shadow beyond the points of the outmost spears, but the ring is unbroken. And now the evening comes grimly down till the spearman can no longer see the face of an enemy at his lance's length; but still the desperate ring of the Scots keeps its blood-soaked ground. Only when utter darkness and utter weariness come does the hoarse roar of battle die away, and the groans of the dying alone break the silence of night.

Death of
James.

The ring had not been broken, but the King lay dead amid his warlike peers and loyal gentry. Two arrow wounds and the gash of a brown bill had ended that gallant, reckless life. Besides their King, the Scots left

on the field two bishops, two mitred abbots, twelve earls, thirteen lords, and five eldest sons of peers. The number of gentlemen slain cannot be reckoned, but there is scarce a family of name in Scottish history which did not lose a relative there. The whole loss of the Scots exceeded ten thousand, while about half that number of English perished. The men of the Border towns, Selkirk, Hawick, Jedburgh, and others, were almost entirely cut off. On that far-away September afternoon, when Surrey met James at the back of Flodden ridge, there were harvest fields waving ripe over broad Scotland, but the strong arms that should have reaped them were stiffening on the bloody heath of a remote Border moor. The men of the Lennox and Argyle left their glens and braes, and came to be slaughtered by the men of Lancashire and Cheshire. The men of Caithness, the burghers of St. Johnstone and Dundee, yeomen from the quiet bounds of Fife, and the men of the pleasant dales watered by southland rivers, rotted in the same heaps with men from the banks of Severn or Thames. Wives wept for these slaughtered husbands, and prattling children asked when these dead fathers would return. Two nations ate the bread of tears.

And why was it so? Why did the two nations rush into the shambles? Neither King Henry nor King James knew the true cause. The wily, crook-backed carle in the chariot did not know it. None in either host knew. None in all England or Scotland knew. But the Pope of Rome knew, for it was his doing.

Thus it was: A few years before, the Pope had seized the territories of Parma and Piacenza in Upper Italy, and added them to his own dominions. But he was much afraid of losing them again, for Louis XII., King of France, who was at that time carrying on war in Italy, had a claim to them. Henry VIII. was then young, flushed with power and the great treasure amassed

The spider
that
caught the
flies.

by his predecessor, and eager to win military renown. The Pope courted him, flattered him, won him, and used him. He made him his dog of war, and slipped him on France. In terms of a treaty which he made with the Pope, Henry invaded France at the head of a powerful army. The Pope, of course, calculated that Louis, invaded in his own country, would be compelled to leave Italian matters alone. England, then, was stirred up to invade France really for the purpose of enabling the Pope to keep his hold of the territories which he had seized by an act of robbery. But the King of France played the same game against Henry that the Pope was playing against the King of France. He got James of Scotland persuaded to invade England while Henry was engaged in his French invasion. James, who had various grudges against his brother-in-law, was but too easily drawn in. He mustered his troops, and advanced into England, to perish amid the ghastly wreck of Flodden. Thus it was, that while the French, the Italians, and the Pope's Swiss, were butchering each other in Italy, the English and the French were dealing mutual slaughter in Normandy, and the English and Scots were exchanging death on Flodden moor. Out of the whole hideous embroilment the Pope had his own miserable advantage. The territories which he had seized remained in his grasp. He was the spider who had woven his net over Europe, and kings were the flies that he caught.

An interesting memorial of the time of gloom and fear that followed dark Flodden is still to be seen in the "Vennel," a quiet lane connecting Lauriston with the Grassmarket of Edinburgh. It is a portion of the ancient town wall, a high, long reach of begrimed masonry. Even an unmasonic eye can see that this sombre old wall was not built by masonic hands. It has no "band;" its stones have not been laid "one upon two," according to the law of masonry. They have

been laid, it is clear enough, by burghers turned builders for the nonce, 'prentice hands which had never handled trowel before. This piece of wall was built while the terror of invasion, after the bloody overthrow of Flodden, was upon the land.

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SCOTTISH LIFE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

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The town.

A SCOTCH town, if we look into one about the time of James IV., was a mean, dirty, little place. The houses were better than those of the farmers in the country; for the farmers having no lease, and being at the mercy of the landowners to be turned out at will, ran up for themselves dwellings of the rudest kind. But even the town dwellings were almost entirely of wood, and thatched. Commonly each house had, somewhere in the front, a round hole just large enough to let out a person's head. Out of these holes the women used to put their heads, and engage in a shrill gossip up and down the street. The streets, narrow and irregular, were filthy to excess, every sort of refuse being cast out on them to fester and rot.

The
church.

The little town was, perhaps, the property of some monastery, and crouched under the shadow of a stately abbey. The inhabitants of the town were vassals to the Lord Abbot, who was by feudal law supreme judge over all persons dwelling on his lands, and whose sentence could carry death. When this mighty personage rides out on his mule, every knee goes down into the dirt. The monks from the monastery haunt the town perpetually. They know every bit of gossip at the tavern, the mill, or the smithy. They meddle in everything. "A fly in every dish, and a friar in every man's business." It is not enough that a man pays tithes and dues to the Church as long as he lives; the Church has a

demand even on the dead. No sooner does any poor husbandman breathe his last than the priest comes for his "corpse-present;" that is to say, the best cow which belonged to the deceased, and the uppermost cloth or covering of his bed, or the uppermost of his body-clothes.

The healing-art is practised in our little town of the olden time. The Provost's son, a tall slender lad, was brought down by an attack of ague, and had no appetite or will to meat. A skilful leech gave this recipe to set him up again:—"Take two ounce of long pepper, two ounce of fennel seed, two ounce of anise seed, a living mole burnt to death. Bray all this as small as flour, and give the patient as much of it as will lie upon a shilling every morning, with four spoonful of warm ale, and give me account of this in the beginning of June." The shopkeeper's son at the Cross takes fits, but it is hoped that oil of swallows will work a cure. Dan, the smith, has an ulcer on his leg, which is healing under the application of a confection of frogs. The piper's scrofulous, white-faced brother, who sings so well in the kirk choir, drinks a decoction of the heads and tails of snakes. The old laird, who paces slowly into the town on his tall horse on market days, is much troubled with rheumatism. Blood was drawn from the veins of a healthy young man of twenty years of age, put into a close glass vessel, and buried for sixteen days in horse dung, after which it was distilled, and the product is employed to supple the laird's stiffened joints.

The monks down at the abbey distil from herbs and roots and other substances a variety of healing waters. There is water of green hemp, good for headache and gout; wall-flower water, good for agues and stitches; nettle water, good for cholic and "griefs" of the kidneys, for an old cough, and for shortness of breath. Cherry water strengthens the eyes. Gilliflower water is good to recover "frenetics" and to comfort the brain. Daisy

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water is of excellent virtue to procure a good appetite and to profit broken bones. Hazel-nut water, drunk fasting, is efficacious against scale and pimple, and to steady a shaking hand. Water of rotten apples is excellent for red swellings, sores, and cancers. Water of doves' dung is good for the stone. We have cosmetics, too, which the girls beg as a favour from a rosy, bright-eyed, jocular monk who distils them. Bean-water removes freckles and gives a soft, clear skin; and water of honeycomb nourishes the growth of hair.

Music.

The folk of the old town are fond of music. We have minstrels who hold a life appointment in the service of the burgh. Their instruments are bagpipes, to be sure. Evening and morning, "and at other times needful," the pipers march through the town, to refresh the lieges with, "Broken bones at Luncarty;" "Port Lennox;" "Jockie and Sandy;" "Ay wakin', oh!" "Oh hone for Houghmanstares;" "St. Johnstone's hunt's up," and the like inspiring strains. The law of the burgh requires that the pipers "sall have their daily wages and meat of the neighbours of this guid toon circularly, conform to the auld loveable use." Some of the burghers are so lamentably void of taste that they count the music dear, and grudge the piper his "reasonable diet circularly." Some even refuse to entertain the piper when it comes to their turn, and get fined for their pains.



THE PIPER.

Discipline.

Occasionally, the town is edified by the spectacle of some unlucky scold, or other offender, undergoing penance

for the sin. Thus, Mrs. Margaret Porter is convicted of slanderous aspersions on the fair fame of Mrs. Janet Chisholm, the allegation involving the character of a certain friar. Margaret is condemned to come to the kirk at the time of high mass, in white, with bare leg, and a wax candle of three pounds weight burning in her hand, and there before the pulpit, in presence of the Provost and "the gude men of the town," confess her words very false and untrue, and ask forgiveness. Sometimes the offender has to appear in the church "sark alane"—in his or her body-linen only. The wax candle carried in the hand is lighter or heavier according to the transgression.

The Robin Hood games, so long the favourite revel of old Scotland, were pretty much a continuation under another name of an older sport, the revel of the "Lord of Misrule." The wild young fellows of the town met and elected a Lord of Misrule. This potentate, being duly crowned, chose him forty, sixty, or a hundred "lusty guts" for his body guard. They were clothed, at the expense of the burgh, in livery of green or yellow, with scarfs and ribbons. Each had twenty or forty little bells attached to his legs. The merry jingling of a hundred pair of supple legs, when they capered it in the dance, is a thing to imagine. Hobby-horses and dragons, flags, bagpipe, tabor, and fiddle followed in the train of his Lordship of Misrule. On the Sabbath of the revel he took his march to the church with all his noisy madcaps. Summer halls, bowers, and arbours were set in the church-yard, and there the roisterers feasted, the people of the town bringing them meat and bread, cheese and ale, custards, cracknels, cakes and "flaunes," tarts and cream.

The Thursday before Easter is *Shear Thursday*, Thursday of the shears, when all the men of the town have their hair and beards clipped. A hairy, shaggy

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race they are as Shear Thursday draws near, for they abstain from scissors all the year round as faithfully as the Nazarite of old.



THE HOBBY-HORSE.

On the first Sabbath of May we bring in summer. The bellman passes through the town summoning every one in the burgh who is not a cripple to go forth to the greenwood ; from which they return, every one bearing a green branch,—a verdant procession, like Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinnane. The month of May brings the famous game of Robin Hood. Here you shall see the merry outlaw of Sherwood, clad in forest green, with bow and sheaf of arrows. Here you shall see Little John, and Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian, the Queen of May. Here you shall see St. George on the hobby-horse brave the leather jaws of the dragon and bang its pasteboard hide.

Bow-butts.

Every Sabbath, from April to October, the men of the parish gather to the bow-butts, where every man must shoot six shots at the least. They that fail to attend are fined twopence, for drink-money to those that do, and the bow is soon laid down for the ale quaiçh. Four times a year there is a “wapinshawing,” at which the

whole disposable force of the district assemble for exercise in arms and for the inspection of their weapons. If the season is too wet or too dry, or if contagious disease be threatening to spread, or if a war with England be on hand, the image of the patron saint of the abbey is brought out with great solemnity, and carried in procession through the town under a canopy of silk, with trumpet, clarion, shalm, and tabor. The little town gets a frequent visit from some travelling pardoner, or seller of indulgences. He has in his wallet a fragment of the true cross, the finger of St. Thomas, a bit of the veil of the Virgin Mary, or a piece of the sail of St. Peter's boat; and whoever will pay for the privilege shall have leave to kiss these holy relics.

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The festival of the patron saint is the great day of the year in the abbey town. Pilgrims arrive from all parts of the country to try the good-will of the saint by a visit to his own particular shrine. Saints, like surgeons, have their special reputations for the relief of special ills. One cures toothache, another helps weak sight; St. Roche delivers from pestilence, and St. Germane from apoplexy; St. Barbara preserves from lightning, and St. Sebastian from the cloth-yard arrow; St. Bryde and St. Anthony preserve the cattle and swine; and St. Eloy the horses. Madmen are brought great distances to be bound to St. Mungo's Cross at Glasgow to give them a sound mind. People who would have health of body must go to the East Nook of Fife and kiss "the old cross of Crail." Multitudes of pining unwholesome children are bathed in the pools of St. Woloc in Strathdeveron, and a part of their dress left floating on the water as an offering to the saint who gives virtue to the pool. Our little town has its patron saint as well as the rest, and when his day comes round, the pilgrims, men and women, on foot and on horse, arrive in bands with bagpipes, songs, and jingling bells.

Saints.

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The multitude swells, till the little town cannot contain half of them. Hundreds camp out a-field in the summer night, giving themselves up to wild revelry. Nothing that the blanket of night ever covered could be more vile and foul than the profligacy of these pilgrim gatherings.

The fair.

The festival is always accompanied by a fair, at which the trading business of the town is chiefly done. Many of the pilgrims have an eye to trade quite as much as to devotion. Pedlars, with well-stuffed pack, or with horse and cart, display their wares;—cutlery from Liege; silks, woollens, and linens, wrought in the looms of Ghent, Leyden, and Bruges, where pale weavers, the “blue-nails,” toil in the wan day-light of the narrow street and deep cellar; Spanish leather; pots and pans from the foundries of the Netherlands; figs and raisins, pepper and ginger, nutmegs and almonds. The whole countryside throngs to the fair;—labourers and husbandmen clad in light blue, green, or red, and their wives in kirtles of the same bright colours; merchants in green or gray cloaks; farmers’ wives in close gown of red cloth, with a white kerchief for the head-dress; ladies with their faces covered so that only the eyes are seen, and the skirt of the gown, three-quarters of a yard too long, trailing on the ground. Pert, toe-tripping glee-maidens, play the viol, and sing light lays. Friars and monks of various orders mingle in the throng. The Franciscan, with the cowl thrown back from his shaven crown, and his coarse brown cloak girt with a knotted cord about his middle, shuffles along in his sandals. Augustinians in flowing robes of black, and broad-hatted Carmelites in tawny, are there to enjoy the humours of the fair. Ruffling “jack-men,” the military retainers of the barons, strut about in iron head-piece and leathern “jack” thick sewed with iron splints, their long swords jingling as they go.

Frolics.

Once or twice every year, the priests indulge the people of the town in frolics of a most extraordinary character.

One of these was the election of the Pope of Fools. This mock pope was attended by a set of mock bishops in ludicrous dresses. His train were disguised, some in masks of monstrous feature, some in the dress of women, some with painted faces. They performed a mock worship, and ate, and drank, and played at dice and cards on the altar. They perfumed their pope with burnt leather instead of incense. They ran about the church, leaping, dancing, laughing, singing, and breaking vile jests. When they had sported to their content within the church, the Pope of Fools gave them his blessing, and they set out through the town on a procession, followed by the crowd, and performing all sorts of mad antics.

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At another time, the frolic consisted in the election of the Boy-Bishop. A boy was dressed in the robes of a bishop; other boys were dressed as priests, and the young droll said mass, and went through all the ceremonies of the altar for the amusement of the crowd. There was also a Feast of the Topsy Priests, when they elected an Abbot of Unreason. Men, cased in frames of hoops and leather, represented dragons, lions, bears, wolves, asses, and swine. The asses stood up on their hind legs and tinkled the harp, nodding their long ears to the music. The swine played the bagpipe and the fiddle, while the other animals exerted themselves to roar in character, and all was rude merriment and riot. How the priests of Rome could have encouraged the people to play these mummeries in the churches, and to turn their worship into such gross ridicule, it might puzzle any one to say.

For our common sports we have foot-ball and golf. The richer folk play at *pawme* or tennis. The long winter evenings are got through by the help of *tables* or draughts, chess, a little music, and much drink. At a time long before Sir Walter Raleigh, Scotchmen smoked their pipes. What they put into the pipe is the question.

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Hemp is smoked in the East, and Scottish smokers may have taken their whiff of hemp before tobacco was known on this side the Atlantic.

A hosting.

The most stirring event in the little town of the olden time was when the King summoned his vassals to follow his banner in war. Barons, knights, and churchmen, all who held lands from the Crown, had to send to the muster-ground their fixed number of fighting men. The little town gets ready its band, and gathers out to see them march away to fight their "old enemies of England." Each man wears a steel cap, and a leather jack well quilted with splints of iron. Each carries a target, a sword or axe, a dagger-knife, and a spear five yards and a half long. Each bears, slung at his back, a wallet with forty days' provisions. Calmly and sadly they depart, wives and mothers weeping as they go. Who is to till the field and provide the children's bread against the winter, when these stout arms must leave the plough to grasp the spear?

There are weary weeks of doubt and trembling in the little town. At length comes a rumour of a stricken field beyond the Border. Time drags heavily on in the anguish of suspense; but there they come at last! Sorely thinned is their war-broken band, and weary and painful their step, as they enter the town. Yonder white-haired mother looks through their ranks with a wild and eager gaze; but her son is not there. They buried him where he fell, in the land of the stranger. Yonder wife with the babe at her breast looks for a face that she never shall see more. Weep for the unreturning brave! Here they mustered and unfurled their banner to march forth. Few part where many met.

The
"gude-
man's
croft."

Outside our little town there is a piece of ground never touched with plough or spade. Ox or sheep never grazes it. Human foot never treads it. It stands in the midst of cultivated fields, a dismal breadth of thorns

and weeds. This is the "Gudeman's Croft," the parcel of land set apart to the Evil One. In token of his dominion, it is given up to the unchecked operation of the curse wherewith the ground was cursed when man fell. Every town and parish in old Scotland had such a plot of ground. It was not till many years after the Reformation that the efforts of the Church fully prevailed over this superstition, and the gloomy field, which had been the dread of each hamlet, was brought under the plough.

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ABBOT OF UNREASON.

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THE MICKLE AIL.

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THE "mickle ail," or great disease, the leprosy—which the learned call tubercular elephantiasis—prevailed in nearly every district of Europe from the tenth to the sixteenth century. Scotland suffered from this hideous scourge as heavily as other countries. It was brought, as some historians write, from the East by those who returned from the Crusades. But this cannot be, for there were leper hospitals in England before the Crusades began. The disease lingered in the northern islands of Scotland long after it had disappeared from all other parts of Britain. The lepers appear to have been sent to the island of Papa. The parish of Walls had lepers to support in Papa as late as the year 1740, as the books of the Kirk-Session show. In 1742, Walls held a day of public thanksgiving for the supposed final deliverance of the country from the leprosy. But there is little doubt that cases of the true leprosy were to be found in Shetland up to the close of last century.

Symptoms

When the leprosy seized its victim, the eye-brows and nostrils became swollen, and the countenance dusky and glossy, with a fixed look and an expression of terror. Livid pustules broke out on the face and body; the hair fell off; the voice grew hoarse and hollow. As the hideous disease advanced, ulcerating tubercles discharged a foul matter, dark scabs formed, and the face looked like a piece of rotten cork. Deep-seated pains racked the body. A sense of weight and weakness oppressed the

limbs. The fingers and toes mortified and fell off joint by joint. Corruption, by a frightful anticipation, began its work without waiting for the grave. CHAPTER XXXVII.

The larger number of victims were no doubt found among the lower classes of society—the bondmen, the poorer tenantry, and the humbler dwellers in the towns. But neither rank, nor age, nor sex was spared. The disease must have been very common in old Scotland, for every town was obliged by law to possess its leper hospital. Every hospital was bound by Papal “bull” to be provided with its own churchyard, chapel, and ecclesiastics. Hospitals. St. Anne was the patron saint of the lepers, and a chapel dedicated to her was frequently connected with the hospital. The leper hospitals were not intended as places for the medical treatment of the disease, but merely for the separation of the diseased from the sound, lazarettoes where the infected performed a life-long quarantine. They were, for the most part, founded and endowed as religious establishments, and were generally under the rule of some neighbouring abbey or monastery. The inmates, doleful creatures, were expected to offer up daily prayers for the souls of the founder and his family. An order of knighthood—the Knights of St. Lazarus—was instituted about the time of David I. for the care of lepers. Knights of this order are said to have been common in Scotland and in France. What kind or extent of power these knights were allowed to exercise over the lepers and leper-houses, is not known. Every person seized with leprosy within the walls of a town, was removed at once to the hospital. If he had nothing of his own, a collection of twenty shillings was made for his behoof. He who sheltered or concealed a leper even for a single night was heavily fined.

Some of the Scottish leper-houses had large properties attached to them, and must have supported their inmates in all the comfort of which the unfortunates were capable.

CHAPTER
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lepers.

Others were but slenderly provided, and their miserable inhabitants were obliged to depend upon charity. The Act of Parliament "anent Leper Folk," passed in the reign of James I., ordained that "no leper folk sit to beg neither in kirk nor kirkyard, nor other place within the burghs, but at their own hospital, and at the gate of the town and other places outside the burghs." They were allowed to enter towns for the purchase of necessities only on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from ten till two o'clock, on condition that they wore a cloth on their faces, and rang a hand-bell or "clapper," to give warning of their presence.

The leper hospital at Greenside, Edinburgh, was founded in the year of King James's marriage to Anne of Denmark. The money for the building was given by John Robertson, merchant in Edinburgh, and others, in fulfilment of some vow. At the opening of the hospital, five leper inhabitants of the city were consigned to it. Two of the wives of these lepers voluntarily shut themselves up in the hospital along with their husbands. The rules of this hospital were probably more severe than those of other leper-houses. The inmates were forbidden to go beyond the gate, by day or night, workday or holiday, on pain of death. At the gable of the hospital stood a gallows, in perpetual readiness for hanging any leper who might venture forth. The rules of the house enjoined "That the said persons, and each one of them, live quietly, and give no slander, by banning, swearing, flyting, scolding, filthy speaking, or vicious living, or any other way, under the pains to be enjoined by the (Town) Council. . . . That there be appointed an ordinary reader, to read the prayers every Sabbath to the said lepers, and a commodious place appointed to the said reader to that effect."

By this time, it would appear that the disease was on the wane, for in little more than sixty years after the

opening of Greenside leper-house, the magistrates ordered its roof to be taken off, and the wood and slates to be used for repairing the town mills and other public buildings. The stones of the edifice itself and of its garden wall were applied to similar purposes.

A leper was held to be a man dead in law. He was incapable of inheriting, and lost all his civil privileges. On the day that he was put into the hospital, the burial service was performed over him. A priest, in surplice and stole, went to the leper's house, and began the dismal ceremony by exhorting him to suffer with patient and penitent spirit the incurable plague with which God had stricken him. He was then sprinkled with holy water, and conducted to the church, the usual funeral verses being chanted on the way. Arrived in the church, the ordinary dress of the leper was taken off. He was then wrapped in a funeral pall, and placed corpse-wise before the altar on two tressels, while the mass for the dead was sung over him. After this, he was again sprinkled with holy water, and led to the hospital. A clapper and "cop," or bell and dish, a stick, a cowl, and a leper's dress, were given him. Before leaving him, the priest solemnly interdicted him from appearing in public without his leper's garb—from entering inns, churches, mills, and bake-houses—from touching children or giving them anything which he had touched—from washing his hands or anything that pertained to him in the common fountains or streams—from touching in the market the goods which he wished to buy with anything except his stick—from eating or drinking with any others except lepers—from walking in narrow paths—from answering those who spoke to him in the roads or streets except in a whisper, that they might not be annoyed with his pestilent breath and his infectious smell. Last of all, the priest closed the ceremony by casting a shovelful of earth on the leper's body.

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THE CHARTULARIES.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
A CHARTULARY is the written record of the property and possessions of an ancient "religious house." It is a book into which were copied all the charters and deeds from great and royal personages conferring heritages and privileges on the abbey or monastery. It contains the "bulls" of the Popes in favour of the abbey, the revenues of its lands, the leases granted to its vassals and tenants, the history of its law-suits, the taxes which it paid, and much other curious matter. The Chartulary of Dunfermline Abbey, for example, is a folio volume of between three and four hundred vellum pages. It is written in a great variety of hands, from the middle of the thirteenth down to the middle of the sixteenth century. It contains above six hundred deeds. The whole are in the Latin language, except a few which are in quaint old Scotch. A collection like this cannot fail to afford much curious insight into the old monastic system of our country, as well as many interesting glimpses of the manners of the times. Many of the original chartularies are preserved in the Library of the Advocates in Edinburgh. Several have been printed, and now stand accessible to the ordinary reader.

Arbroath. The Chartulary of Arbroath Abbey is perhaps the completest collection of monastic records that we have. It extends over a period of three centuries and a half, and contains the writings by which kings and nobles and burgesses granted baronies or parishes or garden-plots,

moors and woods, or fishings, salt-works, ferry-boats, tithes and customs, and many other fat and pleasant things. The Lord Abbot of Arbroath ruled over one of the most magnificent of all the Scottish abbeys. He held his lands "in free regality;" that is to say, with sovereign power over his people. Criminals, small or great, living on his property, could be tried in his court only. The King's own justiciar must not meddle to punish crimes committed within the Abbot's bounds. To administer this formidable jurisdiction, the abbey had its own executive. It had its justiciar or bailie, an office which became hereditary in the family of Airlie. It had its mair, its coroner, and its dempster or doom-pronouncer. The best families of the district were content to hold their lands as vassals of the great abbey. Bold barons did homage to the churchman, kneeling on the ground with their hands joined, and performed such services as vassals were wont to render to their superiors.

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The abbey was toll and custom free. When the bailies of Dundee presumed to levy a penny of toll from one of the Abbot's people for the privilege of keeping a stall in the fair of their burgh, the Abbot taught the bailies not to do that again. The abbey exports of wool, hides, tallow, and salmon, passed custom free. The abbey kitchen was supplied on a bountiful scale. The monks used annually nine hundred and sixty wethers; a hundred and eighty bullocks; two dozen swine and boars; twenty pounds worth of lamb, veal, and chickens; fifteen hundred salted cod-fish; eleven barrels of salmon; twelve thousand dry haddocks and speldings, besides fresh fish bought daily; four pounds weight of saffron; sixteen pounds of pepper; two pounds of ginger, two of cinnamon, and two of cloves; a hundred pounds of almonds; six gallons of vinegar, and six gallons of honey; eighty-two chalders of malt, thirty chalders of wheat, and forty chalders of meal. This was a fair commissariat for

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twenty-five monks; but then it is to be remembered that a bountiful hospitality was exercised. The King's Highness, James III., was entertained in Arbroath Abbey twice in one year. Before the year was out he paid a visit, poor King, to a certain mill-house on Bannock stream, and after that had never more to do with monk or miller in this world. That year, too, the abbey entertained the Archbishop thrice, and lords of the realm often, besides uncounted wandering dusty feet, who scented kitchen smoke from afar, and gathered to the abbey gate daily. On one occasion, year unknown, the Earl of Douglas did the monks of Arbroath too much honour, for he became their guest with a train of a thousand men.

Dunferm-
line.

The power and opulence of Dunfermline Abbey were immense. It possessed five-and-forty estates within sight of its own towers, besides estates in ten other counties. It was proprietor of three towns,—Dunfermline, Kirkcaldy, and Musselburgh. It possessed thirty-seven churches and chapels, with the lands and tithes attached to them. It had no end of droll, fat, succulent privileges. It had a right to take from the King's forests all the wood it required for fuel; a right to every seventh seal caught at Kinghorn, and to half the skins and fat of all animals killed at festivals between Forth and Tay; a right to the heads of all whales stranded in the Forth; one-eighth of all fines levied for offences within the bounds of Fife, and so on. A passage, still to be seen and trod, led from the monastery to the kitchen of the royal palace adjoining, and if a fat sirloin or juicy haunch of venison smoked before his Majesty, the fellow of it graced the board to which the able trenchermen of the abbey sat down.

“It snowèd in their house of meat and drink.”

By the dreaded power of excommunication, the Lord Abbot kept the mightiest of his lay neighbours in awe.

The Lord of Dundas, whose massive stronghold frowns in sight of the abbey towers, did once provoke a strife, to his own bitter shame and humiliation. He laid claim to a certain landing-place at the south side of the Queensferry, opposite his own castle, and molested the Abbot's boatmen. Abbot Alexander smote him with excommunication. James de Dundas was proud and stout, and obdurately resisted for some time. At length he quailed and bowed. Abbot Alexander and his council proceeded to the disputed landing, and sat in public state on the rocks which served as the pier. James de Dundas, on his knees, humbly supplicated the Abbot to remove the excommunication; which the Abbot graciously did on his finding security never more to repeat his offence.

The human property on the abbey lands was well looked after, so that it should neither stray nor be wrongfully appropriated. On the 12th of May 1340, a jury was empannelled in the churchyard of Kettle to try a question regarding the ownership of three serfs. The claimants were Alexander, Abbot of Dunfermline, and Duncan, Earl of Fife. The disputed property, consisting of a father and his two sons, was found to belong to the Lord Abbot. The lineage of bondmen seems to have been carefully preserved, doubtless as a means of reclaiming them in case of desertion. Some curious examples of serf genealogies are given in the Dunfermline Chartulary; thus:—"Genealogy of John Scoloc. Patrick Scurfarauch died at Orock, and was buried in the cemetery of Kinghorn; Allan Gilgrewer, his son, died at Kinglassie, and was buried there; John Scoloc, his son, died at Kinglassie, and was buried there; John Scoloc, his son, also died at Kinglassie, and was buried there; which John begat three sons, Adam, John, and William. Adam, remaining in Kinglassie and being killed after the arrival of Baliol in Scotland, was buried in the cemetery there. John, his

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son, lives and remains in Kinglassie"—and need not attempt to get away from masters who have such an exact eye upon him and all his belongings. It is a curious circumstance in these genealogies that the father's surname does not go down to his son. Thus, the son of Patrick Scurfarauch was Allan Gilgrewer, and his son again was John Scoloc.

Coal-
works.

The monks of Newbattle Abbey, hard by Dalkeith, are supposed to have been the first workers of coal in Scotland. On the abrupt banks of the River Esk, just opposite the abbey, the coal cropped out to the surface. The monks had there, not a coal mine, but a coal quarry, as the remains of the workings still show. At a later period the Newbattle monks had a coal-field on the shore of the Forth, which they worked with spirit, driving galleries to carry off the water, not only from their own mines, but from those of their neighbours, the monks of Dunfermline, in their coal-field of Inveresk and Pinkie.

Farms.

Sheep-farming was another branch of business in which the Newbattle monks were greatly successful. They were extensive proprietors of moor lands among the Crauford hills in Lanarkshire. There they carried on mining for lead, with an eye to such scantling of the more precious metals as might be found. But the chief value of the Crauford lands arose from stock-rearing and wool-growing. The monks had their farm "towns" and "granges," placed in convenient spots, and business thrived beneath their hand. "At the end of the fifteenth century," says learned Innes, "the wool of Newbattle Abbey not only ranked highest in price, but seems to have given a name for the highest quality of Scotch wool."

The Abbots of Melrose, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, and Kelso, each presided over greater estates than the greatest lay lords. The properties of these four abbeys lay much intermixed. Disputed rights and clashing interests of

course frequently came between. Jealous as they might be of mutual encroachments, it was a settled thing with the cautious and sensible monks, never to go to law. They had a rule that any dispute occurring between any two of the monasteries should be settled by the arbitration of the other two.

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If the "Sore Saint" showed a costly zeal for establishing abbeys and monasteries, his subjects were nothing behind. The great purgatory screw began to turn when the lord of the manor drew near the dark and silent shore, and felt that he was about to launch forth on the sea of dread. The solemn Hereafter spoke to his fears in awful whispers. He wove himself a spider's web, and doubted not that it would be clothing. He gave profusely to some favourite abbey—gave lands and rents, timber from his forests, fishings in his river, fuel from his copses, "peatage" in his mosses, rights of pasture, parish churches. This last kind of gift wrought in the end ruinous damage to the Church of Rome in Scotland. When a monastery got the gift of a parish church with all its dues and pertinents, it became, of course, the interest of the monks to get the duties of the parish done cheaply, in order to leave the largest possible balance for their own coffers. Some poor priest was engaged to do them for a pittance; sometimes they were performed by one of the monks themselves. This system was carried to an immense extent. Arbroath Monastery alone possessed forty-three parish churches. Other abbeys swallowed, in like huge proportion, the tithes designed for the support of a resident parochial clergy. The natural consequence followed. The needy underlings, who undertook the parochial duties, were insignificant creatures, in whom was no help when the day of trouble came, while the idle and luxurious grasp-alls of the abbeys became an overwhelming scandal.

Grasp-alls.

Such vast and highly decorated bulks as the abbeys

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Arts.

took a long time to rear. Kelso Abbey was a hundred years in building; others were still longer in the process. During all that time a great stir must have been kept up round the spot. Masons, brought together from afar, set their huts beside their work. Sculptors, wood-carvers, lead and iron workers, painters, and workers in stained glass, were all in requisition. Many of these artists and artisans were foreign. The Church, with the facilities for correspondence which she possessed, could collect the most skilled artificers from all parts of Europe to any locality where her great architectural undertakings were in progress. Many a curious acquaintanceship, struggling through the difficulties of speech, would doubtless grow between these strangers and the Scottish monks and neighbouring folk. Many a hint for the improvement of our native artisans would doubtless be picked up.

Gardens.

As the monks were the great farmers and builders, so were they the great gardeners of old Scotland. The monasteries invariably had large gardens and orchards; and there is no doubt that the introduction of many garden vegetables is due to the cowled brethren. The gardens and pleasure-grounds of the monasteries were often exquisitely beautiful. Such a "pleasaunce" as the famed Carthusian gardens at Perth, no King of Scotland could command.

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THE KING OF THE COMMONS.

JAMES IV. left as heir to his crown an infant son under three years old. The country, as usual when the King was a child, fell back into disorder and lawlessness. "A lion," says Sidney Smith, "lies under a hole in a rock; and if any other lion happen to pass by, they fight. Now, whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock and fighting with every gentleman who passes near him, cannot possibly make any progress." But this was very much the life of the feudal nobles. The feudal lord lay in his grim stronghold, and sallied out with his armed vassals to wage ferocious war on any one with whom he happened to be at feud. It was a common practice of the nobility to form leagues amongst themselves by bonds of "manrent," as they were called. The families associated in such leagues became bound to back one another in all quarrels, and to give mutual support by force of arms against all dangers, danger from the law by no means excepted. These formidable clubs, in fact, existed simply for the purpose of protecting the members against the consequences of their own outrages, and setting the law at defiance.

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—
1513 A.D.

A lawless
land.

The miseries and confusions which Scotland always had to suffer in the minority of her Kings were endured in full measure during the childhood of James V. The nobles traversed the country at the head of large bodies of their armed vassals, and carried on their wars against each other with a fury which defied all control. The

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"wicked blood of the Isles" rose in rebellion, and the insurrection spread into the Highlands. On the Borders, murder, plunder, fire-raising, and every species of outrage were committed, with a boldness and ferocity scarce known before even in that lawless district. The base policy of the English Court aggravated this wretchedness many-fold. England had now discovered an easier method of holding Scotland in check than by meeting her armies in the field. Gold answered the end better than steel. The plan was, by intrigues, spies, and bribes, to create disturbances in Scotland, to stir the jealousies of the nobles, to foster divisions, and to render the Government powerless by keeping the whole country in confusion. Lord Dacre, Henry VIII.'s minister, had in his pay four hundred renegade Scots, whose chief employment it was to kindle quarrels, blow the smouldering fire of feuds into flame, excite tumults, and so to distract and weaken the Government.

The King's
teacher.

It was a favourite device of the powerful nobles during our unhappy minorities to seize the young King, and keep possession of him as a kind of great seal to give legal form to the atrocities which they dared to commit. None of our juvenile Kings was more grievously wronged from this cause than James V. The charge of his education was given to a remarkable man, the famous poet, Sir David Lindsay. There was no man in Scotland so eminently fitted for the important trust. Sir David was a man of unblemished life and highly cultivated mind. He hated the abominations of the Church of Rome, and all the gainful lies of her priesthood. He abhorred oppression, and his heart yearned to see justice done to the crushed and trampled sons of toil. The first twelve years of James's life were spent in the company of this fresh, generous, healthy spirit. Under the affectionate care of Lindsay his happy childhood wore away. The royal boy was passionately fond of music, and Sir David

sang him songs and played on the lute to his heart's content. Sometimes he danced to him and played farces on the floor, or dressed himself in quaint and droll disguises, to amuse his little pupil. Then, as the little man grew capable of less childish entertainment,—for he was “high of ingine and right inquisitive,”—Sir David feasted him with the stirring tales of the old world, telling him of Hercules and of Hector, of Alexander, and Cæsar, and Pompey, of King Arthur of the Round Table and his valiant knights; with stories, too, of Thomas the Rhymer and Fairyland, of Merlin the Enchanter, of the Gyre Carline, the great witch, and the Red Etin, a dreadful giant with three heads.

In the midst of these amusements, Sir David never lost sight of his grand aim, that the young Prince might be formed to all noble and worthy sentiments, and “learn to be a King.” The fair prospect was miserably blasted. The King’s mother, that young rose of England who was received with such honour at Lamberton Kirk, had kythed into a restless, mischievous woman. She wished to triumph over her enemy the Regent Albany, whom the Parliament had appointed governor of the kingdom during the minority. To do this, there was no way so ready as altogether to set aside the regency, by putting the reins of government into the King’s own hand. He was now entered his thirteenth year, and the senseless woman began to abuse his mind against continuing any longer at his learning. He was a prisoner, she told him; a tame slave held in captivity under pretence of being educated.

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A foolish
mother.

The boy was talked over. He insisted on leaving Stirling, struck his dagger into the arm of an attendant who tried to prevent him, and set off for Edinburgh with his mother. From that day his education was at an end. He was declared to be of age to take the government upon himself. A set of idle and dissipated young

CHAPTER gentlemen were placed about him as his companions, to
XXXIX. the utter ruin of his morals.

The Doug-
las tyr-
anny.

Less than two years after this, however, Douglas, Earl of Angus, managed to get the keeping of the King, and with that the supreme power in the kingdom. Upon this, the power and tyranny of the house of Douglas shot up to all their ancient height. Every office of trust or value was given to a Douglas, or one of their creatures. None durst strive with a Douglas, or a Douglas's man. The land groaned under their extortions and violence. To bear the name of Douglas was sufficient to cover any crime. The Laird of Lochinvar murdered the Laird of Bondby at the door of the High Church of Edinburgh. The murderer was allowed to walk openly abroad, none daring to question him, because he was a Douglas.

The young King soon found himself a strict prisoner in the hands of his daring and powerful subject. The Douglasses treated him kindly, but they kept a watch over him night and day. They had him, and they meant to keep him. The Earl of Lennox raised a force of ten thousand men, and advanced towards Edinburgh to rescue the King from his thralldom. Angus displayed the royal banner, took the King with him, and marched against Lennox. The King was not very willing to go. "Think not," said George Douglas, the Earl's brother, "that you shall escape us; for should our enemies gain the day, rather than surrender your person we should tear you in halves!"

It was not till after a bondage of two years that James succeeded in escaping. This he managed cleverly. The Earl, his uncle, and his brother, all happened to be from home. It was too good an opportunity to be lost. James, who was now sixteen years of age, gave orders to have everything ready for a hunting early the next morning. Being to rise early, as he said, he went soon to bed. But when the watch was set and all quiet, the

King dressed himself as a stable-boy, and slipped out to the stables. Jockie Hart, the groom, saddled horses for three,—himself, the King, and the King's body-servant. Now, Jockie, see that the girths be good, and every shoe firm! Through the dark woods of Falkland, and out into the open country, with sharp spur and slackened rein, these three gallop for Stirling. The short hours of a July night suffice to place them safe within the bolts and bars of Stirling Castle. There Jockie may curry in safety his sweat-drenched cattle, while away at Falkland they discover that the bird is flown.

CHAPTER
XXXIX.A mid-
night ride.

PALACE OF FALKLAND.

The young King, now his own master, entered on the task of government with a sense and spirit far above his years. He insisted on the most determined measures against the Douglas. "I vow," he said, "that Scotland shall not hold us both;" and he kept his word. Though the formidable subject defied his Prince, and raised his banner in open war, yet it was not long till he was "fain to trot over Tweed," not to return again as long as James lived.

CHAPTER
XXXIX.A Border-
hunting.

The King at once set himself to put down the rank disorders which had prevailed during his minority, and "stanch all theft and reaving within his realms." The thieves of Teviotdale, Annandale, and Liddesdale received, to their cost, his first attention. He summoned a great feudal hunting. Lords, barons, gentlemen, and their retainers, gathered to Edinburgh, bringing with them their hounds and hawks, and a month's provision. The train with which the King passed southward numbered eight thousand men. Many a stag and roe were pulled down by the fleet deer-hounds, but the hunters had other game in view. The hunting was only a mask to enable them to surprise the fierce freebooters of the Border. Cockburn of Henderland, and Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Borders, were seized at their own castle gates, and hanged on their own dule trees. The famous Johnnie Armstrong met the like fate. This robber-chief never rode without four-and-twenty gentlemen, well horsed, in his company. From Solway to Newcastle, every man for many miles within the English Border, paid him black-mail for the privilege of being let alone. The clan of which John was head had burned fifty parish churches within a few years. It does not seem to have occurred to this enterprising thief that his proceedings were in the least out of order. He left his tower, "where on Esk side it standeth stout," and may still be seen, and went up the dale with a train of six-and-thirty followers to meet the King. "What wants this knave that a King should have?" said James, when the freebooter and his train came before him. John had run right into the lion's mouth. He and all his company were seized and forthwith hanged on the nearest trees.

It was rough justice, but it was effectual in giving tolerable security to the Borders. James was able to turn to account the crown lands in the south; whereby,

as we are told, he had great profit, "for he had ten thousand sheep going in Ettrick Forest, in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the King as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife." But it seems that this was thought beneath his dignity. His uncle, King Henry, made his ambassador at the Scotch Court say to James, that he "had heard it reported that he had been turning his attention to the profits of sheep, and other such mean things."—"In good faith," James replied, "I have no sheep, nor occupy no such things; but such as have tacks and farms of me peradventure have such numbers of sheep and cattle as ye speak of going upon my lands, which I have no regard to." From which speech we learn that, three centuries ago as well as now, people would rather be guilty of an untruth than be suspected of doing anything ungentleel.

The Court of Session, the supreme civil court of Scotland, dates from the reign of James V. Previous to this time, a committee of Parliament made a yearly circuit to decide civil causes. As the members of this committee had to travel at their own expense, they were naturally always in great haste to get business disposed of. Moreover, as many of them knew nothing at all of the law they came to administer, the system was not quite perfect. The new court consisted of fifteen judges, of whom eight were clergy, and its expenses were defrayed by a tax on the revenues of the Church. The number of advocates was limited to ten. At the present day, the advocate species numbers over five hundred individuals.

Court of
Session.
1532 A.D.

The time being come to provide the gallant young King with a Queen, ambassadors were sent over to France to negotiate for a bride. James, thinking, perhaps, that it is best for a man to be his own agent in such an affair, sailed for France to take the matter into his own hands. Francis I. was then reigning—he in whom "the era of chivalry ends and the era of gentility

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Queen
Madeleine.

begins." James saw and loved his eldest daughter Madeleine, a fair and graceful young creature. They were married with immense splendour, and in due time sailed for home. A brilliant train accompanied them. The Queen had her band of music in the ship which carried the royal pair. It consisted of four trumpets, four drums, and three siffleurs, or fifers. The Duke of Orleans gave her a poet, a page of his, called Ronsard, a name not yet quite forgotten.

When she stepped on shore at Leith, she knelt and kissed the ground of her adopted country, and thanked God that he had brought them safe. The people were enchanted with the lovely stranger. But already her beauty was pale with approaching death. Only forty days after she entered Edinburgh amid the shouts of her rejoicing subjects, she lay

"All still and all serene,"

sleeping the long sleep. The kindly Scottish people bitterly lamented her untimely death, and the custom of wearing *dool weeds*, or mourning dress of black, took its beginning in Scotland at the death of Queen Madeleine.

The King, stunned for a little by the blow, quickly gathered his spirits and set about repairing his loss. David Beatoun, not yet Cardinal, but only a very handsome young Bishop, was despatched to Paris, along with other ambassadors, to look out a wife for his Majesty. The choice of the ambassadors fell upon Mary of Guise, widow of the Duke of Longueville. She was a beautiful, majestic woman, and Henry VIII., our King's uncle, being a widower then, had an eye to her. But the Scotch ambassadors pushed on their affair so briskly that she consented to become Queen of Scotland. Woe-worth the day that Scotland ever saw her face!

James had a warm and generous heart, which prompted him to take the part of the poor and the oppressed.

Partly to learn and correct the abuses under which the poor suffered, partly from the love of amusement and adventure, it was his custom to roam the country in various disguises. He was fond of mingling familiarly with all classes of his subjects. At the popular festivals, when they played at the favourite game of Robin Hood and his band, or vied for the prize of strength at wrestling or hurling the bar, none enjoyed the sports more heartily than the King himself. The people loved well that King, with his face of manly beauty, his piercing blue eyes and yellow hair, who was so affable and free; and James was justly proud of the title they gave him, "The King of the Commons."

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XXXIX.A kindly
King.

Like his gallant father, James took a great interest in maritime affairs. Under the guidance of Alexander Lindsay, a skilful mariner, he made in person a surveying voyage of the whole Scottish coasts, including the Orkneys and Hebrides. Lindsay made charts of the whole, expending upon them an immense amount of pains and labour; which charts, as they came from this ancient mariner's hand, are still to be seen in the British Museum. A copy of them, long after, served to guide the course of the Prior of Capua when he came with French galleys to besiege the Castle of St. Andrews.

Charts.

CHAPTER XL

THE KING AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

CHAPTER XL.
Scotland's morning.

THE times of James V. are Scotland's morning. Here the dawn of a new period becomes manifest. Here the history of ancient Scotland ends, and the history of modern Scotland begins. When James was an infant of two years old, feudalism made its last great effort—the muster of the splendid army which met on the Boroughmuir of Edinburgh, and marched southward to die with their King at Flodden. The feudal framework was gradually loosening. The husbandman was beginning to pay rent, instead of military service, for his land, and to hold it by a lease like a modern farmer. The towns, shaking off their dependence on the nobility, were become free communities, exercising the power of self-government. Bold and skilled in the use of arms, the burghers wanted no man's protection, and would submit to no man's wrong. Living by industry, they threw their weight into the scale of law and order. Trade and commerce were slowly advancing, and an independent middle class was gradually forming. A great change had fairly set in, and the outlines of modern society were beginning to appear.

Corruptions of Popery.

The corruptions of Popery, that worst enemy of both God and man on the face of the earth, gained a greater height in Scotland than perhaps in any other country of Europe. The wealth and power of the clergy were enormous. Fully one-half of all the property in the nation belonged to them. Free, as churchmen, from the

civil law, and corrupted by luxury and idleness, the lives of the great mass of them were abominably profligate. The ambition, pride, and splendour of the higher orders of clergy, the greed and insolence of the lower, passed all bounds. Every few miles, all the country over, there stood in some fair and fertile spot a great establishment of some of the numerous orders of monks, living in idleness on the fat of the land. There were two hundred and forty such places in all, and the whole population of the kingdom was under a million! The churches gave sanctuary and security to the most atrocious criminals, and justice was rendered impossible. The spiller of blood had only to ring, with his red hand, the sanctuary bell, walk in, and seat himself on the "seat of peace." Round the church there was usually a space of ground marked off by four crosses. This was the gyrrh, or sanctuary. Here the criminal could walk and air himself, safe from harm. Gross and childish fables for the pure word of life; saints and idols for the one Mediator; the bread-god for the Redeemer; the spider's web of man's works for the glorious robe of Christ's righteousness; the mummeries of superstition for the worship which Jehovah requires—what a hideous imposture it was with which our rugged forefathers were abused during the long ages of their bondage to the mystical Babylon, whose merchandise is the souls of men!

This stupendous system of iniquity was now at length gradually losing power. The vices, the avarice, the oppressions of churchmen had made them hateful to the great body of the people. Instead of trembling at the once awful powers of the priest to shut paradise and open hell, men made a jest of them when drinking their "Sunday's penny" in the ale-house. If a flail was stolen from the barn, or any domestic article disappeared, the priest on the next Sabbath-day, for the small charge of one plack, pronounced a curse on the thief unless the

CHAPTER missing property were restored. Curses even at the low
 XL. price of one plack, were soon found to be a plack too
 dear.

1517 A.D. When Sir David Lindsay in Stirling Castle was telling the stories of the Red Etin and the Gyre Carline to the little King of six years old, Martin Luther had fixed to the church door of old Wittenberg his paper of Bible truths, and challenged all the world to gainsay them. When Luther was thus nailing the flag of the Reformation to the mast in Germany, a boy of twelve was going to school in the Scotch town of Haddington, and JOHN KNOX was the name of him. Many a comfortable priest, taking his summer evening walk by the pleasant banks of Tyne, met that boy, intent, perhaps, on trout or birds' nests, and sauntered on without heeding him.

During the minority of James V. the Reformation made considerable progress in Scotland. Merchants and mariners brought from abroad the books of Luther, which were making such a noise on the Continent. Parliament forbade the bringing home of "all such filth;"—a proof that they were beginning to create alarm. Probably through some of these books a gleam of light reached the mind of Patrick Hamilton, a noble youth, nearly related to the King himself. He made his way to Wittenberg, and sought the acquaintance of Luther. Luther recommended him to a learned man, by whom he was fully instructed in the doctrines of God's word. Believing it to be his duty to preach the truth to his own countrymen, he returned to Scotland, and preached with such a winning fervour, zeal, and boldness, that the impression he was making alarmed the clergy. They decoyed him to St. Andrews, seized him, and condemned him to be burned alive. The death-pile was heaped in front of the old College of St. Andrews. The youthful sufferer was first set upon a scaffold, and life was offered him if he would "burn his fagot," or cast a brand into the fire as

Patrick
 Hamilton.

a sign that he recanted. When bound to the stake, he prayed God to be merciful to the people who persecuted him, for they knew not what they did, and implored strength to endure his pains. Fire was set to the pile. A quantity of powder, placed among the wood, exploded, scorching the martyr's left hand and the side of his face. The wood was damp, and the fire gathered power slowly. "Have you no dry wood?" the sufferer asked; "Have you no more gunpowder?" Additional fuel was sent for. The friars crowded round the tortured man, crying, "Convert, heretic! call upon our Lady; say, Hail, Queen of Heaven!"—"You are late with your advice," he calmly said; "if I had chosen to recant I need not have been here."

Fresh fuel was now brought. A baker ran with an armful of straw, which he cast into the fire. A blast of wind from the sea raised the flames vehemently, and a fitful gust threw them aside in a jet so sudden and fierce, that the front of a monk's cowl was burned off his brow. The meek voice of the gentle martyr was heard through the rushing sound of the flames committing his widowed mother to the kindness of his friends. His last words that could be distinguished were, "How long, Lord, shall darkness overwhelm this kingdom? How long wilt thou suffer this tyranny of men? Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

The chain which bound him to the stake became red hot. When this dreadful girdle had nearly burned through his middle, a voice in the crowd called to him to give a sign of his constancy, if he still had faith in the doctrine for which he died. In answer, he raised three fingers of his half-consumed hand, and held them steadily in that position till he ceased to live. At last the long and terrible agony was over. The meek and gentle voice was silenced for ever, and the awe-struck crowd heard only the roaring of the flames over the victim's bones.

CHAPTER

XL.

Progress of
the truth.

This cruel deed, which was committed when the King was in the hands of the Douglasses, far from arresting the progress of the Reformed doctrines, served to create inquiry into the truths for which the youthful martyr died, and to awake indignation against his murderers. A gentleman, who was intimate with the Archbishop of St. Andrews, said to him, "My Lord, if ye will burn any more, let them be burned in cellars, for the smoke of Patrick Hamilton has infected as many as it blew upon." Protestant books, but especially portions of the Bible, done into English by Tyndal, were imported and circulated. Walter Chepman was dead, and with him printing ceased for a while. But poems, ballads, and songs against the priests were made and sung. Thousands knew them by heart, and the new opinions flew abroad



SIR DAVID LINDSAY BREAKING THE KEYS OF ROME.

From an Old Engraving.

on the wings of rhyme. Above all, Sir David Lindsay lashed the vices of the clergy, and assailed the abuses of

the Church with keen and withering ridicule. The King, as long as he lived, had a warm regard for his early friend. He made him his Lion King-at-Arms, and perhaps it was owing to his protection that Lindsay was enabled in his poems and satires to throw abroad over the nation with impunity sentiments, for holding which unfriended men were burned at the stake. The effect of Sir David's works, though few read them now, was immense, and aided powerfully in breaking the keys of Rome.

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At length the progress of the Reformation was such, that it became necessary for the King to choose his side in the great struggle which was about to divide the whole of Europe. The Romish clergy feared that they were to lose him. His old friend Lindsay had given him a leaning in the direction of the new opinions. His uncle, Henry VIII., had broken with the Pope, and had set the example of laying hands on the rich spoils of the Church. There was reason to fear that the King of Scotland might not resist so lucrative an example. "The King stood at the parting of the way, at the head of the two ways." Which of them would he choose? It was the tide in the affairs of the Stewarts. Had it been taken at the flood, had James become a Protestant, his history and that of his race, in all probability, would have run a far different course. But he chose his position on the side of Rome. The direct consequence of his choice was his own broken heart and early grave. Among its remoter consequences were the scaffold at Fotheringay, where Queen Mary's head fell to the headsman's axe; the scaffold at Whitehall, where the gray dis-crowned head of Charles rolled in blood; and at last, the convulsion which swept the Stewarts from the land they had ruled for ages.

It was the mellow time of autumn, and the ancient city of York bore the signs of some gay stir. Numerous

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A broken
tryst.

strangers paced the streets. Showily-dressed cavaliers pranced up and down on brilliantly-caparisoned steeds. Every inn and hostelry was thronged with swaggering retainers, wearing the badge of one or other of the nobility. Bluff King Henry was holding his Court at York, having come so far north by appointment, to meet his nephew the King of Scotland. But no King of Scotland came. Henry waited for six days, and then, in deep indignation, returned to London. Why had James failed of his promise? It was the influence of the Scotch priests that kept him back; "for rather," says Knox, "would they have gone to hell than he should meet with King Henry." They dreaded lest, from the interview with his heretic uncle, he should come back a heretic. Accordingly, they plied every means to detain him. His chief courtiers were engaged by heavy bribes to lend their aid in turning the King's mind from the proposed meeting. The clergy undertook to pay the sum of 50,000 gold crowns yearly into his coffers, if only he kept away from his uncle.

The
priests'
war.

Their arts prevailed. James broke his appointment, and Henry, in a rage, immediately made war on Scotland. He sent an army across the Tweed, which wasted the country, burned the villages and farmsteads, and committed the usual havoc of a Border invasion. James assembled his army and marched against the English. He had made but a single day's march southward from Edinburgh, and lay encamped on Fala Moor, when word was brought that the English, compelled by the approach of winter and the failure of supplies, had retreated. James was eager to revenge the invasion of his kingdom by an immediate invasion of England. But his nobles absolutely refused. "He was a better priests' King than he was theirs," they said. Many of the nobles already favoured the doctrines of the Reformation, and the war was a priests' war, caused entirely by the King's following

their advice. In vain the King threatened, taunted, en-
 treated. The nobles were firm in their determination CHAPTER
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 not to invade England at that time. The King, in great
 anger, left the army and returned to Edinburgh. Next
 day, the lords bade pull up their tents; each placed him-
 self at the head of his following and departed homeward,
 and the army broke up.

The King, burning under the affront, raised another
 army by the help of the clergy and a few of the nobility.
 With this army, which consisted of ten thousand men,
 he marched towards the west Border. He had given
 secret orders that his favourite, Oliver Sinclair, should
 take the command so soon as the army reached the Esk;
 and he eagerly awaited, at the Castle of Caerlaverock,
 the result of the invasion. When the army had passed
 into English ground it was halted. Spears, crossed and
 supported on the shoulders of men, with shields laid
 upon them, formed a platform on which the favourite,
 Sinclair, was elevated to read the King's commission
 appointing him general. A loud and angry murmur
 arose as soon as the troops heard that Oliver was to lead
 them. Part would have obeyed; the rest disdained to be
 led by a minion whom they despised. A violent dispute
 agitated the whole army, and great confusion and dis-
 order ensued.

At this unlucky moment, two English leaders, Dacre
 and Musgrave, with three hundred horse, advanced to
 reconnoitre. The keen eyes of these captains caught the
 state of the Scottish camp. With the rapid decision of
 true soldiers, they seized the opportunity, and charged
 with levelled lances on the Scots. Taken completely by
 surprise, the Scots were broken and scattered with scarce
 an attempt at resistance. The fugitives, ignorant of the
 country, got entangled in Solway Moss, where many
 perished, and more than a thousand prisoners were taken.

James was utterly crushed by the news of this shame-

Solway
Moss.
1542 A.D.

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A broken
heart.

ful defeat. He retired to Edinburgh in a state of the most piteous gloom and melancholy. After a few days he wandered, almost without retinue, over to Falkland. There he would sit for hours without speaking a word, brooding over his disgrace. The load of his despair fairly broke his heart. His constitution was broken already, for his passions had been unbridled. Christmas was approaching, and his servants asked him where he would spend it. "Choose you the place," he replied; "but this I can tell you, that before Christmas day ye will be masterless, and the realm without a King." A low fever preyed upon his frame, and the unhappy King now lay on his death-bed. Word was brought from Linlithgow that his Queen had born a daughter. "It will end as it began," he said; "it came with a woman, and it will go with a woman,"—alluding to the daughter of Robert Bruce, by whom the crown of Scotland came into the house of Stewart. From that hour he turned his face to the wall, and scarce spoke again. A little before his end, he looked round and saw the lords who stood in the chamber. The familiar face of his early friend, Sir David Lindsay, was among them. The poor King gave a faint, sweet smile, kissed his hand, and then offered it to all his nobles round him. A little after, lifting up his hand as if to God, he yielded his spirit. Another King of Scotland had "died before his day!" Had he lived till the birds of spring were singing in the Falkland woods, through which he had ridden with Jockie Hart on that well-remembered night fifteen years before, he would have completed his thirty-first year. The Jews of old "made a great burning" for their dead Kings. What a mighty burning was there to be for this poor dead King!

CHAPTER XLI.

ENGLISH MARGARET.

THE reader of Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion* is carried, CHAPTER
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—
Romance.
in the fifth canto of the poem, to old Holyrood on a night of wassail, mirth, and glee. The army is to move southward, on its Flodden-march, next morning at break of day. It is the blithest of James's banquets, and the last. Countless lamps cast a dazzling lustre on the gay throng. Minstrels sing to the harp. The Court fool, with long-eared cap and motley vest, retails his jokes. The gallants play at dice and draughts. The King moves through this mixed crowd of glee and game—a man of middle size, with well-knit frame; hazel his eagle eye, his short curled beard and hair a dark auburn. But where is the Queen? That fair young Princess, Margaret of England, so gallantly met at Lamberton Kirk ten years before, is absent from the brilliant throng. There goes a whisper among the courtiers that an English lady, Sir Hugh the Heron's wife, holds sway over the Monarch's heart. There is a rumour, too, that the Queen of France has sent him a ring off her finger, and a letter, calling him her love, and begging that he would raise an army, and “come three foot of ground on English ground, for her sake.”

“ And thus, for France's Queen, he dressed
His manly limbs in mailèd vest;
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost counsels still to share;
And thus, for both, he madly planned
The ruin of his native land!
And yet the sooth to tell,

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Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,
 Was worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
 From Margaret's eyes that fell—
 His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
 All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour."

And
 reality.

The Queen Margaret of this finely-touched picture is a princess of many virtues and rare accomplishments, rendered doubly interesting by the unprovoked desertion of her husband. Unfortunately, this picture, like too many of Sir Walter's pictures of our Scottish historical characters, has every merit except the merit of being true. The real Margaret was an ignorant, deceitful, low-minded, odious woman, whose follies disgraced her gallant husband's memory, and who, as we may well believe, made herself so disagreeable to him in his lifetime that he was often glad to escape her presence.

Her husband had been dead only a few months, and his dishonoured remains had not yet found a grave, when Margaret was smitten by the handsome face and figure of Archibald, Earl of Angus, at that time a youth of nineteen or twenty. A child, which she bore to her dead husband, was only three months old, when she married the handsome Earl. By this marriage she forfeited the regency of the kingdom, to which she was entitled, under the late King's will, only while she continued single.

For about two years Margaret and her youthful spouse lived together on pretty good terms, during which time a daughter was born to them. This daughter of the Douglas and the Tudor was afterwards the Countess of Lennox, who wept her murdered son—Henry Lord Darnley, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots. Margaret soon began to repent her marriage with Angus. The pair had grievous misunderstandings, as more vulgar pairs will sometimes have, about the keeping of the purse. Angus collected the rents of his wife's jointure lands in Ettrick Forest. "My forest of Ettrick," she complains

to her brother, Henry VIII., "ought to bring me in four thousand merks yearly, and I shall never get a penny." Margaret determined what she would do. "I am minded," she informs her brother, "if I may by law of God and to my honour, to part with him; wherefore I beseech your grace you will be a kind prince to me, for I shall never marry but where you bid me."

For nearly ten years Margaret pressed her divorce with unwearied diligence. Her brother, whose own doings in the matter of divorce might have inclined him to be indulgent, threw obstacles in her way. She succeeded, however, at last, and forthwith married her paramour, Henry Stewart of Avondale, a handsome young fellow by whom her fickle heart had again been won. When nine or ten years of married life had come and gone, we find Margaret busily engaged in divorcing her third husband, for the purpose of re-marrying the Earl of Angus. She took the opportunity, when the King her son had gone to France to bring home his bride, to press forward the business with the utmost activity. She writes to her brother, "Pleaseth your grace to know that my divorce and partition is at the giving of sentence, and proved by many famous folk, to the number of four-and-twenty provers. And by the grace of God, I shall never have such a trouble again." Her trouble was not to end so easily. The King returned before the "partition" was pronounced, and for decency's sake quashed the proceedings. Margaret's apparatus of provers and famous folk was demolished, and she was forced to submit, complaining bitterly of the cruel and undutiful conduct of her son.

For thirty years Margaret was the spy of England on the Government of Scotland. Among her correspondence there occur numerous letters in which she gives information to Henry, or his minister Wolsey, regarding the intentions of the Scottish Government. In other letters she

A spy.

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clamours for the reward of her treachery, and enjoins secrecy as to her communications, lest she be brought into trouble. At one time she complains to Henry that her revenues are not regularly paid, and urges him to capture some Scotch merchant vessels for her benefit. At another time she complains that Lord Dacre had not crossed the Border to do mischief for upwards of a year, although she had given him constant information how to find his opportunity. In consequence of her urgencies, Lord Dacre was ordered to pass into Scotland; which he did, burning Jedburgh and laying waste the entire district.

In her latter years, as might be expected, Margaret appears to have fallen into neglect and contempt, both in England and Scotland. She died the year before her son, lamenting with her latest breath her conduct to the Earl of Angus, and begging "God mercy that she had offended the said Earl as she had." They buried her with the honours befitting one who had been a King's daughter, a King's sister, a King's wife, and a King's mother, in the Church of the Carthusian Friars at Perth, in the same tomb where lay the ashes of our Poet King.

Such was English Margaret, whom Providence made the means of uniting, in the person of her great-grandson, the crowns of England and Scotland. Never, perhaps, did as foolish a woman serve so great a use.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE BROKEN TREATY.

AGAIN one of those miserable minorities which seemed to be Scotland's *weird* for so many generations! On the death of James V., the crown fell to that infant daughter of whose birth the heart-broken father was told a few hours before he breathed his last. This little daughter of a dead father lived and grew, and became that Mary Queen of Scots with whose beauty, crimes, and calamities all Europe rang.

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Cardinal David Beatoun, though but a younger son of the Laird of Balfour, had gained the very summit of that pyramid which is said to be reached only by eagles and reptiles—by things that can soar, and by things that can crawl. Beatoun could both soar and crawl. He was a prelate of great ability and boundless ambition, crafty, profligate, and cruel. Of a commanding stature and a noble countenance, the show and splendour of Rome had in him their perfect representative. After the King's death, Beatoun produced a parchment, said to be his last will and testament, and caused proclaim it at the Cross of Edinburgh. This forged will appointed four regents of the kingdom, the Cardinal first and principal of the four. The game was bold, but unsuccessful. The natural and proper person to be Regent was the Earl of Arran, nearest male relative of the infant Queen. He was a feeble, timid man, and the daring Cardinal might have pushed him aside. But he had a friend, Sir James Kirkaldy of Grange, "a stout man, who always offered,

David
Beatoun.

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by single combat and at point of the sword, to maintain whatever he said." Stout Sir James roused the feeble Earl to assert his right. A meeting of the nobility was called, and to them it was put to decide who should be Regent—Beatoun, with his forged parchment, or Arran, "the second person to the crown." In spite of all that Beatoun could do, the assembled nobles decided for Arran.

A murder-
roll.

For a while, Regent Arran was extremely popular. One cause of this was the favour he bore to the Reformed religion. There was found in the pocket of James V., after his death, a list containing the names of between three and four hundred "heretics," all of them persons of property and wealth, some of them noblemen and gentlemen of rank. All these, as it appeared, Beatoun had advised the King to cut off by one desperate blow, and enrich himself with their spoils. This tremendous scheme would probably have been carried into effect, but for the death of the unhappy King. The first name on the murder-roll was said to be that of the Earl of Arran.

The Regent took into his household two preachers of the gospel, Thomas Williams and John Rough. For a short while there was free preaching, free discussion, free writing. It was like the two or three soft, gentle, spring-like days one sometimes sees in the end of February, with the whole of a roaring March yet to come and proclaim again the tyranny of winter. Williams and Rough preached. The friars croaked like hoarse and angry ravens. The Cardinal, says Knox, moved both heaven and hell to trouble the Regent and to stop the preaching. A retainer of the Bishop of Dunkeld made a railing ballad against the preachers and the Regent; for which the hurt Regent was greatly minded to hang him, but did not.

The Bible
free.
1543 A.D.

Parliament approached, and men took to eagerly discussing the question of reading the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue. Was it not as lawful for men who

understood no Latin to have the word of their salvation in the tongue they understood, as it was for Latin men to have it in Latin, Greeks in Greek, or Hebrews in Hebrew? Parliament took up the question. "The Lord Ruthven, a stout and discreet man in the cause of God, and Master Henry Balneaves, an old professor," spoke up for liberty. The Dean of Restalrig, and "certain old bosses" with him, held the other side. The commissioners of burghs, and a part of the nobility, pressed the Parliament to enact that it should be lawful for every man to use the translation of the Bible. The clergy long resisted; but in the end, "convicted by reason and by multitude of votes," they gave way; and so, by Act of Parliament, it was made free to every man and woman to read the Scriptures in their own mother-tongue. "No small victory of Christ Jesus," says Knox. No, indeed!

It is a mild spring-blink in February, then, and let Scotland make the most of it, for the March storms will be fierce. The printing-press creaks, and printed sheets rustle forth, to disclose the pride, craft, tyranny, and abuses of that Roman Antichrist. Bibles were brought from England, and might be seen lying upon almost every gentleman's table. "The knowledge of God did wondrously increase, and God gave his Spirit to simple men in great abundance."

In former minorities, contending factions among the nobility strove for the possession of the infant Sovereign. This time the struggle took a wider range, and stirred a mightier rivalry. Prince Edward, son and heir of Henry VIII., was a child of six when James of Scotland left an infant heiress to his throne. Here was an opportunity of joining the two countries, by the marriage of Edward and Mary, in an alliance which might have yielded immense advantages and saved untold miseries to both. Many men of the best judgment thought it an opportunity providentially offered to end the desolating wars

Treaty
with Eng-
land.

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of many generations, and seal a lasting peace. Henry set his heart on the marriage. Much to do there was before the treaty was got worked into shape. When all the points and conditions were smoothly settled, a great meeting of the nobility was held in the Abbey of Holyrood. The treaty of peace and marriage was read, signed, and sealed with the Great Seal of Scotland. "Christ's body" was broken between the Regent and the English Ambassador, as a pledge of inviolable fidelity to the contract. What blood and misery would have been saved to Scotland if priestly intrigues had not torn that treaty!

The figure-head in the prow of a ship rises above the waves, all gay with paint and gilding, and seems to lead the ship. Deep down and out of sight works the black helm, governing all. Feeble-minded Arran was Regent—Cardinal Beatoun had been unable to prevent that. But let Beatoun be the helm, and it matters little to him who is figure-head. Beatoun contrived to get the Regent entirely into his hands, and could wind him as he chose. How the daring schemer managed, it is not altogether clear. This, however, is certain, that the pitiful figure-head publicly recanted his Protestant opinions in the Franciscan Convent at Stirling, received absolution for having wandered from the Catholic faith, threw up the treaty with England, and delivered his eldest son to the Cardinal as a hostage for his sincerity. An alliance with Popish France was substituted for the dreaded alliance with Protestant England. The country divided itself into two great parties: the English party, favoured by the friends of the Reformation; and the French party, headed by Beatoun, and supported by the whole Popish interest.

The Regent recants.

Treaty broken.

This gross breach of faith threw bluff King Hal into a rage huge and enormous. He determined to compel Scotland, by force of arms, to keep the treaty. Scottish merchant ships, trading peaceably in English ports, he

caused to be seized, and so the bloody mischief began. On a Saturday forenoon in May galloping couriers brought word to Figure-head and the Cardinal—both then at Edinburgh—that a great fleet of ships were steering up the Firth of Forth. What could they mean? Some said, “They are English, and will land.” The Cardinal said, “I shall lodge all the men of war in my eye that shall land in Scotland.” The Castle Hill and the Calton were covered with people who gathered out to gaze upon the strange ships. Two hundred sail were counted, anchored at sunset in Leith Roads. Next day, Sabbath, the English disembarked at their leisure, without the least attempt to interrupt them. They entered Leith between twelve and one o’clock, and found in the houses the tables laid, dinner prepared, and such plenty of wine and victuals, besides a rich booty of all kinds of stuff, as could not have been found in any place of like size, either in Scotland or England.

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Sack of
Leith.

The sack of Leith occupied them till Wednesday. The Regent and Cardinal had fled, and Edinburgh helplessly waited its turn to be plundered. No mercy was shown the luckless city. It was “utterly ruinate and destroyed with fire.” The flames raged for four days. Fife and the Lothians saw with terror the cloud of smoke which hung over the burning capital. The English fleet, when its work of havoc was done at Edinburgh, set fire to Leith and withdrew, burning and destroying everything within its reach as it sailed along the coast. The army, which the fleet had disembarked, marched deliberately homewards, giving to fire and ruin everything between Arthur’s Seat and the Border. Such was the Earl of Hertford’s first invasion of Scotland—“too much for a wooing, and too little for a conquest.”

Sack of
Edin-
burgh.

Henry had lashed the ill-guided country with a whip of fire; but this was only the beginning of miseries. An attempt was made to get rid of Regent Figure-head. A

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XLIII.The bloody
ledger.

Parliament declared him deprived of his authority, and proclaimed the Queen-dowager Regent in his stead, with the Earl of Angus as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. Arran held a Parliament, and charged Angus with treason for being Lieutenant-General. The Queen-dowager held another Parliament, and prohibited all the subjects of the realm, under pains and penalties, from giving any obedience to Arran. The Cardinal strove, with little effect, to patch the rent, and get an agreement between the parties. While the wretched quarrel about the regency went on, the defence of the country was neglected. Three English leaders—Sir Ralph Evers, Sir Brian Layton, and Sir Richard Bowes—kept up, from July to November, a merciless system of devastation on the Borders. They kept a business-like account of the villages, towers, farm-steadings, parish churches, and fortified dwelling-houses, which they burned, and of all their inroads and spoiliations; which “bloody ledger” was duly transmitted to the King, their master. Whole districts of the country were reduced to a desert. Some of the Border clans were forced to purchase protection from the English. Others of them—for Border faith was always brittle—entered the service of England, and took the red cross badge.

* Sasine.”

Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Layton grew so insolent as to think that they could win Scotland, and have it at their will, up to the Firth of Forth. They went to Court, and told their dream to their master. Sir Ralph, it was said, obtained from King Henry a grant of all the land he should conquer in the Merse, Teviotdale, and Lauderdale. A great part of these districts belonged to the house of Douglas. The Earl of Angus, when he heard that his estates had been thus insolently gifted away, swore a great oath that he would write the “sasine,” as the Scotch law jargon still calls a deed of possession, on Ralph Evers’ skin, with sharp pens and bloody ink.

Evers and Layton again crossed the Border, with a force of five thousand men, among whom were seven hundred Scots wearing the red cross badge, and resumed their barbarous ravages. They burned the tower of Broomhouse, and in it its aged lady and her whole family. They burned and ruined Melrose, and spoiled its fair abbey, wantonly breaking down the tombs where the warrior dust of the Earls of Douglas lay. Angus collected his vassals, and joined Regent Arran. But their forces were far inferior, and they could only hang upon the English rear, watching their motions.

The English encamp on a level moor above the village of Ancrum. The small army of the Scots takes post on a neighbouring height, Angus vastly tempted to risk a battle, in spite of his inferior strength. What gleam of approaching spears is that in the afternoon sun? It is brave Norman Leslie, with twelve hundred at his back. Welcome is scarcely spoken when the Laird of Buccleuch, a grizzled veteran of many battles, comes spurring up. His followers are only an hour's march behind. Angus shall have battle now. But wary Buccleuch advises a stratagem first: Let us leave this height, and move down to the level behind it. There let us dismount, and send the horses with the camp boys to the hill beyond. The English will think we are in full flight.

Ancrum
Moor.
1544 A.D.

It is done accordingly. The English are completely deceived, and think we are retreating. They come driving up the hill which we have left, and gain the top, breathless and disordered, in their hurry to pursue. When they get sight of us, standing in a compact, steel-girdled mass, they are but a few spears' length off. Ranging the woods to start a hare, they have come suddenly upon a fierce old lion. Too near to stop or turn, they must accept close battle. A moment before the spearmen close, a heron, springing from the moor, flaps away on his fan-broad pinions over the heads of the foemen. "Oh!" cries

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Angus, in his warlike glee, "that I had here my white goshawk, we should all yoke at once!" Down came the English to the shock, the evening sun full in their faces, and the wind blowing back upon them in a blinding cloud the smoke of their own arquebusses. On the first wavering in their ranks, the seven hundred Scots among them tear off their red crosses, and fall furiously upon them. All is confusion, rout, and slaughter. Eight hundred English are slain; and what is satisfactory, the bodies of Layton and Evers are found among the dead, with the writing of the sharp pens and the red ink—the Earl of Angus his mark—very plain to see.

Ancrum battle put the Scots into some heart again. About the beginning of summer a French fleet landed at Dumbarton a body of three thousand infantry and five hundred horse, to assist the Regent against the English—good soldiers, but proud and dainty, who, when Scotch cakes were offered them to eat, scorned the honest fare. Strengthened by their French auxiliaries, the Cardinal and his Regent resolved to carry hostilities into England. Thirty thousand men were marched into English ground. They remained two days, burned some villages, took some Border "peels," and then marched back again. This was in the beginning of August. In the beginning of September the Earl of Hertford paid it back by another invasion of Scotland. This inroad lasted only fifteen days; but in that short time the English burned seven monasteries, sixteen castles, five market towns, two hundred and forty-three villages, thirteen mills, and three hospitals. The Abbeys of Holyrood, Melrose, Dryburgh, and others, of whose destruction ignorance gives John Knox and the Reformers the blame, were ruined in these tremendous forays. Hertford sent a despatch to Henry, in which he exultingly informed him that, in the opinion of the Border gentlemen, so much damage had not been done to Scotland by fire for the last hundred years. A little child was prattling to

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her nurse, or gathering daisies and blue-bells in the park of Stirling, while the fairest provinces of Scotland were reduced to a blackened and silent desert in a ferocious strife of which she was the object. A winter of want and misery followed the autumn which had witnessed these horrible devastations. The French troops who, on their arrival, had mocked our Scottish cakes, were glad enough to eat, and even to beg cakes now.

Amid the strife of factions, the miseries of war, and the untold wretchedness of our poor abused country, God wrought his own wonderful work. Scotch factions, the designs of France, the fierce politics of England, were all mingled in the broil about the marriage of Mary Stewart. The Lord was about to marry Scotland to himself.

In the midst of the calamities which fell upon the kingdom after Regent Arran became a renegade to the Reformed faith, George Wishart returned to Scotland. He had been first a scholar and afterwards a teacher in the school for the classic tongues, which Erskine of Dun founded at Montrose. For teaching his scholars to read the Greek Testament he was accused of heresy, and saved himself by flight. He preached at Bristol, travelled in Germany and Switzerland, resided as a member of a college in Cambridge, and finally came back to Montrose. This great preacher and most beloved martyr was a tall man, black-haired, black-bearded, with a meek and somewhat sad expression of countenance. Beginning at Montrose, he preached in many parts of the country with great power and boldness, and the word of the Lord grew mightily.

One day, when he was preaching at Dundee, a leading man of the burgh rose and read an order from the Regent forbidding him to preach. He should not trouble their town any more; they would not suffer it. Wishart left Dundee and went to Ayrshire, where many received the word gladly, and God wrought wonderfully by him.

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While he was thus occupied in the west, tidings came that the plague, which, brought on by "great scant and want of victuals," was "wonder great in all burgh towns of the realm," had broken out with terrible fierceness in Dundee. "They are now in trouble, and they need comfort," said the loving, fearless man; and forthwith he returned to Dundee. Next morning the tall form of the preacher was seen standing on the battlement of the town wall, above the east port. His congregation were on both sides of the wall, the healthy within, the sick and suspected outside—a people in the shadow of death drinking in the word of life.

One day as Wishart, having ended his sermon, was coming down the steps, his keen eye fell upon a priest, who was standing with his hand under his gown. "My friend, what would ye do?" said Wishart, and therewith clapped his hand on the priest's hand, and wrested from him a dagger. The baffled assassin, who had been set on by the Cardinal, confessed his murderous purpose. A great tumult arose. The sick folk outside burst in the gate, and the priest would have been slain on the spot, but Wishart took him in his arms, crying, "Whoever troubles him shall trouble me."

The tutor
of Long-
niddry.

From that time a two-handed sword was always carried before the preacher by some tried friend. During his last visit to Lothian the sword was carried by the tutor to the children of Douglas of Longniddry. Look well at this tutor. A little man he is, and feeble of body, his age about forty years—John Knox by name—of all Scottish men the best worth looking at. The last time that Wishart preached was at Haddington. On leaving that town he took farewell of his friends as if it were for ever. Knox earnestly desired to go with him, but Wishart would not consent. "Return," he said, "to your bairns, and God bless you; one is sufficient for a sacrifice." With that he caused the two-handed sword

to be taken from Knox. The smallest circumstances of that memorable evening were engraven upon Knox's memory. It was an evening of vehement frost, he says, and the martyr with a few friends went away on foot. They lodged that night in the house of the Laird of Ormiston. Before midnight the house was surrounded by a party of armed men sent by the Cardinal.

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His victim secured, the Cardinal lost no time. A few weeks after this, a vast and melancholy crowd was assembled in front of Beatoun's castle at St. Andrews. Between the crowd and the castle stood a scaffold, with a high stake fixed in the midst, and a mass of firewood piled around. The guns of the castle were pointed on the scaffold, and beside them stood the gunners with lighted matches. The fore tower of the castle was hung with tapestry; and the Cardinal and prelates, reclining on rich cushions spread on the bartisan, were there to behold the spectacle. Wishart was led out, a rope about his neck, and a heavy chain about his middle. He was secured to the stake, the fire was kindled, and as the volumes of smoke began to roll upwards, the rope about his neck was pulled tight to strangle him. The flames rose, gathering strength and fierceness till their forked tongues blended into one broad, red sheet, wrapping scaffold, stake, and martyr.

Death of
Wishart.
1546 A.D.

Three months after, a crowd was again gathered before that castle. It was a summer morning, and old St. Andrews had been startled out of sleep by the clang of the alarm bell. The cry ran that the castle was taken; and so it proved to be. The crowd thronged up to the brink of the castle moat, shouting, "What have you done with my Lord Cardinal? Let us see my Lord Cardinal!" Strange men appeared at the windows, and told them to go home, for the Cardinal would trouble the world no more. The crowd still insisted to see him,

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and the stern strangers within gave them their wish. They hung over the battlement by sheets tied to an arm and a leg a dead body, naked, ghastly, and pierced with bloody wounds. One cried to the crowd below, "See your god!" The terrified citizens knew their Cardinal, and immediately dispersed to their homes.



CHAPTER XLIII.

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANDREWS.

THE determined band who had slain the Cardinal kept possession of his castle. The doers of the stern deed of vengeance were only sixteen in number. That same evening, however, and the next day, they were joined by friends, who, with their followers, made up their muster-roll to a hundred and fifty. The place which they had so daringly won was at once a fortress and a palace. On two sides it overlooked a precipice, against whose base the waves of the German Ocean dash themselves into foam. Massive ramparts, armed with brass cannon, and overlooking a deep fosse, formed the landward face of the stronghold. Such was the place which a handful of men were prepared to keep against the power of the kingdom.

Observe their leaders, as they pace the spacious courtyard of the castle, in conversation together. Yonder strongly-built man, approaching to middle age, is John Leslie of Parkhill, brother to the Earl of Rothes. It was he who struck the Cardinal the first blow. That deliberate, slow-spoken man, is James Melville of Carnbee, who exhorted the Cardinal to repent of his wicked life, and then passed that short "stog sword," which he wears, once and again through his bosom. That young man is Norman Leslie, son of the Earl of Rothes. He will lie in broken and bloody armour in the tent of the King of France, on the great field of Renti, and his dying ear shall hear the peers of France tell their King

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The lead-
ers.

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that "Hector of Troy was not more valiant than Norman Leslie." That other young man, so tall and strong, and soldierly in his bearing, is William Kirkaldy, younger of Grange. He shall win the highest honours of a noble knight, and be known as the best Scottish soldier of his day. But the hangman's fingers shall drop the noose of the gallows-rope over that high head which carries its warrior-helm so proudly. Three other sons of the old knight of Grange are there. And there, too, is the old knight himself, the "stout man, who always offered, by single combat and at point of the sword, to maintain whatever he had said."

Stout men they had need to be, one and all. They had done a deed which roused against them the vengeance at once of the Government, the Church, and the kinsmen of the slaughtered Cardinal. Little cared these bold spirits for the storm of rage they had provoked. They had a strong castle, amply supplied with provisions and all munitions of war. They held the Regent's eldest son as a hostage. This youth they had found in the castle, the crafty Cardinal having got the son into his hands, the better to secure his hold upon the father. They counted upon the assistance of Henry VIII., who hated Beatoun as the leader of the party which had broken the marriage-treaty, and defeated his scheme of union. The daring insurgents, therefore, looked from their battlements, and set all enemies at defiance. They kept the city of St. Andrews in awe under the cannon of the castle, and walked the streets as masters. They held the whole country-side in fear, carrying themselves like men who will want neither beef nor ale as long as their neighbours have any.

For more than three months no attempt was made to reduce them. Regent Arran could not be very anxious to come to extremities with a garrison who had it in their power to hang his own son over the walls. Pushed

on, however, by the clergy, he displayed the royal standard before the fortress, and began the siege. He had several pieces of artillery, among which were two great cannons called by the soldiers Deaf Meg and Crook Mouth. Meg and her sister were set to roar and bellow against the castle. The cannon-balls of those days were usually of stone, wrapped in sheet-lead. A massive rampart could stand the dint of such shot for a long time. The Regent's ill-served artillery beat down some roofs and dashed about showers of heavy slates, but did no serious harm to the defences. The besieged got supplies of beef, flour, and wine, by a boat, which, when the full tide served at night, came close up to the rocks. For three months the siege went on; but there was no pith in it. Crook Mouth and Deaf Meg would go to sleep for days, and then wake up with a roar. Few were hurt on either side. At length the pest broke out in the city, and the Regent, glad of a pretext to raise the siege, which, considering where his son was, he might not unreasonably be, furlled his standard and withdrew.

CHAPTER
XLIII.Pithless
siege.

The garrison, tired of being cooped up within their walls, now joyfully issued forth, and came and went to their stronghold in all freedom. Winter wore away, and the searching east winds of spring blew keen through each embrasure and loop-hole of the fortress. It was already ten months after the Cardinal's death, when there came one day to the castle gate a little man, whose breast was covered by a flowing black beard. Three lads were with him. He spoke across the moat to the sentinel, and after some parley the drawbridge was lowered with a clang. The little man and the three youths passed over, and disappeared under the archway. Who is he?

That little man is John Knox, the tutor of Longniddry, and the three youths are his pupils, George and Francis Douglas, and Alexander Cockburn. Knox had

Knox enters the
castle.

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been marked for destruction by Archbishop Hamilton, Beatoun's successor. Wearied of shifting about from place to place to escape his persecutor, he had determined to leave Scotland and visit the schools of learning in Germany. But the parents of his pupils solicited him to go to St. Andrews, there to continue his teaching within the security of the castle.

Sir David
Lindsay.

Other refugees had previously sought the shelter of the same stronghold. John Rough, once a priest, now an eloquent preacher of the truth, was there. Henry Balnaves of Halhill, a Lord of Session, and "an old professor" of the Reformed doctrines, was there. And there, too, Knox met with one whom he already knew well by his writings—Sir David Lindsay. Sir David was at this time a man bordering on sixty. Battles, of old, were usually begun by the archers; and when the archers had spent their sheaves of arrows, the spearmen, solid as a rampart, moved to the charge. Lindsay, the poet of the Reformation, galled the Papacy with his keen satiric arrows. The time for these light weapons was over, and the spearmen were about to close. A mind so shrewd and penetrating as Sir David's could scarce fail to discern, in the dauntless tutor of Longniddry, one fitted to be a ruler of the fight. Acquaintance must have ripened fast between two such men as Knox and Lindsay, so strangely brought together. Who could enjoy with keener relish than Knox the flashes of the poet's sarcastic humour? or who more delight than Lindsay in the communion of a spirit breathing such fresh and rousing energy as that of Knox?

In the Castle of St. Andrews, Knox continued the education of his pupils in the same manner he had used with them at home. Besides their grammar and other human authors, he read to them a catechism, of which he caused them give account publicly in the parish church of St. Andrews. Each day, at a certain hour, he

gave them a lecture on the Gospel of John, within the chapel of the castle. Balnaves, Rough, Lindsay, and others came and heard these lectures. They felt that the man, with the broad brow and eagle eye, and words of might, who had come among them, had been raised up for a bigger work than a tutor's. So they "began earnestly to travail with him that he would take the preaching place upon him." Knox utterly refused. He would not run, he said, where God had not called him. For is there not a present God showing us our work, which, if we gird ourselves to do, we shall do it in his strength? Let Him, in that providence which encompasses all the paths of man, show the work, Knox will do it, and spare no arrows. But, uncalled, he will not stir a step.

Balnaves, John Rough, and Sir David Lindsay took counsel together privately on this refusal, and arranged their plan. On a certain day, Rough preached in the castle chapel a sermon on the election of ministers. He showed what power a congregation, how small soever it be, have over any man in whom they discern God's gift of teaching, and how dangerous it is to refuse their desire for instruction. Turning to Knox, and addressing him by name, he charged him to take upon him the public office of preaching, as he looked to avoid God's heavy displeasure. "Was not this your charge to me?" said the preacher to the little audience, "and do ye not approve this call?" They answered, "It was; and we approve it." Knox was profoundly affected by this unexpected and solemn appeal. "Whereat," he says, in his own account of the interesting incident, "whereat the said John, abashed, burst forth in most abundant tears, and withdrew himself to his chamber."

Knox
called to
preach.
1546 A.D.

It was in the Church of the Trinity in St. Andrews, which is still the parish church of that ancient city, that Knox preached his first sermon. Then for the first time

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his countrymen heard the great battle-voice which summoned them to the conflict with the MAN OF SIN. Some said, "Others hewed at the branches of Papistry, but he striketh at the root." Others said, "George Wishart never spake so plainly, and yet he was burnt; even so will he be in the end." The man of might had now "found his hands." From his pulpit, as a throne of power, the great preacher of the Reformation had begun to show himself a king of men.

The priests and friars of St. Andrews were very tame and quiet, while the preaching of Knox was striking its deep impression on the minds of the people. The guns of the castle, ready to discourse convincing matter on the application of a "lunt" to the touch-hole, looked right into the city. The priests, therefore, were fain to content themselves with other arguments than fire and fagot.

A disputa-
tion.

Knox was summoned before a convention of Gray and Black Friars in St. Leonard's Yards. It was not, however, to be judged, "but only familiarly to talk." In the disputation which ensued, Knox handled them so, that "after this the friars had not great heart for further disputation or reasoning;" such a disputant as "the said John" not being altogether pleasant to come to grips with!

This first period of the Reformer's public work soon came to an end. In little more than two months the door was shut. The Regent had applied to France for aid to reduce the bold insurgents who had so long bidden defiance to his power. France was preparing an expedition to besiege the castle. But the English Government had promised the insurgents to send a force to their aid.

Will France or England, then—our friends or our enemies—be ready first? We look often and anxiously to seaward from the eastern battlement which overhangs the cliff, with the sea-mews wheeling and screaming in mid-air, and the dashing surf far below. What is that,

away to the far south-east, coming round Fife Ness in the clear summer morning? A line of ships, making into St. Andrews Bay. Are they English, coming to our help? The eastern battlement is crowded with eager faces. The line of ships is steadily nearing us, their masts, forecastles, hulls, rising more and more out of the water. What is that flashing we see on the water's edge, along the sides of each ship, in the light of the morning sun? That flashing is from the dip of oars—the oars of French war-galleys! We soon see the oars themselves, like long centipede feet by which the galleys run over the water. And there, plain to behold, are the silver lilies of France on the pennons that stream from their top-masts. Well! be it so; we will defend this castle, though the united powers of Scotland, England, and France should come against us.

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The
French
force.

The hostile fleet numbered sixteen vessels. It was commanded by Leon Strozio, a Florentine in the service of France, and a soldier of great skill and experience. He immediately landed a strong body of troops, and belted the castle about with siege by sea and land so suddenly that many were shut out, and some were shut in, against their will. The galleys opened fire, but the roll of the German Ocean in St. Andrews Bay is not favourable to steadiness of aim, and their shot did little harm. On the other hand, the garrison worked the Cardinal's guns so effectually that their balls tore through the crowded ranks of the rowers who plied the oars of the galleys, killing and wounding many. One galley had all but sunk when her consorts towed her off. "Saint Barbara," says Knox, "the gunners' goddess, helped them nothing."

The Regent now came up with a force, and joined the French troops. Trenches were dug, and batteries erected. Crook Mouth and Deaf Meg came back to their work. An Italian engineer, who was with the garrison, seeing how cleverly the French handled their artillery as they

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were getting them into position, shook his head. "Look to yourselves, my masters," he said; "now you have to do with men of war."

The Italian was right. The able soldier who commanded the French went to work in a different style from the Regent's pithless siege. He manned the steeple-heads of the Abbey and of St. Salvator's College, and hoisted up light pieces of cannon. The cannoneers, from these airy batteries, swept the battlements of the castle, and fired right down into the very court. Soon, gory splashes on the pavement showed how fatally their fire was telling. Each day, at high water, the galleys stood close in-shore, and kept up a raking cannonade. Within the castle they had an enemy which made the bold spirits of the garrison to quail more than all the enemies without. The Pest had broken out among them, and several had already died in his burning arms.

A battery of thirteen heavy guns was now ready, and began to play, at very short range, upon the curtain wall which joined the fore-tower and the eastern block-house. Very different were these crashing volleys from the lazy thumping of Crook Mouth and Deaf Meg. The battery opened fire at four o'clock of a summer's morning. Before ten the massive wall rent, yielded, and fell with a thundering noise into the ditch, which it filled with its ruins. The besieged saw that their time was come. It was vain to think of defending any longer ramparts gaping with a breach so vast.

At this moment, when the French should have advanced to the assault, the heavens grew black, and a deluge of rain fell, the like of which had scarce ever been seen. The matches were extinguished, the drenched gunners took under cover, and the firing stopped. Amid the silence, unbroken save by the rushing sound of the great rain, Norman Leslie and the other leaders of the besieged held a council of war. Some proposed to make a sortie, charge the

besiegers' lines, and attempt to cut their way through. The desperate idea was rejected. They must surrender on the best terms they could make. A white flag, fixed to a spear's point and displayed from their broken rampart, told the enemy that they craved parley. CHAPTER XLIII.

The general of the French, not caring to press these daring soldiers to desperation, agreed to honourable terms. Their lives were to be safe. They were to be conveyed to France; and if they did not choose to enter the service of the French King, they were to be sent to any country they might prefer, except Scotland. Surrender

Next day, the survivors of the siege, to the number of a hundred and twenty knights and men-at-arms, marched out of the castle, and entered on board the galleys. The French pillaged the castle of all the Cardinal's treasure and rich household stuff. The spoil which they carried off was worth £100,000. 1547 A.D.

The faith of the agreement made with the garrison was broken. This was done at the instigation of the Pope, who wrote letters to the King of France and the Regent of Scotland, calling on them to take vengeance on the slayers of the Cardinal. The Scots taken at St. Andrews were accordingly all detained as prisoners. A portion of them, including the principal gentlemen, were distributed among various French prisons. The rest, of whom Knox was one, were confined on board the galleys.

The galleys were long, sharp-snouted craft, rowed by forty or fifty oars a-piece. The muzzles of cannon grinned from the port-holes of a strong square forecastle, in the bow, and of a raised quarter-deck at the stern. Able-bodied vagrants, convicts, and the worst offscourings of France, were swept into these floating prisons. The long, low, undecked waist of the ship was packed full of rowers, five or six of them chained to each oar. The labour of rowing was terrible. From the great length of the oars, the rowers had to rise to their feet in drawing the stroke, The galleys.

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—

and fall back again on their haunches. They wrought stripped naked to the loins; but such was the violence of their exertions that the sweat trickled down their bodies even in the coldest weather.



FRENCH GALLEY.

Along the centre of the galley ran a gangway, on which the "forcers" walked up and down with a long whip in hand, which they mercilessly applied to the naked backs of the rowers, whenever they thought that any oar did not keep touch with the rest. The slaves never left their benches day or night. All the shelter they had from the scorching heat of the sun, or the cold and damps of night, was an awning supported on a rope, which was stretched in the direction of the galley's length. But in the least wind the awning was taken down, the galley not being able to bear it except in a calm; so that the naked, panting wretches were exposed, utterly shelterless, to every storm that blew. The crack of the whips, and the roll and rattle of the oars, mingled with the yells of the rowers and the oaths and curses of their brutal taskmasters. A heavy sickening smell floated over the loathsome den, and

lingered in the galley's wake. In the hold there was a close dark room, entered by a scuttle about two feet square. This was the hospital. It was so low that the deck above was within three feet of the sick men's faces as they lay on the bare boards. The stench was so horrible in this dismal hole that slaves stricken with disease, often chose to tug at the oar till they dropped and died, rather than enter it.

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In such a galley John Knox, chained to his oar, lived and rowed for nearly two years, the great brave heart within him waiting calmly for the time when God would deliver him, and call him to glorify his name in Scotland.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

CHAPTER XLIV.
LEAVING Knox at his oar, let us see what goes on at home in his absence.

1547 A.D.

Pinkie
cleugh.

It is a Saturday in September. The bright sun of a calm and sweet autumn morning shines on the yellow stubble fields. On the Firth of Forth beside Musselburgh an English fleet lies at anchor close in-shore, the gunners standing by their guns. On the slopes beyond the little town a cloud of white smoke is lazily dispersing. Crowds of men are seen in flight westward to Leith and Edinburgh, and southward to Dalkeith. Behind them the ground is strewn with their spears, "like a floor strewn with rushes" in days when carpets were unknown. Swords, bucklers, steel caps, lie scattered on every side, cast away by their owners to lighten them for flight. Masses of horsemen are fiercely spurring after them, spearing and cutting them down without mercy. It is our countrymen who fly; it is the English who press the murderous pursuit. For five hours the slaughter goes on, before the war-horns of the English sound the recall. Their army muster on the ridge beside the empty tents of the Scottish camp, where, in joy of victory, they raise a shout so loud and great that it is heard even in the streets of Edinburgh.

This was the battle of Pinkie, a day long remembered in Scotland as *Black Saturday*. Fourteen thousand Scotchmen were slain in the pitiless carnage of that bloody chase. Over a space of ground five miles in length by

four in breadth the dead lay "as thick as cattle in a well-stocked pasture field." In Edinburgh alone, that battle made three hundred and sixty widows. Priestly intrigues broke the treaty with Henry for the marriage of his son with the girl Queen of Scotland, and Black Saturday came of it! Henry was dead and gone before Pinkie field was stricken, but the English Government persevered in the hopeless attempt to compel the Scots to give the Princess Mary in marriage to Prince Edward. This was what brought them to Pinkie. Such mad wooing could never win the bride. "Our lass" was never to wed "their lad."

Stirling, where the child Queen resided with her mother, was too near the victorious English after the black day of Pinkie. The little, prattling, hazel-eyed object of the bloody strife was conveyed for safety to the Monastery of Inchmahome, on an island in the Loch of Menteith. The spirit of the nation, stunned for a time by the calamity of the fatal Saturday, began to rally.

At this crisis of fear and rage, the Queen-dowager, a bold, clever woman, struck in. Pushed on by her, the Regent applied to France for help. She proposed the eldest son of the French King as a match for her daughter. A decided measure was resolved upon. We shall send our young Queen, now a fair and sprightly girl of six, to the Court of France, to be brought up there, far from this distracted land, gored with English invasions, and where sword and firebrand are perpetually waving.

The French help arrived. A fleet under the lily flag put on shore six thousand troops at Leith. The treaty of marriage between our Mary and the heir of the French throne was duly arranged. Four French galleys, pretending to sail for France, weighed anchor from Leith. On passing the May, and clearing the Firth, however, they turned northward. The measured beat of their oars echoed in the caves which seas have bored in the wall-

The child
Queen.

Mary car-
ried to
France.

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1548 A.D.

face of the coast of Angus. Across the wide Firth of Moray shot the long, sharp craft, for Telford and a Caledonian Canal were not yet due. Through the Pentland Firth with its race-horse tides, past the Cape of Wrath, they thread the maze of the Isles, and rounding the Mull of Cantyre, enter the Clyde, and cast anchor beside Dumbarton. Here the girl Queen embarked, and the little squadron, escaping the keen watch of the English ships, arrived safe in a French port.

The object of the strife was now out of the way ; but the war did not cease for that. The English had fortified themselves in Roxburgh, Haddington, Coldingham, Inchkeith, and many other places of strength between Forth and Tweed. They had a strong fortress at Broughty upon Tay, from which they domineered over Angus. It was a stiff piece of work to smoke them out of so many holes. The war became ferocious and merciless, even to the butchering of prisoners and other horrors. Scot and Frenchman fought side by side on our native soil to drive out the English and their hired German and Spanish ruffians. The country was cleared of them at length, and peace signed after a war of nine years. But French friendship never did good to Scotland in the end.

Priests made the fatal mischief between James V. and his uncle King Henry. Priests were the authors of the nine years' war about young Mary Stewart, and all for fear lest the growing Reformation in England should get into Scotland. He that sitteth in the heavens did laugh. The Reformation was working its way all the while, and the keeping of it back only made it the more thorough-going at last. Scotland was not allowed to get her Reformation from England ; but this only sent her to get it more directly from the Bible. Prevented from drinking at a somewhat muddy stream, she was obliged to go back to the pure fountain.

1557 A.D.

Let us pass on ten years from Black Saturday. The

burned towns are built again, the wasted lands restored to tillage, and the widows, with tears and woman's weary single-handed toil, have got their orphans mostly brought up. The young Queen's mother is Regent now, poor Figure-head having been partly cajoled and partly threatened into resigning. He lives abroad under the title of Duke of Chatelheraut, and is not to be called to any reckoning for the royal revenues which have passed through his hands. John Knox has been a wanderer on the earth, sounding forth with his great voice the word of truth and liberty—in Berwick, in Newcastle, in London, in Buckinghamshire, in Scotland, in Frankfort, in Geneva—as God sent him here and there. All this while, the faithful have been multiplying their secret meetings for reading the Bible, for conversation on its precious truths, and for prayer. In this way the work of Reformation has spread itself far and taken deep root. For years past, men's minds are being made up that Popery is the devil's biggest lie, and the world's greatest curse. Strut, priests, in your wonted pride and security; the ground is hollow under your feet.

Once more, and for the last time in Scotland, the priests 1558 A.D.
enjoyed the pleasure of man-burning. Their victim was Walter
Walter Mill, formerly a priest, and now more than eighty Mill
years old. He was tried before a gathering of Bishops, Abbots, and other Romish dignitaries, in the metropolitan church of St. Andrews. They ordered him to mount into a pulpit as the dock or bar. He was so feeble through age and ill treatment that he needed to be helped up. But when he began to speak, he made the church to ring again with so great courage and stoutness that all present were astonished. They thought to make him recant by their brutal threatenings. "I will not recant the truth," the brave old man said, "for I am corn, and not chaff: I will not be blown away by the wind nor burst by the flail, but will abide both."

The cruel doom of this aged man made an immense

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—

impression on the people of St. Andrews. They shut up all their shops, so that the Bishop's servants could not get cords to tie the sufferer to the stake, or a tar barrel to burn him, and were forced to cut the ropes of their master's pavilion to serve the turn. At the stake, the martyr wished to speak to the people; which the murderers refused to allow. But some young men of St. Andrews, committing the burners and their masters to the devil, bade him speak what he pleased. Standing upon the coals, he spoke of Christ and His mercy, to the crowd who wept and sobbed around him. The fire was kindled under his feet, and soon burst up through the pile. His last words, heard through the soughing sound of the flames, were, "Lord, have mercy on me! Pray, people, while there is time."

On the spot where this venerable sufferer was burned the people of St. Andrews heaped a cairn of stones, that his death might be held in perpetual memory. The Bishop and priests had the cairn taken away, and cursed any man who should lay a stone on the spot again. But it was in vain, for still the cairn was heaped up as fast as the priests took it away. Little more than a year after, the idols of the great church of St. Andrews' Abbey, exceeding numerous and costly, were burned upon the same spot where Walter Mill had suffered.

There were now a few bold and faithful men who openly preached the doctrines of the Gospel in different parts of the country. William Harlaw preached publicly in Edinburgh; where also John Willock, recovering from dangerous sickness, had a little congregation of nobility, barons, and gentlemen in his chamber, whom he taught and exhorted from his bed. John Douglas preached in Leith. The people of Dundee, to whom Paul Methven preached, "began to erect the face of a Reformed Church publicly," with elders chosen, and word and sacraments openly ministered. In all parts of the country, the idols were

stolen from the churches. The lads of Edinburgh took the image of St. Giles, drowned him in the North Loch, drew him out again, and burned him.

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—
St. Giles
drowned.

This affair made immense noise. The friars, set all in a stir like a fluttered rookery, went "rouping like ravens," says John Knox, to the Bishops. The Bishops ran to the Queen Regent, and got her to summon before her the preachers of that new doctrine which was working such alarms. The preachers resolved to keep the day of the summons, "as that they did." They came to Edinburgh, but with them came the Protestant gentlemen of the west and their followers in so great numbers that it was an evident peril to meddle with them. A stratagem was tried to get quit of this formidable accompaniment. Proclamation was made that all who had come to the town without requisition by the authorities should proceed to the Borders, and there remain fifteen days, to take their spell of frontier duty. To obey this command would have been to leave their preachers to be murdered. The Protestant gentlemen made their way into the chamber where the Regent was sitting in Council with the Bishops, and spoke out as men should do. The Regent "began to craft"—tried to put them off with fair words. James Chalmers of Gadgirth, one of the western barons, a bold and zealous man, stood forth.

"Madam," he said, "we know that this is the malice of the Bishops. We vow to God we shall make a day of it. They trouble our preachers, and would murder them and us. Shall we suffer this any longer? No, madam, it shall not be." And therewith "every man put on his steel bonnet,"—stern sign that what we say we mean to make good. Look at them, these brave-hearted gentlemen, clapping on their steel bonnets in presence of the crown and the mitre! Since it has come to this, the priests may as well set their house in order.

The Queen Regent tried to lay the storm. "My joys,

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my hearts, what ails you?" she said. "Me means," she went on in her French-English, "me means no evil to you, nor to your preachers. The Bishops shall do you no wrong. Ye are all my loving subjects. Me knew nothing of this proclamation. The day of your preachers shall be discharged." And it was discharged accordingly.

When St. Giles' day drew near, the Bishops gave an order to the Town Council of Edinburgh either to get back the old St. Giles, or to make a new one. The Council answered, that nowhere in God's Word could they find commandment given to set up images, though in several places they did find commandment given to break them down. Not to be disappointed of their show, the priests borrowed an image from the Gray Friars, which they set upon a "fertour," or shoulder-high barrow. Priests, friars, canons, and all the shaveling kind, formed the procession, which was led by the Queen Regent herself. The crowd began to jostle the saint's bearers, and made him stagger on his barrow. A cry rose, "Down with the idol! down with it!" and it was pulled down. A man in the crowd got hold of the saint by the heels, and "dadding his head on the causeway," reduced him, like Dagon, to a stump. "Fie on thee, young St. Giles! thy father would not have been so used." A merry Englishman was leaning over one of the outside stairs of old Edinburgh, enjoying the sport—and it is pleasant to know that an Englishman could feel at home and merry there, after all the slaughter and burning done by the English in Edinburgh and Scotland a few years before. The Englishman, leaning over the stair-head, called to the priests, "Why fly ye, villains? Fie, cowards, fie! Turn and strike every one a stroke for the honour of his god." But the priests wanted mettle for that, and fled away as fast as they could run. When steel bonnets are put on and headless saints lie in the gutter, the beginning of the end has clearly come.

Young St.
Giles.

The friends of the Reformation, now numerous in all parts of the country, had already taken steps to organize themselves into a regular association. They sent deputies through the kingdom, moving the gentlemen and towns to stand by one another for the defence of religion. A COVENANT, the first of many covenants famous in Scottish history, was carried round by the deputies and signed by great numbers. The subscribers of this covenant bound themselves to "apply their whole power, substance, and lives, to set forward and establish the most blessed Word of God ;" and to "maintain and defend the whole Congregation of Christ, and every member thereof." Nobles, gentlemen, commons, and burgesses, signed the covenant. The names of Argyle, Glencairn, Morton, and Erskine, headed the roll.

CHAPTER
XLIV.A cove-
nant.

The LORDS OF THE CONGREGATION had a weighty and perilous task before them. The daring ambition of the Princes of Lorraine, brothers of the Queen Regent, designed the throne of England for their niece, the Princess Mary of Scotland. A scheme had been formed in the Court of France to attack Elizabeth and drive her from the throne as a heretic and a bastard. Now, to prosecute this bold enterprise against England, Scotland must be had as the basis of operations. The first thing to be done, therefore, was to beat down and crush the Reformation in Scotland. For this purpose French troops and French gold shall not be wanting. The Lords of the Congregation must hold their own at once against the Popish power in Scotland and the might of France. Such was the front of battle which then lowered, and such the issues with which the times were big.

The Con-
gregation

The associated Lords had correspondence with all parts of the country, and had their arrangements made whereby they could call out an armed force at any time. Better still, they sent to Geneva, and brought home John Knox, whose great battle-voice could move the hearts of his

1559 A.D.

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countrymen as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind. It was early in May when John Knox, passenger from Dieppe, stepped on shore at Leith. The hour was come, and the man.



JOHN KNOX.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE WAR OF THE CONGREGATION.

KNOX lodged only two nights in Edinburgh, and then passed north to Perth, taking Dundee in his way. There was a great stir in Perth just then. The Queen Regent had again summoned the preachers to appear before her. She was at Stirling. The preachers—Methven, Christison, Harlaw, and Willock—prepared to obey. But they shall not go alone. The Protestant gentlemen of every county shall go with them. We shall assemble at Perth—St. John's town—and proceed from thence to Stirling with our preachers. Unarmed we will go, for our purpose is altogether peaceful. We will stand by our preachers, to give them heart and encouragement. So “the town of Dundee and the gentlemen of Angus and Mearns passed forward” to Perth, tramping through the clayey flats of the Carse of Gowrie. Never, surely, did higher purpose animate a popular march. Pass on, brothers, and God prosper your way !

The gathering at Perth, willing to show all dutiful respect, sent Erskine of Dun, “a man most gentle of nature,” to the Queen Regent at Stirling, to assure her as to the peaceful character of their demonstration. The Regent was too cunning for the sincere, unsuspecting man. She pretended to drop proceedings against the preachers. Dun wrote to the Congregation at Perth, that they need come no further. But when the day on which the preachers were summoned to appear at Stirling was past, the Regent outlawed them for not appearing. When

CHAPTER
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Preachers
summoned

CHAPTER
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broken.

her deceit became known at Perth, the indignation of the multitude was ready to break bounds.

Next day, as it happened, there was a sermon by Knox, in which he launched a mighty denunciation against idolatry. No sooner had he ended than a priest, in contempt, threw open a "tabernacle" beside the high altar, and began to say mass. A boy standing by cried out that idolatry was forbidden in God's Word, and were they to stand and see it done in despite? The priest, in a rage, struck the boy a great blow. The boy got hold of a stone, hit the "tabernacle," and smashed an image. In a twinkling stones were flying thick. An enraged mob tore down the altar, the images, and all the ornaments of the church, nor could the riot be stopped by all the exertions of the magistrates and the preachers till the monasteries in the town were stripped and gutted to the bare walls.

When the Queen Regent heard of these doings, she vowed in her rage utterly to destroy St. Johnston, man, woman, and child, to burn it with fire, and salt it in sign of perpetual desolation. Whereupon we take the best measures we can for our just defence. Letters are written to our brethren in Cunningham and Kyle, who met at the Kirk of Craigie to hear them read. Some were there of a watery and feeble spirit, who raised difficulties. But Alexander, Earl of Glencairn, standing forth, said, "Let every man serve his conscience. I will, by God's grace, see my brethren in St. Johnston; yea, although never man should accompany me, I will go, if it were but with a pike on my shoulder; for I had rather die with that company than live after them." These brave words, spoken in old Craigie Kirk by a man who meant all he said, so stirred the rest that they immediately set forward for Perth. The Queen Regent tried to stop them,—by a tabard-clad herald and the wind of his trumpet at Glasgow, and by breaking down

the bridges on the waters of Forth and Teith. But these trusty brethren of the west, animated with the Glencairn spirit, came by forced marches through desert and mountain, and were with us at Perth before we had news of their coming,—twelve hundred mounted men and as many more on foot. With them were our brave Glencairn, the Lords Ochiltree and Boyd, and a number of the westland gentlemen, including our friend of the steel bonnet scene, Chalmers of Gadgirth. Welcome to St. Johnston! We can now speak with our enemies in the gates. Our brethren shall not be massacred, and this fair city, sitting beside her green “Inches” and her wimpling Tay, shall not be sown with salt.

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The Queen Regent, finding the Congregation too strong and dangerous to meddle with, fell back on her old cunning. A “reasonable appointment” was agreed to, whereby she bound herself to allow the people of Perth the free exercise of their religion. To guard this freedom, it was strongly stipulated that no French soldiers should be put in garrison in the town. This treaty made, the Congregation next day retired from Perth, and the day after that the Queen Regent entered.

Patrick Murray of Tullibardine, a leading and zealous Protestant, had a residence in Perth. His servants and children gathered out on the stair to see the Regent and the soldiers pass. In those days joy-volleys were fired with shotted guns. The French soldiers fired off their hackbuts, but instead of being pointed to the clouds, six or seven muzzles were pointed on Patrick Murray’s stair. Murray’s son, a boy of eleven, was shot. The indignant people took up the dead boy, so full of life and happiness a few minutes before, and carried his poor blood-dabbled corpse before the Queen Regent. “It is a pity,” she said, with a mocking sneer, “that it is the son, and not the father.”

As to her promise, she broke it outrageously. She

Faithless-
ness.

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put down the magistrates, and set up detestable creatures of her own. Her French troops abused the people cruelly, so that many left the town with their wives and little ones, and wandered away in quest of shelter among their friends. When the Regent was remonstrated with on the violation of her promise, she coolly answered, "that she was not bound to keep a promise to heretics."

A tryst.

The Lords of the Congregation now resolved to go forward with the work of reformation in those places where the people were ripest for it. St. Andrews was the place chosen for a beginning. The Earl of Argyle, the Lord James, and two or three of the reforming gentlemen of Angus, met there by appointment, attended only by their servants. John Knox was a party to the tryst, and came in company with the two Lords, with purpose to preach on the Sabbath following. The Bishop, with a hundred spearmen, rode into the town on Saturday night to stop his preaching. A message came from the Bishop to the Lords, that if Knox dared to preach he would be shot in the pulpit. The Lords thought that the purpose of preaching should be given up. They had no force to protect them, the friendship of the town was still doubtful, and the Regent with her French troops was now at Falkland, only twelve miles off. The Lords shrank from exposing Knox to the danger. Knox himself did not shrink. "My life," he said, "is in the keeping of Him whose glory I seek;" and to the pulpit he went. The thunders of the great voice boomed forth among the burghers of St. Andrews. With one vehement impulse they resolved,—provost, bailies, and people,—to clear the town of idols, and all superstitious gear; "which also they did with expedition," burning the consecrated rubbish at Walter Mill's cairn.

The Bishop, in hot wrath, posted to the Queen Regent at Falkland with his bitter complaint. It was resolved to move forthwith upon St. Andrews, and clutch the

Protestant leaders. The Protestant leaders, however, are not the men to be caught asleep. The Regent shall find us where she least expects to see us. Swift messengers go out to our friends in Perth, Dundee, Fife, Lothian, to summon them, and name the trysting-place. The Queen Regent moves from Falkland at three o'clock of a June morning towards Cupar. He that will to Cupar does not always reach Cupar. The Regent's army got no farther than Cupar Moor; for there, through a dense mist, they became aware of an army waiting in position to hold debate with them. About noon the mist lifted, and the sun shone out on the tall spears of the army of the Congregation. These heavy and formidable masses of spearmen are right dangerous to meddle with, and the Regent's officers evidently think so,—for see! white wands of truce are coming this way. Messages pass and repass between the armies. Finally, the Regent agrees to a truce for eight days, within which time she is to send fit persons to treat of a lasting peace.

CHAPTER
XLV.Cupar
Moor.
1559 A.D.

This done, the armies withdrew, and the Moor of Cupar and the grassy slope of Tarvet Hill, peopled for one summer's day with a warlike throng, were solitary and silent. The army of the Congregation broke up and returned to their homes, the Lords and gentlemen, with a few hundred followers, waiting at St. Andrews for the Regent's promised messengers of peace. No messengers came. No faith to be kept with heretics! The heretics, then, must look to themselves.

First of all, there were the poor oppressed brethren in Perth to be helped. At Perth the Congregation gathered, and knocked so loud at its gates with cannon blast, that the garrison opened and let them in. The Queen Regent, at Edinburgh, hearing of what was done at Perth, sent a French force to stop the passage of the Forth at Stirling. The French came to Stirling, but found the troops of the Congregation there before them. In three days' time

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the troops of the Congregation were in Edinburgh, having "purged" Stirling and Linlithgow of idols and idolatrous stuff by the way. Edinburgh, too, got its purge, and was cleared of idols.

Leith.

Up to this point the progress of the Congregation had suffered no reverse. They were now, however, to meet with a check. The Queen Regent, who had retired to Dunbar, made a sudden movement, by which she got possession of Leith. It was a clever thought. She could lie within the fortifications of this sea-port, defying the Congregation, waiting the arrival of more French troops, and thus accumulating a force sufficient to sweep the country of the Reformers. Meanwhile, there can be a din of manifestoes and proclamations kept up to divert attention while the fortifications are being strengthened, and the French are coming.

Corre-
spondence
with Eng-
land.

John Knox has comprehended the situation all along. After Cupar Moor, being at St. Andrews, he got into conversation with Kirkaldy of Grange. "If England," he said, "could see her own interest; if she would consider the dangers wherein she stands herself, she would not suffer us to perish in this quarrel; for France hath decreed no less the conquest of England than of Scotland." After long consideration, they concluded to ask help from England. Scotland, left to itself, would soon have settled the matter; but if French troops help the Regent, English troops must help the Congregation. The advice of Knox was taken, and a correspondence was opened with Queen Elizabeth through Secretary Cecil; which correspondence ripened into armed men by-and-by.

There was a good deal of hard fighting, however, before English aid came. The Lords of the Congregation, by sound of trumpet, commanded Leith to desist from fortifying itself, and to throw open its gates to all the Queen's lieges. Leith answered by a defiance; where-

upon the Lords buckled themselves to the business of siege. The great Church of St. Giles was turned into a carpenter's shop for making the scaling ladders, and the sawing, hammering, and rumbling went on at one end, even when people were met for sermon in the other. But money failed for the payment of the soldiers. The disappointed soldiers became mutinous and disorderly. The French made hot brisk sallies from Leith, and were with difficulty kept out of Edinburgh. The Congregation lost heart, and as their numbers were daily dropping away, the Lords were compelled to withdraw. Making a midnight departure, they reached Stirling the next day, weary and heart-sunk as men could well be. There they dispersed, after making arrangements for meeting again.

Dis-
courage-
ment.

This was in the beginning of November, and the winter which followed was gloomy enough. Leith was filled with French troops, who abused Edinburgh with their reckless oppressions. They sent their bands over into Fife, where the interest of the Congregation was strong. The French soldier in modern times has an amazing faculty for plunder. He is the cleverest, keenest marauder in the world. It is evident that the talent is inherent and hereditary in the nation. Fife witnessed a fine display of it in the war of the Congregation. But the scourge was not unchecked. The Earl of Arran and the Lord James, with five hundred horse and a hundred foot, hovered in the neighbourhood of the French force, keeping up a continual skirmish. For one-and-twenty days their boots were never off, and they held the French so busy, that for every man the French slew the Scots slew four. The Master of Lyndsay and Kirkaldy of Grange kept up a guerilla warfare on the invaders, watching their plundering parties night and day, and making them pay dear for their spoil. The French plunderers dared no longer spread themselves at will over the country, and the unfortunate "kingdom" of Fife had some relief.

1559 A.D.

The
French in
Fife.

CHAPTER
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beards.

About the end of January the French marched for St. Andrews and Dundee, keeping along the coast in order to be near two victualling ships which attended them, and because the snow lay deep on the highways. They had rounded Largo Bay, when they descried "eight great ships of the first rate at sea." Nothing doubting that this was a French fleet with reinforcements, they fired a salute, and marched on gaily. They were in a great mistake, for the approaching fleet proved to be an English one, sent to the assistance of the Congregation. The disappointed French cursed and swore frightfully, and tore their beards for rage. Next morning they commenced their retreat. The passage of the Forth being barred by the English ships, they were forced to go round by Stirling in order to rejoin their friends in Leith. They pushed westward with great expedition, cruelly wasting and plundering the country as they went. A thaw had set in, and the melting snow had swollen the rivers. Kirkaldy of Grange, eager to delay the enemy till a force could be assembled to fight them, cut down the bridge of Tullibody on the water of Black Devon. But the French, "expert enough in such facts," took the roof off the parish church, bridged the stream with its beams and planks, and passed over. They got to Stirling, and from thence to Leith, not without considerable loss of men. There was one Frenchman, in a red cloak and gilt helmet, who entered a cottage to plunder. The poor housewife offered him what she had, and begged him with tears to spare something in her meal-girnel and beef-tub for her children. The ruffian proceeded to load himself with all that he could carry. There was but a little beef in the bottom of the barrel, and the Frenchman had to stoop over to reach it. It was an evil stooping for him, for the woman, seeing her opportunity, threw up his heels, and held him head down till he was suffocated in the brine. Let us hope that his red cloak, done into trews

or kirtle, proved a comfort to the little ones of this hardy mother.

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In the beginning of April came "comfortable support" to the Congregation in the shape of an English army eight thousand strong. The siege of Leith was set about in due form. The English fleet blockaded the place by sea. The army pitched between Leith and Restalrig. Trenches were dug and batteries planted. Some cannon, which the French had hauled up on St. Anthony's steeple, galled the besiegers. Eight English cannon were "bent" against the steeple, and "shot so just" that in a few days the steeple was cracked and riven, and the guns upon it were silenced. The trenches were pushed as near the town as possible, and the cannon diligently hammered at the wall. But the wall being of earth, the breach made by day was easily repaired during the night. When it took days for eight just-shooting cannon to crack one steeple, the process of breaching an earthen mound, which was built up as fast as it was broken down, was one which keen warriors could ill contain themselves to wait upon.

Siege of
Leith.

The Englishmen became quite weary of it, and determined to go in by storm. The assault was given before daylight on a summer morning, and lasted till seven o'clock. It was a brave, confused, bloody business. A body of Scotch and English gained the top of the rampart, and drove the French off the walls. But the ladders were much too short, and supports could not be sent up. There was a long and terrible struggle on the wall-head, but at last the assailants were hurled back into the ditch with great slaughter. The French stripped naked all the bodies of the slain, and laid them along the face of the rampart. The Queen Regent, from Edinburgh Castle, saw the sight, and danced for mirth. "Yonder," she said, as the long row of bodies lay white in the sun, "yonder is the fairest tapestry that ever I saw. I would

CHAPTER the whole fields betwixt me and them were strewed with
XLV. the same stuff."

Surrender
of Leith.
1560 A.D.

The siege was now turned into a blockade. Sallies and skirmishes took place daily, in which the French usually had the worse. A fire broke out in the town, which destroyed many houses and a great quantity of provision. A mortal disease seized the Queen Regent, and in little more than a month from the day of her hideous joy over the unburied slain she was a corpse herself. Hunger laid his fierce grip on the beleaguered French, and in another month they were ready to capitulate. They were shipped off in the English vessels to their own country. The English army struck their tents and marched away a few days after, honourably convoyed, "as in very deed they well deserved," by the Lord James and the most part of our Protestant nobility. And so, with right hands warmly clasped and hearty thanks, we bid our English brothers farewell.

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THE FIRST GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

LOOKING over the balustrade of George IV.'s Bridge in Edinburgh, a mass of dingy roofs and cracked chimneys, and a long street resembling a deep and narrow trench, lie below your feet. Edinburgh is here a city of two stories, and that is the sunk story into which you are looking down. As you stand on the footway of the bridge, you are on a level with the bartizan of a small, old, plain church steeple, which lifts its primitive form among the dingy roofs at a few yards off. Make your way down to the sunk story of stately Edinburgh. It is a grimy, squalid, unsunned region, of dark, cave-mouthed closes, low liquor shops with glaring yellow barrels, pawn-booths crammed with strange accumulations of rusty trash, and eating-houses the sight of whose viands murders appetite. Lounging, greasy, ragged men suck short black tobacco pipes. Bare-ankled slatterns with animal coarseness of feature, gossip shrilly in Irish brogue. Pale, stunted boys look up with pipe in mouth and impudent leer. Barefooted children, precociously independent and self-helping, all dirt except the eyeballs, play in the gutters.

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Find out the key-keeper of the little church. It is worth the trouble. Think of the men whose steps have been upon this threshold, whose voices in counsel and in prayer have sounded under this vaulted roof. For here, in this little, quaint chapel, as a credible tradition affirms, met the First General Assembly of the Church of Scot-

Magdalene
Chapel.

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land "to consult upon those things which are to forward God's glory, and the weal of his Kirk in this realm."

Three centuries have gone by since that December day when this Assembly sat down to its work. Well nigh a hundred and fifty years before, the first martyr blood cried to God from Scottish ground. That long period had passed away since Resby and Crawar began the battle which it was reserved for Knox to win.

At length the time was come when the cry of the souls under the altar was heard. "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood?" The foul and murderous superstition of Rome had been chased away, pursued by the abhorrence of an awakened people. The Word of God had been laid open, and a new era, with an open Bible for its sign, had begun. The dead man lived when he touched the bones of Elisha. Scotland had touched the bones of the prophets, and life had come into her. She had touched the one true source of freedom, and of all the glorious energies which freedom inspires. A nation with an open Bible; what an immense significance lay in the fact!

1560 A.D.

The first General Assembly is sitting, then. The struggle with Popish tyranny and French cut-throats is over. Kirkaldy of Grange has unlaced his helmet and hung it in his father's hall. The spearmen have returned to their homes, and laid up the six-ell spear on the cottage rafters. There is a blessed breathing time of peace in the land. Look in upon the Assembly sitting in that little old chapel. It is a very small Assembly,

Number of
members.

consisting of only six ministers and about four-and-thirty elders. Yet how great and high was the position of that small company, to whom it was given to meet together in the clear morning after the long night of superstition had fled away, and draw from God's own Word the form and pattern of the Church to be set up in Scotland,—that Church which was to teach unborn generations the way

of life, and to be the main instrument in moulding the entire national character!

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The Assembly is deep in its work. Little form is used. There is not even a President or Moderator, neither was there one in any of the first seven Assemblies. Forty grave and earnest-looking men sit conversing together; and that is the first General Assembly. Yonder little man, of some five-and-fifty years, whose flowing beard is streaked with gray, is Knox himself. That man beside him, apparently of much the same age, is his friend, Erskine of Dun. More than twenty years before, the Baron of Dun had embraced the Reformed faith. "A mild and sweet-natured man," as Queen Mary herself said of him; but one who, with calm and steady courage, ever stood forth among the foremost in the great venture for the truth. The Laird of Dun had wielded lance and sword for his country; but every Scottish Baron could do that. Erskine's enlightened patriotism was capable of a rarer service. Himself a proficient in the Greek tongue, which he had learned abroad, he was the first to introduce the study of that noble language into Scotland. A Frenchman, whom he brought over and patronized, taught it in the town of Montrose.

Knox.

Erskine of
Dun.

That young man of five-and-thirty is John Row, learned in the Canon Law, and of passing skill in the languages of antiquity. He was once agent at the Court of Rome for the Popish clergy of Scotland, was a favourite with two Popes, and had returned to his native country as Papal Nuncio. But the power of truth has found him, and he sits there, a member of the Protestant Assembly. Here also sits John Willock, once a gray-gowned Franciscan monk. He has been in England, whither he fled after his conversion, zealously preaching the gospel there, and acting as chaplain to the Duke of Suffolk, father to the amiable and hard-fated Lady Jane Gray.

John Row.

John Wil-
lock.

That elderly Englishman, seemingly on the side of

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Christo-
pherGood-
man.

sixty which looks towards the setting sun, is Christopher Goodman. Many years ago, Cardinal Wolsey transplanted him from Cambridge to teach in his new college at Oxford. He has had many tossings about since then; has been in prison and in exile for the truth's sake; has ministered along with Knox to the refugee congregation at Geneva; and now, at Knox's request, has come hither to do what work the Lord of the vineyard may allot.

God has raised up some of the humble, as well as the learned and the eminent, to take part in his great work.

William
Harlaw.

One of the members of the Assembly is William Harlaw, once a tailor in the Canongate of Edinburgh. Like Willock, he fled to England to escape persecution in his own country. He was ordained in the Church of England; but God having opened wide the door in Scotland, he has returned to be a reaper in the harvest with which his native land is white.

Now, by what authority has this General Assembly been called? Yes, and again, by what authority was it called? For this is an absolute Thermopylæ in Scottish history. Take from us, said these clear-headed Reformers, take from us the freedom of Assemblies, and you take from us the Reformation. Knox's fire-glance flashed into the heart of the matter. "No free Assembly," said he, "no free Gospel." How could they carry on the affairs of Christ's Church, without the right of freely meeting together in council? "If the liberty of the Kirk should depend upon the allowance and disallowance of the Sovereign, we may be deprived, not only of Assemblies, but of the public preaching of the Gospel." This Assembly, therefore, neither asked nor had any earthly

The Head.

authority whatsoever for their meeting. The authority of Christ in his Word was their only warrant. They had a right from him who is the adorable Head of his Church and Lord over his own house, to meet and consult about the affairs of his house. On this right the Church of

Scotland took her stand from the beginning. He who does not understand this, he who does not see when a question of Christ's crown rights is raised, had better let the next two hundred years of Scotch history alone.

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Taking their pattern from no Church in the world, but going direct to God's Word for the plan of God's house, the Reformers in their first General Assembly sat down with the open Bible before them, and drew from it the form and order of the Church to be set up in the land. Their *First Book of Discipline*, as it is called, had been begun before the Assembly met. Knox and five other ministers had been engaged upon it for some time. They worked at it with "great pains, much reading and meditation, with earnest incalling on the name of God;" and by the time the Assembly met, it was well advanced.

This venerable book contains the views of the Reformers on Church government and order. The pattern of a Church which they found in the Word of God was that same simple and robust Presbyterianism which the Scottish people continue to find in their Bibles to this day. All the Churches of the Reformation found it in their Bibles too, the Church of England alone excepted.

Church
govern-
ment.

About a sixth part of the Book of Discipline is taken up with the subject of education. According to the plan of the Reformers, every parish was to have its school. The schoolmaster of every burgh and populous village must be qualified to teach the Latin tongue. In every considerable town there was to be a college, in which logic, rhetoric, Latin and Greek should be taught. At the end of a six or an eight years' course in a provincial college, the student might enter the University. The three Universities then existing, St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, were deemed sufficient. These central seats of learning were to afford courses of instruction in the classical tongues and in Hebrew, in mathematics and astronomy, in natural and moral philosophy, in medicine,

Education

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law, and divinity. Any youth in whom the intellectual impulses manifested themselves, and whose friends were too poor to support him during his education, was to be maintained and educated at the public expense.

Such was the magnificent educational fabric which the Reformers essayed to rear. To this day, no country in the world has a supply of the means of education equal to that which these noble hearts designed for Scotland. All that the men, who laboured to leave such a splendid legacy to their country, asked for themselves was, "that every minister have sufficient whereupon to keep an house and be sustained in all things honestly." They laid no grasping hand upon the lordly revenues of the false Church which they had overthrown. A modest maintenance for hard-working ministers of the gospel, a princely endowment for education, and a comfortable provision for the poor who never cease out of the land; this was the allotment of the Popish revenues which Knox and his associates proposed. Alas! the noble design of the Reformers was destined to cruel obstruction. Base greed stole the heritage of knowledge from unborn generations. Avaricious nobles and hungry court minions seized the funds which were to have erected the temple of learning, and no more than a fragment of it was ever built.

Base ob-
struction.

A trivial circumstance, the mere error of some simple folk, may perhaps illustrate the exalted idea which the Scottish people had of their first General Assembly. There was brought before the Assembly a petition concerning weights and measures. The want of uniform weights and measures for "burgh and land" seems to have been the grievance. The burgh merchants, cunning carles that they were, had "ane wecht to buy with, and ane other to sell with, different in wecht therefra;" a thing full of provocation to the landward folk. Certain of the aggrieved parties, nothing doubting that the men whom God had sent to preach his truth in the land

would put every wrong thing right, brought the injustice before the Assembly, praying them to take order with the evil-doers who made the ephah small and the shekel great. The Assembly of course referred the petition to the proper court. The kindly reader will be pleased to know that Parliament passed an Act ordaining uniformity of weights and measures; thereby, let us hope, adjusting on a satisfactory base the relations of town and country.

An important task of this memorable Assembly was the distribution of their very limited number of capable men, so as to spread gospel ordinances as widely as might be over the land. They gave a minister to each of the seven principal towns. The smaller towns and country parishes had to be served by mere Scripture-readers.

As a temporary expedient to eke out this deficient supply, Superintendents of districts were appointed. The Superintendent was to be almost constantly itinerating. He must preach thrice a week. He must not continue above three weeks in one place till he had gone through the whole of his district. Having completed his circuit, he must not stay above three months in the chief town of his province, and then to the road again, to visit kirks and preach.

Erskine of Dun was made Superintendent of Angus. For more than twenty years, and until disabled by the infirmities of age, he performed the duties of the office. Think of a Scottish Baron of that period leaving his castle to engage in work like this! "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." The gentlemen of Angus, who fell thick in the van of the Scottish host at Pinkie on Black Saturday, were brave. Here is courage of a rarer strain. Noble old Baron, true soldier of Jesus Christ, ride on thy way over the wild moors and *braes* of native Angus; thy white locks tossed by the rough winds; the sight of thy venerable face right welcome to many a

CHAPTER humble soul, yearning with the grace-created instinct of
XLVI. eternal life. Thou shalt stand in thy lot at the end of
— the days!

Such, then, was the First General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and such the work which it did. And now let each to his post and his task. Let the ministers repair to their flocks, and the Superintendents begin their circuits. At each village church, when the blessed Sabbath comes round, let the "reader" unclasp his thick, square, black-letter Bible. The era of THE BOOK is begun for Scotland!

CHAPTER XLVII.

INTOLERANCE OF THE REFORMERS.

WE are told, with a sigh for poor human nature, that the Reformers, so long persecuted themselves, no sooner had the power than they began to persecute others. Stern and relentless bigots, they could calmly tuck up their Geneva cloaks and hew Agag in pieces. But then, in apology for them, we are kindly permitted to remember that the principle of toleration was not understood in those days, and it were therefore unreasonable to expect that the Reformers could be as enlightened and tolerant as we are.

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There are some circumstances rather more favourable than others for understanding the principle of toleration. Go, place yourself in front of a lion's cage in a well-kept menagerie. The king of beasts looks superb, standing up in the shaggy honours of his mane. He presses his broad round head against the green-painted bars to receive the keeper's caress. You have not a single intolerant feeling towards him, but are pleased to see that he looks sleek and healthy. Suppose, however, that you are an Arab. Your best ox has been carried off to be eaten by the lion, and the royal beast has killed five or six more of your herd for his amusement. You have heard the death-groan of your son, as the fearful brute bounded off with him from your tent-door through the darkness. In these circumstances, you find it somewhat difficult to understand the principle of toleration; nay, you become animated by so persecuting a spirit that you

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take advantage of the first brisk wind, fire the jungle, and roast the magnificent animal in his lair. Who that saw Patrick Hamilton at the stake, his scorched face upturned to heaven in prayer, while the red-hot chain was cutting him through the middle; or who that beheld Walter Mill's hoary head blackening in the flames, but must have felt the heart within him, if it were human, beating with the throbs of a fierce desire to smite into everlasting ruin the bloody and accursed tyranny by which such horrid deeds were done?

Severe
statute.

The Reformers undoubtedly held the Mosaic law against idolatry to apply to every Christian kingdom. The Parliament of 1560 passed an Act ordaining that all who assisted or were present at the idolatry of the mass should be punished, for the first offence, by confiscation of goods; for the second, by banishment from the kingdom; and for the third, by death. "This severe statute," says the late learned Principal Lee, "was never executed, so far as I have been able to learn; and probably it was never intended to be executed to its full extent." Since the vast research of Principal Lee failed to discover a single instance in which this law was put in force, we may rest assured that no such instance is to be discovered. The severity of the Reformers was in theory, therefore, not in practice.

There were some matters in which the Reformers were even a trifle too tolerant. They suffered Popish Professors to remain in the Universities, corrupting the principles of the students. Six years after the Reformation, all the Professors in Aberdeen were Papists, and continued to teach Popish doctrines. Twelve years after the Reformation, several Popish Professors still held their offices at St. Andrews.

Kindness
to the
monks.

The forbearance and kindness with which Popish functionaries of every kind were treated by the Reformers is remarkable. The Popish Bishops were allowed, after

the Reformation, to sit in Parliament. They were continued in the enjoyment of their revenues, subject only to the burden of the humble provision made for the preachers of the gospel. The first General Assembly passed an Act providing that persons who had borne office in the Popish Church should receive a maintenance out of the funds of the Reformed Church. At the dissolution of the monasteries, a maintenance was set aside for those monks who could not otherwise find a livelihood. Many, both monks and nuns, who had grown gray droning their matin and vesper chants, and who were incapable of being put to any use in the working world, were thus provided for. So late as thirty years after the Reformation, "monks' portions" were still being paid out of the revenues of the Abbey of Arbroath; and there is no reason to doubt that the same kindly care provided for the wants of old and helpless monks at the other monasteries. Well-known figures they would be, antiquated imbecilities, grumbling and sour, lingering out their days beside their former abodes.

There was another matter in which the good-nature of the Reformers went quite far enough. A very large proportion of the "readers," appointed to read the Scriptures and conduct the psalmody in the Reformed kirks, were Popish priests. Many of these men ill repaid the kindness which had thus put them in the way of employment and bread, as the proceedings which the Church Courts were compelled to take against them for their immoral and vicious lives sufficiently prove. Numbers of priests were also employed as schoolmasters; a kindness to their old enemies from which the Reformed Church reaped the vexation which was to be expected. So early as the second year after the Reformation, the General Assembly had to deal with a complaint "that wicked men were permitted to be schoolmasters, and so to infect the youth." One of them, Master Robert Cumming, schoolmaster of

Good-nature of the Reformers.

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Arbroath, and once a priest, was found guilty of using the opportunities of his office to pervert the youth under his charge to Popery, and had sentence pronounced against him for a warning to the rest.

The Reformers did not clearly see the grand principle of toleration! Indeed it is not quite easy for men to see it, with the smoke of burning martyrs blowing in their eyes. After all, an intolerance which feeds enemies and gives salary and living to former persecutors, is not a very bad substitute for toleration, till men have leisure to perfect the enlightened theory.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHO DESTROYED THE ABBEYS?

"PULL down the nests, and the crows will fly away." But any herd-boy in Scotland can tell you that though you pull down the crows' nests, the crows will *not* fly away. It is the very thing they will not do. Crows are just the birds whose pertinacity in this respect is remarkable above all other birds whatsoever. Their nests may be pulled down half-a-dozen times in succession, and time after time the persisting birds rebuild them. John Knox would scarcely have used so ignorant a proverb—one which could pass only among men "in populous city pent," and as ignorant of the habits of the crow as of the condor. Drummond of Hawthornden avoids the blunder, by giving as the saying of Knox, "Cut down the trees, and the crows will build no more." But there is no proof that Knox ever said any such thing.

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The Reformer did not desire the destruction of the abbeys and cathedrals; quite the reverse. In the short civil war before the Reformation, a body of troops in French pay occupied and oppressed the town of Perth. The Lords of the Congregation marched to its relief. Dundee sent to the help of her sister a strong band of burgesses, who planted a battery at the east end of the bridge, knowing, like fine stout fellows as they were, how to buckle themselves to that gear. The Lord Ruthven set his battery on the west quarter. At ten o'clock on a June evening, they blew their matches and went to it.

Not Knox.

Ruthven's cannon bellowing on the west, the Dundee cannon bellowing on the east. Long before daylight the garrison had surrendered.

This piece of work done, the Dundee men bethought them of paying a visit to the Bishop of Moray, at his Abbey of Scone, some mile or two from Perth. This Bishop, having soldiers and retainers at his back, had behaved oppressively to the town of Perth. Besides, it was at his instigation that the venerable Walter Mill, "our brother," had been put to death. The Dundee men, therefore, marched up the river side to settle accounts with the Bishop. Their Provost hurried out, and tried to pacify them; but as he proved unable to control them, John Knox was sent for. When Knox came, he found them busy tumbling down the idols and the dormitories of the monks. Knox addressed them, reasoned with them, and with some difficulty got them quieted. The Abbey and the Bishop's Palace were safe for that day. On the morrow, some of the Dundee men were walking about the place. One of them chanced to look in at the "girnell" door. A bastard son of the Bishop's ran him through with a rapier. The murder of their townsman roused the fury of the Dundee men. They sent word to the men of Perth that unless they assisted to avenge that injury, they must never again look for the friendship or help of Dundee. A great multitude gathered and rolled northward to Scone, burst into the Abbey and Palace, and gave them to the flames. John Knox, who had taken so much trouble to preserve the edifices, was so much offended at their destruction that he "could not speak patiently to any man of Perth or Dundee." The men of Perth and Dundee, at least, were not likely to look to him for encouragement in abbey-burning.

The English were the wholesale destroyers of our ancient Scottish abbeys and churches. In the mad in-

vasion of 1544, which was intended to force "our lass" to marry "their lad," the English burned and destroyed the Abbeys of Melrose, Kelso, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, Eccles, Haddington, Newbattle, Holyrood, with many a church in the Merse, Teviotdale, and Lothian. To this large extent the work of destruction was accomplished sixteen years before the Reformation, when Knox was a simple tutor in the quiet country house of Longniddry.

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There exists an order in the hand-writing of the Lord James Stewart, afterwards Earl of Moray, for "purging" the Cathedral Church of Dunkeld. The Lord James was the person to whom it was committed to carry out, in the northern parts of the kingdom, the Act of Privy Council regarding idolatrous houses. This order may be fairly taken as a specimen of the procedure at other places. "Pass incontinent," says the order, which is addressed to the Lairds of Arntilly and Kinvaid, "Pass incontinent to the Kirk of Dunkeld, and take down the whole images thereof, and bring forth to the kirk-yard, and burn them openly. And likewise cast down the altars, and purge the kirk of all kind of monuments of idolatry. . . . Fail not but ye take good heed that neither the desks, windows, nor doors, be any ways hurt or broken, either stone work, glass work, or iron work."

This puts out of doubt the intentions of the Reformers. If the people went in some cases beyond the intentions of their leaders, it is surely not to be wondered at. But the stories of violence done by Protestant mobs at the Reformation are ridiculous exaggerations. Cecil, then the English Ambassador in Scotland, writes, "The Protestants be at Edinburgh. They offer no violence, but dissolve religious houses, directing the lands thereof to the Crown, and to ministry in the Church. The parish churches they deliver of altars and images." Cautious Robert Baillie, writing little more than seventy years after the time, and who of course must have conversed

Intentions
of the Re-
formers.

with many contemporaries of the Reformation, says, "I have not heard that in all our land above *three* or *four* churches were cast down."

The Reformers were not the destroyers of the churches, and that for the very good reason that they wanted them for their own use. The First Book of Discipline, drawn up by the first General Assembly, provides for the maintenance of all cathedral and collegiate churches, and chapels attached to monasteries, which were at the same time parish churches. This embraced the great majority of the finest buildings throughout the kingdom. The year following, the General Assembly got the Parliament to pass an Act for the upholding and repairing of the parish churches. In 1570, we find the General Assembly proceeding against the Bishop of Orkney, who enjoyed the revenues of the Abbey of Holyrood, on account of the ruinous state into which he had allowed the Abbey to fall, and compelling him to execute some repairs to stay the dilapidation. Next year, the Assembly is found appointing commissioners to deal with the Government "for preservation and upholding" of the Cathedral of Glasgow. The Assembly in 1573 again has before it the subject of "upholding cathedral kirks which are parish kirks," and orders the existing laws to be enforced until more effective provisions should be enacted by Parliament. In 1588, the Assembly appeals to the King, craving him to avert the ruin which threatened the Cathedrals of Glasgow and Dunblane and the Abbey of Dunfermline. Yet we have the absurd story still repeated about the Cathedral of Glasgow having been saved from Principal Melville and his mob by the craftsmen of the city rising in arms to defend it!

Such were the efforts made by the Reformers to preserve the churches and abbeys. Wherever there were congregations to be accommodated, they maintained the edifices, many of which continue to be used for public

worship to this day. If the structures not required for the use of congregations were allowed to go to ruin, the blame lies with the nobility and gentry who grasped the rents and lands attached to the buildings, but who never laid out a single merk for their repair. The rain soaked in through the neglected roofs, the frosts of winter bulged and rent the walls, the massive roofs fell in, the towers toppled over and came thundering down. This is the real history of the destruction of the abbeys. To speak of such vast and massive structures as having been "razed to the ground" by a mob in a few hours, shows how like parrots men can talk. "Pinches or fore-hammers will never pick upon't," said Hugh, the blacksmith of Ringleburn, when the baffled party stood before the tower of Westburnflat; "ye might as weel batter at it wi' pipe-staples." The fingers of a mob can do less than even pinches and fore-hammers against solid masonry two yards thick.

Frost, rain, neglect, and three hundred years, would have made the ruin of the edifices sure enough; greed and rapacity hurried the work of decay. The Privy Council, in 1568, stripped the lead from the roof of Elgin Cathedral and shipped it to Holland for sale. The vessel foundered. "I hope," says sturdy Samuel Johnson in his *Tour*, "every reader will rejoice that this cargo of sacrilege was lost at sea." The superb cathedral of course went to decay. The roof of Aberdeen Cathedral was also stripped. The buttresses were torn down by Cromwell's troops, that the stones might be used in fortifying a barrack. The central tower, thus weakened, fell in a high wind a few months before the Revolution.

"To the last hundred years," says Billings in his magnificent work on our ancient edifices, "Scotland can trace more destruction among her antiquities than ever occurred before." The walls of the old abbeys formed a quarry of stones, ready hewn and dressed, to which any

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one who might be in want of building materials repaired with mattock and cart. The Abbey of Melrose supplied materials to build a mansion-house and a jail, and to repair a mill. The Abbey of Arbroath was let out as a common quarry. Newabbey can be traced in the walls of the adjoining village. Each locality where a ruined abbey nods to the moon has the same tale to tell. If the laird had a farm-steading, a dike, or a row of cottars' houses to build, it was done cheaply with the stones of the ruined pile. Pounded sandstone makes good sand. The cottagers' wives drew a constant supply of stones from the abbey ruins to bruise down for sanding their floors. Look at that cosy cottage on a Saturday evening. The children are all to bed. The newly-sanded floor is crisp under foot. The tidy wife is busy with darning needle on many pairs of little hose. The husband sits with his pipe and penny paper before the briskly blinking fire. The cat purs on the hearth in the fulness of content. And a piece of a smashed corbel or mullion lies outside the door, ready to be pounded down next time the cottage floor needs sand.

Let the memory of the Reformers be cleared of the reproach so long and so ignorantly cast upon them. The destruction of the ancient ecclesiastical buildings of Scotland certainly lies at other doors than theirs.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

IT was a morning in August, with the thickest mist and most drenching rain men remembered ever to have seen, when the sound of cannon, heard from ships invisible through the haze, told the people of Leith and Edinburgh that their young Queen had arrived from France. An immense multitude flocked down to the shore, and brought her, with a right hearty Scottish welcome, to old Holyrood. When day was done, they lighted up the murky night with joy-fires, which blazed and hissed under the soaking rain in the midst of steaming crowds, and threw up their ruddy glare against the horn lattices that served the burgesses of those days for windows.

Mary was then nineteen, and a widow. She had been for about a year and a half the wife of Francis II., King of France, who was only sixteen when they married him to Mary of Scotland. This feeble and wicked boy, with his large melancholy eyes, great flap ears, and flat face, had already become a miserable bundle of infirmities. The Court of France, in which Mary was brought up, was perhaps the most polluted and guilt-laden spot on the face of the earth. If any well-read person were asked to say who was the most supremely diabolical woman he ever heard of, he would probably name Catherine de Medicis, our unfortunate Mary's mother-in-law, under whose influence she was thrown at the period of life when character is formed. The Princes of the bigoted and bloody house of Guise were her uncles. It was an

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uncle of hers, the Duke of Guise, who, coming one day to a congregation of Protestants met for worship in a barn, poured in among them a fire of balls from the arquebusses of his guard. Numbers of the poor people broke through the tiles and got upon the roof of the barn. The Duke made his soldiers bring them down with their shot "as one brings down pigeons," his lady looking on at the exciting sport. What could be expected of the unhappy girl, brought up from six to nineteen among demons?

When Mary's marriage to Francis was about to take place, the Scottish Parliament sent over to Paris nine commissioners, to be present at it, and to sanction it in the name of Scotland. Mary's half-brother, the Lord James Stewart, afterwards the great Earl of Moray, went as a commissioner. Erskine of Dun, not yet engaged in the preaching of the gospel, was another. The instructions to the commissioners were, to do nothing until they had obtained from the young Queen and her proposed husband an engagement to preserve the independence of Scotland and all its ancient laws and liberties.

Mary accepted the condition. But, fifteen days previously, she signed at Fontainebleau a secret deed, annulling beforehand the consent which she was about to give, and declaring it to be her intention to bind, join, annex, and unite the kingdom of Scotland to the kingdom of France. This preparation made, she met the commissioners, signed the articles, and took the oath to keep them in all faith and truth. She had been tutored well in the fatal art of falsehood. Her fair face bore no sign of trouble as she swore the oath, nor had the commissioners the least suspicion of deceit. When the girl of sixteen could carry through a prepared and cool perjury like this, what a finished dissembler would the woman prove!

Mary's
recom-
pishments

Mary was a good Latin scholar. Italian she knew familiarly, and French might be called her native tongue.

She sang agreeably, and her lily-white hand touched the lute with skill. Ronsard, the French poet, had been her teacher of poetry, and she had a facility in throwing off verses according to the inflated and fantastic style then fashionable in France. That she was beautiful all accounts agree. But then her numerous portraits differ so much from each other that it is impossible to say which of them, or whether any one of them all, is to be relied on as a likeness.

The very first Sabbath after her arrival in Scotland, Mary had mass performed in the Chapel of Holyrood. A people who had scarce had time to breathe freely since they were in death-grips with the bloody tyranny of Popery, were alarmed to see such open encouragement given to the dreaded and detested thing in the Palace of the Sovereign. John Knox spoke of it from the pulpit, and his words, to be sure, were plain and strong. As he said himself, he had "learned to call wickedness by its own name, a fig a fig, and a spade a spade." The Queen hears of it, and sends for Knox. Possibly she thought to exercise some influence over the intrepid Reformer; perhaps she was only curious to see a man of whose fame she had heard long before leaving France. The John Knox who conversed with Queen Mary was no rude, unpolished man, such as he is in the vulgar idea of him. The life of Courts was familiar to Knox. Chaplain during four years to Edward VI., he had been the daily companion of the first nobility of England. The leading nobles of Scotland were his familiar friends. The Lord Ochiltree, who had the ancient blood-royal of Scotland in his veins, being descended from the second son of Robert II., was his father-in-law. A rude, uncourtly man Knox certainly was not.

Obedient to her summons, Knox stood in the presence of the Queen. She began by accusing him of various grave offences. He had raised her subjects against her

Knox sent
for.

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mother and herself; he had written a book against her authority; he had been the cause of great sedition and slaughter in England; he got his power and wrought his purposes by magical arts. Knox defended himself with freedom and boldness. Should a man have done less? For three hundred years or thereby, abuse has been pouring its vials over his grave for the way he spoke to Queen Mary. Whether he ever forgot in her presence the respect due by a subject, whether he was ever rude or offensive in his language to her, may be referred to an unexceptionable witness—Mary herself. The last time he stood in her presence, Knox put it to her if he had ever spoken an offensive word in any one of their interviews. The Queen, thus appealed to, could not, and did not say that he ever had.

Mary had come from the wretched Court of France with her head full of the divine right of Kings. According to the notions in which she had been bred up, the duty of subjects consists in mere unlimited obedience to the will of the Sovereign. “Think you that subjects, having power, may resist their princes?” she asked the Reformer. “If their princes exceed their bounds, madam,” Knox replied, “and do against that for which they should be obeyed, it is no doubt but they may be resisted.” This doctrine proved so confounding that the Queen changed countenance, and “stood as it were amazed more than the quarter of an hour.” Here is a man who actually dares to say that the law is above Kings! In a hundred years, however, or a little more, the British nation adopts the strange idea, and sets it on a “Revolution settlement.” Queen Victoria reigns nobly and happily on a principle, the very uttering of which struck Queen Mary dumb with amazement.

Some of his friends questioned Knox, after this interview, as to his opinion of the Queen. “If there be not in her,” he replied, “a proud mind, a crafty wit, and a

hardened heart against God and his truth, my judgment
faileth me.”

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Repeatedly after this the Queen sent for Knox. A new power had arisen in the land, whose abode was not in grim moat-girdled castles and among steel-sheathed men-at-arms, but in burgh homes and under the thatch of cottages. This new power, the power of public opinion, was already strong enough to enter the presence-chamber and make itself heard there. Knox was its representative, and almost its creator. “The Third Estate, it is I,” the Reformer might have said; only he was little in the habit of thinking of himself at all, except as a sinful man to whom it was granted, in the unspeakable grace of Heaven, to do something for the good of his fellow mortals and the glory of the great God. When Knox stood in the presence of the Queen, it was not an interview granted to an individual; it was the Sovereign conferring with the Commons of Scotland.

Public
opinion

Let two steeds be yoked to a chariot; one cool and steady, the other hot and wild. The equipage starts. Silver-mounted harness, glossy steeds, varnished carriage, make a brave show. The hot steed champs his bit, and flecks his breast with foam. There is fire in his wide nostrils, and mischief looks out at the corners of his eyes. The pace quickens, the hot steed is kindling into fury. His companion is becoming excited too. A start, a plunge, and they dash away uncontrollable. The tightened reins break, the charioteer is hurled to the ground, and the chariot rushes to destruction. Such is the history of Mary’s reign. For a while the fair charioteer drove the cool steed Policy in harness with the hot and fiery steed Passion, till Passion kindled into wild excitement and swept both Policy and the fair charioteer into ruin.

Tutored by those crafty Lucifers, her uncles the Guises, Mary laid herself out to cultivate the favour of her relation, Queen Elizabeth. Her aim was to be declared Elizabeth’s

Mary’s
policy

CHAPTER XLIX. successor. With this policy, she made unbounded protestations of love and deference to her sister of England. Even in the matter of a husband, she was quite willing to give up all choice and let Elizabeth choose for her. "Marry," said she to the English Ambassador, "what I shall do lieth in your mistress' will, who shall wholly guide me and rule me"—"As to marriage, my husband must be such a one as she will give me."

This, then, was Mary's state-craft during the first years of her reign. In the hope of being recognized as next heir to the English throne, she cultivated Elizabeth. For the same reason, she favoured the Protestant interest in Scotland. The Protestants north of the Tweed had all along maintained friendly relations with the Protestant Queen of England. It formed, therefore, part of Mary's policy to be friendly with Elizabeth's Scottish friends. So far was this carried that the Romish party took offence at the neglect with which they fancied themselves treated. In fact, a sputter of rebellion, kindled by jealousy of the Queen's favour to her Protestant subjects, exploded in the north. The leader in the outbreak was the Earl of Huntly, the head of the Popish party, a nobleman so powerful that he had made offer to the Queen to put down the Reformation and restore "the ancient religion." The great lord of the northern straths found himself treated with coldness in the halls of Holyrood. He saw the Lord James, the head of the Protestant nobility, taken into Mary's counsels, while he felt himself neglected. The pride of the old Earl was hurt and his envy fired. There was no need. A Jesuit from Rome, one of those frogs that creep into royal bed-chambers, had been in the Queen's closet, and she was doing all as an obedient daughter of the Church.

The year after her return home, Mary set out to visit the northern parts of her dominions. It was the pleasant weather of early autumn when, leaving old Holyrood,

the Court rode north in attendance on the Queen. The Lord James, with the principal nobility, went in his sister's train. It was her intention to make a short stay in the Castle of Inverness. But when they arrived before that stronghold, its gates were shut, and the castellan from the wall-head told them that he would not draw bolt or bar without the orders of Sir John Gordon. This was Huntly's son, a fierce and violent man, who happened at this time to have a quarrel with the law about a matter of blood.

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Luckless castellan, to bar his gates when two such men as the Lord James and James Earl of Morton wanted to be in! These two exchange a few rapid words, followed on the instant by rapid action. Summons in the Queen's name goes out by swift riders and runners to gather the force of the country. The very next morning, the clan Chattan, with the Frasers and Monroes, come marching in. The Queen's spirit was roused by the martial stir. "She repented she was not a man, to know what life it is to lie all night in the fields, or walk the rounds with a jack and knapskull." The castle opened its gates without the orders of Sir John Gordon, and the castellan wavered in the wind over the town bridge "in a tow."

The Queen, at the head of three thousand men, returned to Aberdeen. The spearmen of Angus joined her standard there. Huntly gathered "a power," and pushed forward to Aberdeen, thinking to seize the Queen. The Lord James and the Earl of Morton marched to attack him. About twelve or thirteen miles from Aberdeen, they came upon him posted on a little hill at a place named Corrichie. Huntly's claymores could not abide the shock of the southern spearmen. The long weapons, which came on like a wall, bore them down the hill, and forced them into the marshy flat below. Numbers of them were speared struggling in the bog.

Battle of
Corrichie
1562 A.D.

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Two of Huntly's sons were taken; Huntly himself, a heavy and corpulent man, was suffocated in his armour. The body of the old chief was thrown across a horse on a pair of "creels," and brought in this manner to Aberdeen, where it was laid on the bare flags of the Tolbooth floor, clad only in a canvas doublet and a pair of Scottish gray hose. Many came to gaze upon the body of him who, but that morning, had been the most powerful noble in Scotland.

Sir John Gordon, the Earl's son, was beheaded; the younger, Adam, was pardoned in pity of his youth. The earldom of Moray, of which Huntly had held possession for many years, was given by the Queen to her brother, the Lord James, whom therefore history henceforward knows as the Earl of Moray. But it was observed that the Queen "gloomed" at the messenger who brought the news of the victory at Corrichie; and there were some—John Knox for one—who thought that her brother's success was "a very venom" to her heart.

Six months afterwards, Huntly's body, which had been embalmed and kept unburied for the purpose, was brought before the Parliament in Edinburgh, that sentence of forfeiture might pass upon it, according to feudal custom. The Queen was present at the ceremony. The body was brought into court in a coffin covered with the escutcheons which had belonged to the poor inhabitant within. His indictment was read, his treason declared proven, forfeiture pronounced, "and the arms of the said Earl were riven off, and deleted forth from memory." Whether the Queen "gloomed" again as she looked upon the coffin of the friend to whom her policy had proved so deadly a trap, no observer has recorded.

Mary flat-
ters Knox.

If it was necessary to the object which Mary had in view that, till the pear was ripe, she should be on good terms with her Protestant subjects, there was one man who, if possible, must by all means be won. That man

was Knox. On him, therefore, Mary tried all her power of fascination. She was at Lochleven, enjoying country sports in the spring weather. By her own desire, Knox met her in the fields west from Kinross when out at her favourite sport of hawking. Mary called up all her blandishments, and conversed with the great Captain of the Commons in the most familiar and captivating style. The Lord Ruthven, she said, had offered her a ring; but, she added, "I cannot love him, for I know him to use enchantment." From love affairs she passed to Church affairs. "I understand," she said, "that you are appointed to go to Dumfries for the election of a superintendent."

"Yes," said Knox; "those quarters have great need."

"But I hear," said she, "that the Bishop of Galloway would be superintendent."

"He is one, madam, that is put in election."

"If you knew him as well as I do, you would never promote him to that office, nor yet to any other within your Kirk."

"If he fear not God," said Knox, "he deceives many more than me."

"Well," said she, "do as you will, but that man is a dangerous man."

Knox admits that the Queen was right, and that he afterwards discovered how he had been deceived in this person. He offered to take his leave, but the Queen stopped him. She had a most delicate and particular matter, she said, in which she must have his assistance. With this she began a long conversation about her half-sister, the Countess of Argyle. The Earl and his lady lived unhappily. Knox had once before brought them to a reconciliation. "Do this much for my sake," said the Queen, "as once again to put them at unity, and if she behave not herself as she ought to do, she shall have no favours of me. But in any wise let not my lord know that I have requested you in this

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matter." Knox promised to make the attempt, and the interview closed in smiles and sunshine. Mary's poor father loved to be called the King of the Commons; but is not this the true King of the Commons, the little man with the clasped book at his girdle, whom the Queen of Scotland met and tried to flatter, in the fields west from Kinross at the hawking?

Mary's
Court.

Brought up in the gaiety and license of the French Court, Mary transferred its amusements and usages to Holyrood. The extreme freedom of her own manners soon provoked odious scandals. A French gentleman, named Châteldard, was a guest at her Court. He was a grandson of the Chevalier Bayard,—that knight without fear and without stain before whom Francis I. knelt to receive knighthood from his hand,—and was said to resemble him greatly. Between Mary and Châteldard an excessive intimacy sprang up. There was a kind of dance then fashionable, called the "Purpose," or "Conversation," in which each pair of partners separated themselves from the company to talk together secretly. The Queen took Châteldard for her partner. They wrote verses to each other. He was familiar in her cabinet early and late. She would often lean on his shoulder, "and sometimes privily would steal a kiss of his neck." The miserable man, presuming upon these indecent familiarities, secreted himself in the Queen's bed-chamber, where he was discovered. The Queen called for the Earl of Moray, and charged him, as he loved her, to slay Châteldard, "and let him never speak a word." "I shall bring him to the presence of justice, and let him suffer by law according to his deserving," Moray replied.

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A few days afterwards, the wretched Châteldard walked to the scaffold singing his friend Ronsard's hymn to Death, and died gaily as only a Frenchman dies. "He lacked his head," says Knox, "that his tongue should not utter the secrets of our Queen."

A very little in the way of specimen will serve to show the taste and manners of Mary's Court. A banquet was given on a certain occasion in honour of the French Ambassador. The banquet was followed in the evening by "masque and mumchance." The Queen and her "Maries" and other ladies were dressed in men's clothes. Each bore in her hand a "whinger," or short broadsword, in a gold-embroidered sheath, and each selected a gentleman in the Ambassador's suite to whom she presented the whinger, the Queen herself selecting the Ambassador.

On another occasion of high festivity, "a Frenchman called Bastian devised a number of men formed like satyrs, with long tails and whips in their hands, running before the meat, which was brought through the great hall upon a machine or engine, marching, as appeared, alone, with musicians clothed like maids, singing and playing upon all sorts of instruments. But the satyrs were not content only to make way or room, but put their hands behind them to their tails, which they wagged with their hands, in such sort as the Englishmen supposed it had been devised and done in derision of them." Indeed, the English guests were provoked almost to falling foul. Master Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's handsome Chamberlain, said to a Scottish gentleman beside him, "that if it were not in the Queen's hall and presence, he would put a dagger into the heart of that French knave, Bastian." The English in those days were extremely sensitive on the subject of tails. Black Agnes of Dunbar, in the time of David II., first gave them the nickname of "the long-tailed English," from the length of their skirts. Coat-tails might be shortened, but the nickname remained, and Southron flesh and blood could not bear it.

Enough, however, of the gaities of Mary's Frenchified Court. The learned editor of Calderwood's History wishes to know "if Knox was devoid of taste, who preferred schools and colleges to these things?"

CHAPTER I.

DARNLEY.

CHAPTER BRIDEGROOMS many, both English and foreign, were proposed for Mary. ^{L.}
The quantity of negotiation and letter-writing spent on attempts to arrange a marriage for her, seems to the weary reader enough to have arranged marriages for St. Ursula and all her eleven thousand virgins. Queen Elizabeth's will was to rule the matter, but there was no getting out of her what her will might be. Nothing decided could she be got to say or do; only "drift of time," and intolerable delays, mere shifts and pretexts for putting off. At last she did give an answer to the great question about the succession to her crown. She could not recognize Mary's title till she had made up her own mind whether she would marry or not,—which, as Elizabeth was at this time not more than thirty years of age, she might still hold an open question.

Mary's disappointment by this declaration was still fresh, when the Earl of Lennox, who had lived in England a banished man ever since the troubles in her childhood, returned to Scotland. With him came his son, Henry Lord Darnley, cousin to Mary by the half blood. He was a tall, handsome, "lady-faced" youth; "the handsomest and best proportioned lang man," Mary said, that she had seen. He had some knowledge of languages, he made verses, sang, and played on the lute, and could dance "galliards" to perfection. But he was changeful in his humours, an easy dupe to any flatter-

ing tongue, and given to bursts of fury in which he would strike whoever chanced to be nearest, as people with a fist heavier than their brains are apt to do. Worse still, he was given to drinking a certain *aqua composita*, believed to be the same liquid which moderns call whisky.

Mary set her heart vehemently on her tall, well-limbed cousin. He was nineteen; she was now twenty-three. On account of their cousinship, the Pope's dispensation was wanted for their marriage. The Bishop of Dunblane was sent off to Rome to procure it. The impatient Queen did not, however, wait its arrival. Four months before her public marriage to Darnley at Holyrood, she married him secretly at Stirling. That supple Italian, David Rizzio, who came to the Scottish Court in the train of the Ambassador of Savoy, and quickly glided into Mary's confidence, managed the affair. He had his own apartment fitted up as a Romish chapel for the occasion, and there in secrecy Mary and Darnley were wedded. The Bishop of Dunblane has no need to hurry himself.

Meanwhile, the announcement that the Queen was going to marry Darnley caused a great commotion. Darnley and his father were Papists. The Queen showed them such extraordinary favour that it seemed the whole power of the State was about to be thrown into their hands. The Papists expected that the sun would now shine on their side of the hedge, while the Protestants on their part were justly alarmed at the prospect of a change in the royal counsels which threatened dark mischiefs to the Reformed Church. As Knox and his friends viewed it, religion and liberty, and what had done much for the support of both, the English alliance, were all menaced by the union of the Queen to a Papist.

The Queen made extraordinary and vehement efforts to draw from her brother an approval of her marriage to Darnley. She flattered and caressed him, she remon-

CHAPTER L. strated, entreated, threatened. To her "many sore words" Moray replied with his usual invincible calmness, but he remained firm in his refusal and was dismissed from her presence with bitter taunts and angry revilings. The wise and able adviser, who had made her government respected, was driven away.

A young man given to fury fits would naturally be much enraged at one who sought to bar his marriage with a beautiful Queen. Darnley was specially enraged at the Earl of Moray. The Earl, from circumstances known to him, was satisfied that Darnley was party to a scheme for his murder. The Queen and Darnley were at Perth. Moray was to be summoned to attend there. Darnley was to get into conversation with him. It was calculated, from Moray's well-known manner, that he would be sure to express himself with plainness and freedom. A quarrel was thereupon to rise; Rizzio was to give him the first stab; the others present were to finish the deed.

Moray was summoned to Perth; but, believing what he believed, he took care not to go. The Protestant Lords had meetings, and consulted about means to prevent the marriage; but they did nothing. Meanwhile, the Bishop of Dunblane had arrived from Rome with the dispensation. Mary lost no time. On a Saturday evening in midsummer, three heralds in their figured tabards took their stand at the market-cross of Edinburgh, and with trumpet blare proclaimed Darnley King of Scotland. Next morning, at five o'clock, the marriage which was destined to mingle the blood of the Bruce and the Douglas in the royal line of Britain, was solemnized in the Chapel of Holyrood. At the feast which followed, the married pair were served, according to feudal custom, by the greatest nobles of the kingdom. The Queen's server was the Earl of Athole, Earl Morton her carver, Earl Crawford her cup-bearer. The Earls of Cassilis,

Eglinton, and Glencairn did the same offices to the King. CHAPTER L.
Money in glittering handfuls was scattered among the crowd at the Palace gate, who shouted *Largesse! largesse!* and dancing and festivity drove on the day.

Darnley's relationship to Queen Elizabeth was the same as Mary's. Elizabeth's aunt, the fair English girl delivered to the Scots at Lamberton Kirk, had a son by her first husband, the King who died in the carnage heap of Flodden. That son was Mary's father. English Margaret had a daughter by her second husband, Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus. That daughter was the Countess of Lennox, Darnley's mother. On Elizabeth dying childless, the succession to the English crown would necessarily go back to the grandchildren of her father's sister, as the nearest of kin. The whole right which was in Queen Margaret thus came to vest in Mary and Darnley and their offspring. Thus clear and plain did Providence make the title by which at length a Scottish Prince took possession of the English throne.

Many, both high and low, were indignant that Darnley had been proclaimed King without the consent of Parliament either asked or given. No man, who set any value on liberty, could view without discontent so bold a stretch of power. Dissatisfied nobles in those days were apt enough to write their protest "with sharp pens and bloody ink." In this case, the dissatisfied Lords, Argyle, Moray, Glencairn, and others, took arms, but not till they were driven to it. The Queen summoned them to her presence, to answer for spreading slanderous reports of Darnley's design against Moray's life. Moray, though provided with the Queen's written guarantee of his safety, declined to put himself in her power. His friends did the same. The Queen forthwith proclaimed both him and them outlaws, and banished them from the kingdom.

Thus tyrannously pushed at, the Lords began, in self-

CHAPTER L. defence, to gather a force. The Queen did not allow them time. She took the field against them in person at the head of an army of eighteen thousand men. She drove them before her from Glasgow to Edinburgh, and from thence into Nithsdale. She swept through Fife, inflicted heavy fines on the friends of the Lords, and gave up their estates to plunder. Moray and the Lords had retreated to Dumfries. Thither the Queen pursued them, drove them across the Border, and returned in triumph to Edinburgh. This hunting of the Lords was called the Chase-about Raid. The Queen went through the whole of it on horseback, with pistols at her saddle-bow. What energy and force this woman has, and what might she not have been if Guises, Jesuits, and other diabolical persons had not had the training of her!

Chase-
about
Raid.

For a while, Mary lavished on her husband unbounded fondness. "All honour," wrote the English Ambassador, "that may be attributed unto any man by a wife, he hath it wholly and fully. All praise that may be spoken of him, he lacketh not from herself. All dignities that she can endue him with, are already given and granted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth not him; and she hath given unto him her whole will to be ruled and guided as himself best liketh."—But love, which had flowed like the Solway, ebbed like its tide. In a few months, Mary's ardent affection for her husband began to subside, as his defects became evident to her cooled imagination. His weak head was turned by his sudden honours, and he became insufferably conceited, insolent, and overbearing. He was ungrateful and vindictive, and "such a bairn," that his humours and caprices changed with every hour—to all which add *aqua composita*.

Quarrels.

The ill-assorted couple began to quarrel, and their discord became notorious to the whole Court. Mary's feelings to her husband swiftly changed into sheer contempt and hatred. Little more than a year after the marriage, she

was heard to say that unless she was freed of him in some way, she could have no pleasure to live, and if she could find no other remedy, she would take her own life. The high-born lady shamefully forgot herself, and gave way to the violence of her temper like the coarsest scold in the land. The least attention shown to her husband provoked her. Darnley, who was very fond of dogs, had received from a gentleman of the Court a present of a very fine water-spaniel. When the Queen knew it, she burst into a rage, stormed at the gentleman who had given the dog, and called him abusive names. She allowed herself to speak of her husband in language with which paper must not be blotted. "It cannot," says a letter written by the Earl of Bedford, then at the Scottish Court, "it cannot for modesty, nor with the honour of a Queen, be reported what she said of him."

While this miserable discord was growing venomous and black, Rizzio the Italian was rising in influence with the Queen. They mistake vastly who think that this "merry fellow and good musician" was a mere Court minion, admitted as a good bass to sing a fourth part in her Majesty's chamber concerts. There is now no doubt whatever that he was a Papal agent, in the pay and confidence of the Vatican, and in constant correspondence with his employers on the banks of the Tiber. He was accomplished, clever, supple, and soon made his way to extraordinary influence in the Scottish Court, quite overtopping all the nobility.

The hold which he got over the Queen seems like an infatuation. He would interrupt her when speaking in the midst of her Court circle, and rebuke her sharply; to which insolence the far-descended daughter of the Scottish Kings tamely submitted. He excelled Darnley himself in household and personal show, and in the number of good horses which he kept. The Queen caused a stamp to be made, with Darnley's signature engraved. This

CHAPTER

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Rizzio's
influence

CHAPTER stamp she delivered to Rizzio, to affix the signature to
L. such papers as required to be signed by the King. In
this way Darnley was excluded from all share in public
business. "David is he that worketh all." David could
make or mar any man's Court favour. David could help
or hinder any man's cause. David put the weight of
his foot into the scale of justice. "Seigneur Davie" was
admitted into the Queen's cabinet when the King found
the door barred.

CHAPTER LI.

BEHIND THE ARRAS.

A CHAMBER in a great mansion of former days, with the thick tapestry which draped the walls wavering in the draughts, was not always the best place for secret confidences. There might be more behind the hangings than the speakers knew. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, making a thrust through the arras to kill a rat, stabbed a man. The Jesuits usually had a great deal of business to do behind the arras, and unhappily Mary of Scotland had a great deal to do with the Jesuits.

The Guises had sent home their niece thoroughly imbued with their own vast and daring ambition. Rome was then organizing her mighty schemes to recover the ground she had lost by the Reformation. Foremost among these was the scheme to reconquer England to the Catholic faith. The politicians of the Vatican had every reason to hope for success. Spain, at that time the most formidable of the European powers—gloomy, bigoted, bloody Spain—was ready to combine with France to put down English Protestantism. In England itself, the Catholics were scarcely inferior to the Protestants, in numbers, wealth, and influence. Suppose Scotland to join the alliance with the three powers, Rome, France, and Spain, against England. Suppose French and Spanish armies landed on the Scottish shores, and the united banners of Scotland, France, and Spain crossing the Tweed. A fierce, wide-spread rebellion of the English Catholics breaks out to second the invasion. Would the Protestant

CHAPTER
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Schemes
of Popery,

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throne of England have stood amid such appalling perils? If Scotland kept steadfast to the Protestant faith and the English alliance, the island home of religion and freedom might defy assault. But if Scotland was open to the foreigner, and French and Spanish armies could land at pleasure, Britain practically ceased to be an island. Scotland was the key of the position, and the conspirators of the Vatican were fully alive to the fact.

Throughout her reign, Mary never lost sight of this great scheme. She maintained a constant correspondence with the Pope and all the heads of the Catholic party in Europe. This mass of correspondence exists and is in print, showing to all readers that Mary Stewart, the clever and accomplished liege-lady of Scotland, was a mistress of intrigue, and had learned the art of dissembling in the first school in the world.

The foremost object to be accomplished was the overthrow of the Protestant religion in Scotland. That secured, England's turn would come next. There was one man who saw through the deep game that was being played. Knox saw through it, as clearly as did the men behind the arras themselves.

Some time before Darnley came to Scotland, to fire Mary's heart with his handsome figure and youthful bloom, a project was set on foot for her marriage with Don Carlos, son of Philip II. of Spain. Bigoted Spain linked so closely with Scotland! Let Scottish Protestantism and liberty look to it. If this alliance goes on, their chances are small. The "fruit" which Philip expects of it is "the reduction of the kingdom of Scotland and of the kingdom of England to the Catholic faith." This marriage treaty is in fact a plot on the religion and liberties of both countries. It will secure the footing of Spain in Scotland, and then let England beware!

The plot was conducted with the utmost secrecy. Even Machiavelli Lethington had not the least suspicion

of it. But it did not escape the vigilance of Knox. The CHAPTER Parliament was sitting, and upon a certain day the LI. greater part of the members had gone to St. Giles' Church



JOHN KNOX ENTERING ST. GILES'.

to hear Knox preach. Knox blew one of his mighty trumpet-blasts. Towards the close, he referred to the Queen's proposed marriage with the son of Spain, and charged the nobility there present to give no consent to it, as they would not betray religion and the liberty of the realm. "Placeboes" and flatterers made haste to

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tell the Queen that Knox had denounced her marriage. Knox was immediately summoned to her presence. Erskine of Dun was permitted to enter her cabinet along with him.

A scene.

The Queen was in "a vehement fume." "Never," she cried, "was prince used as she was." She had borne many of his severe speeches, she had sought his friendship, she had offered him audience whenever it pleased him to admonish her; but all to no purpose. "I vow to God," she cried, "I shall be revenged." By this time, she had talked herself into a state of uncontrollable excitement, and burst into a violent fit of weeping and "yowling." Marnock, her chamber-boy, ran for one napkin after another to dry her tears. Knox waited till the storm spent itself, and then calmly gave his reasons in justification of what he had done. As a preacher of God's Word, he was bound, he said, to speak plain truth, to tell his hearers their sins and their duties, and to flatter no flesh on the face of the earth.

"But what have you to do," said she, "with my marriage? or what are you within this commonwealth?"

"A subject born within the same, Madam. And albeit I neither be Earl, Lord, nor Baron within it, yet has God made me, how abject soever I be in your eyes, a profitable member thereof."

Yes, indeed; we subjects born in Scotland, if a Spanish master is to be put over us, and a foreign tyranny set up, really do think it is our affair, and shall have a word to say in it, and perhaps a long spear to take down from the cottage rafters.

Knox then proceeded to repeat to the Queen what he had said in public. This brought down a new storm of tears and yelling. Erskine of Dun, in his kind and gentle way, tried to soothe her. He praised her beauty and her excellence, and said that all the princes of Europe would be glad to seek her favour. It was to no purpose.

The fury of the Queen's passion had broken all bounds, and was not to be stayed. Knox stood still, a silent spectator of the pitiful exhibition. CHAPTER
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At last he said, "Madam, in God's presence I speak. I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures; yea, I can scarcely well abide the tears of my own boys whom my own hand corrects, much less can I rejoice in your Majesty's weeping. But seeing that I have offered unto you no just occasion to be offended, but have spoken the truth as my calling craves of me, I must sustain, although unwillingly, your Majesty's tears, rather than I dare hurt my conscience, or betray the commonwealth through my silence."

Upon this, the Queen, more furious, if possible, than before, ordered him out of her presence. She made an effort to have him punished, and with that view consulted the Lords of the Articles, who with difficulty got her advised to desist and let the Third Estate alone.

The Spanish marriage did not go on. Knox had sounded an alarm in Scotland which was caught up in England. The arras had been torn up from floor to ceiling, and a plot exposed is a plot defeated. Knox, and Knox alone, saved the kingdom.

It was about half a year after Mary's public marriage with Darnley when an ambassador with forty horse in his train arrived from France to invest the young King with "the Cockle;" that is to say, the order of knighthood of St. Michael. The ceremony of investment took place in the Chapel of Holyrood, and banquets both in the Palace and the Castle did all due honour to the occasion. But the Cockle was only the ambassador's ostensible errand. He had a far mightier one behind the arras. This was to procure Mary's signature to the alliance formed between Spain, France, and the Emperor of Germany, for the destruction of the Protestant cause. This prodigious conspiracy, known in history as the

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The
League.

League, or Holy Union, was originally planned by Mary's uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine. The Jesuits took it up, and enlarged the sketch. The Pope of course had a deep hand in it. The full-blown League was simply an association of the Catholic Powers to cut the throats of all Protestant Europe. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was meant to be a mere instalment of its tremendous purpose.

Mary, acting under the advice of the man who had gained so strange an influence over her, Rizzio the Papal agent, signs the League. A great blow is being prepared. A Parliament is to be held, in which the banished Protestant Lords shall be forfeited, stripped of every rood of land, and left to wander the world ruined and broken men. Spanish troops are to be received into the country, and liberty and the Protestant religion are to be put down by force. Twelve wooden altars stand ready made, and we shall have a mass in St. Giles' Kirk again before long.

But will men stand tamely looking on, and suffer these things to be? Shall this villain David get his foot on the necks of us all? What did our fathers do at Lauder Bridge? Justice requires that this hateful foreign upstart be punished. The Queen must be taken out of his hands before liberty and religion are ruined. We are not to be slaves to him, and we shall not suffer this minion of the Pope and the League to rob us of the liberty for which we have bled.

David's
perils.

David rides out on his fine horse and makes a gallant show, and dreams not of the grim purpose which is taking form in the minds of the bold and formidable men whom he has dared to provoke. Meanwhile, Darnley believes that he has suffered from the Italian a wrong which makes the heart of man pitiless and fierce as the heart of the jungle tiger. The soft, beautiful face, is often seen convulsed with rage. He tells his grief and shame to his

uncle, George Douglas, who tells it to another uncle, the Lord Ruthven, and to Lord Ruthven's son. This company, the Darnley kindred, are preparing their revenge. The other company, Morton, Lethington, and Lindsay, are also busy with their plot. Two hunters in ambuscade are each bending a bow against the same stag of ten. They become aware, however, of each other's design. Ruthven whispers to Morton the plot of the Darnley kindred, and the two companies and the two plots become one company and one plot.

On a Saturday evening after dark, the Earl of Morton and Lord Lindsay with a hundred and fifty armed men suddenly and quietly occupied the court-yard of Holyrood Palace, and shut the gates. It was about seven o'clock, and the Queen was at supper with Rizzio and three or four persons more, in a small room which entered from her bed-chamber. The bed-chamber communicated by a private stair with Darnley's room below. Darnley admitted the conspirators into his own room, and led them by the private staircase to the upper chamber.

9th March
1566.

Lord Ruthven, pale and haggard from recent illness, and looking like a corpse in armour, followed Darnley. After him came the Master of Ruthven, George Douglas, and Ker of Fadonside, a tall, thin-made, resolute-looking man, the same who afterwards married the widow of John Knox. The Queen asked what the matter meant? Ruthven in a stern and hollow voice bade Rizzio rise, for that was no place for him. The Queen started up and placed herself between Rizzio and the conspirators. Rizzio, for protection, put his arm about the Queen's waist and held her fast. Fadonside bent back his middle finger, and forcibly undid his grasp. They then dragged him out of the supper-chamber into the bed-chamber, and from that into the room beyond. Not a blow was struck in the Queen's presence or hearing, neither did the conspirators intend their victim's death

CHAPTER to be in Holyrood at all. On the contrary, they had
 LI. come provided with rope to hang him formally at the
 Cross.

A noise, however, as of a fray rising, was heard from below. Ignorant what the tumult might mean, and fearing a rescue, they dispatched their prisoner with their whingers and daggers. Three-and-fifty wounds were counted on the corpse.

It was a terrible deed ; but the wretched Italian had provoked his fate. Darnley's part in the "slaughter of David" may be put down to the vindictive caprice of a jealous husband. But Rizzio was engaged in an enormous treason against the law and liberty of Scotland. Through him, as the Queen's sole adviser, the treaty had been signed according to which the swords of France and Spain were to cut out the Protestantism of Scotland as a cancer. The kingdom was on the verge of being thrown back into the horrible persecutions and bloody struggles from which it had been so recently delivered. Rizzio suffered death, but the nation escaped a frightful calamity.

Rizzio's
 treason.

The conspirators kept possession of the Palace, and held the Queen a prisoner within it. The cry ran through the town of Edinburgh that there was murder done in the Palace. The Provost caused ring the common bell ; and prompt to the call, four or five hundred armed burghers followed him down to Holyrood. Darnley spoke to the Provost from a window, and ordered him to pass home and disperse his men. The Queen and he were merry, he said. The Provost desired to speak with the Queen herself. "Provost," said Darnley, "know you not that I am King ? I command you to pass home to your houses ;" whereupon the Provost drew off his men and dispersed them to their homes.

The conspirators, with the King as their leader and the Queen in their possession, were now in fact the Government of the kingdom. The banished Lords returned

Parliament was dissolved, the great blow against the Protestant cause was parried. In these days of ours, the Sovereign courteously dismisses, to the sound of a division-bell, the advisers whom the nation has ceased to trust. We subjects have no difficulty in showing to the Sovereign all honourable reverence. But when a Sovereign enters, as Queen Mary did, into a conspiracy with foreign powers to slaughter her own subjects, crush their religion, and rob them of their dearest rights, shall we wish our head were waters and our eyes a fountain of tears to weep for her, because her subjects sternly baulked the monstrous design?

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L.I.

The blow
parried.

Mary at first was wild and furious at the predicament in which she found herself. But she calmed down, and played her part, as she well could do, with great cleverness. She talked over her weak and fickle husband, the big, handsome "bairn." The simple fellow, "allured by her sugared words," became wax in her hands. She assured the conspirators of her readiness to pardon them, and made them draw up a writing for their own security, which she promised to sign. Strange to say, they were persuaded to trust her, and withdrew their guards from the Palace. This was on the third day from Rizzio's death. That evening, the Queen retired to rest, but at midnight she rose, and, accompanied by Darnley, escaped to the Castle of Dunbar. In six days she returned to Edinburgh at the head of an army of eight thousand men, and the conspirators only saved themselves from her fury by a hasty flight.

Alas! yet again, that Jesuits, Guises, and other devilish personages, should have had it in their power so foully to spoil this Queen, whose talents and vigour might have played a part so splendid.

CHAPTER LII.

THE MYSTERY OF BLOOD.

CHAPTER LII.
Bothwell. THE lists were enclosed at the Cross of Greenside, and Mary and her Court were seated to witness a tournament, when a knight sheathed in burnished armour galloped down the steep slope of the Calton Hill, and leaped his charger into the ring, to the terror and admiration of the beholders. The fearless horseman was James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, "a glorious, rash, and hazardous young man;" handsome to look upon, of high birth, lord of great possessions, in audacity and ambition boundless. He had long lived abroad, and his easy, elegant Continental manners sat well upon him. Beneath this polished exterior, he was "as naughty a man as liveth, and much given to the detestable vices."

A fatal passion for this showy and dangerous man took hold of Mary's heart, and possessed her like an infatuation. After the death of Rizzio, his influence over her became unbounded. At Court, he arranged everything according to his pleasure. The Queen loaded him with honours. She made him Lord Warden of the East, Middle, and West Marches. The wardenship of the three marches had always before been conferred on three separate persons; but all the three honours of the Border were now united in the person of the favourite Earl. The infatuated Queen made him Lord High Admiral of Scotland. She bestowed upon him all the rich and fertile lands which had once belonged to the Abbeys of Melrose and Haddington. She gave him the Castle and Lordship

of Dunbar; and to all this prodigality of wealth and honours she added an extensive grant of crown lands.

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There was a house in Edinburgh called the Chequer House. It had a garden behind it, and beyond the garden stood a house belonging to one Chalmers of Ormond, a dependant of Bothwell's. A door in the garden wall gave communication between the two houses. Instead of lodging in the Palace of Holyrood, Mary went and lodged in the Chequer House. Bothwell lodged in that other house beyond the garden. Enough! Turn away from the Chequer House, its garden and back entrance, the foul ministry of Lady Reres, and the eye of the adulterer waiting for the twilight. It is a shame to speak of the things done there in the dark.

Lady
Reres.

It happened that the Queen was in Jedburgh, holding a "Justice Aire." Word came that Bothwell had been dangerously hurt in an affray with the wild Elliots of Liddesdale. The impulsive and headstrong Queen set off to visit him with only ten attendants. It was a ride of twenty miles, through a rough country. A moss, into which her white palfrey sank, is known as the Queen's Moss to this day. On reaching the Castle of Hermitage, where Bothwell lay, she found that the skaith he had received was only a wound in the hand. She returned to Jedburgh the same evening, and, notwithstanding the fatigues of a forty miles' ride, she sat up till late at night writing to the man whom she had just left.

Her infatuation for Bothwell of course became notorious to all the people about her Court. Her hatred to the husband to whom she was tied grew yet wilder and more fierce. The strife of her passions made her miserable, and she was often heard to repeat, "I wish I were dead." A divorce was thought of. But that would be a tedious affair; and besides, the experience of Henry VIII. in the matter of Papal divorces was not encouraging. However, as Bothwell, being a married man, also required

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a divorce, the "consistorial jurisdiction" of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, suppressed at the Reformation, was now restored by the Queen's signature. Thus there was a divorce machinery ready to be worked when required.

1566 A.D.

These things were going on in the short days of December. In this month the baptism of the young Prince took place. All the preparations for the ceremony, which took place in Stirling, were committed to Bothwell. The infant was baptized "Charles James," the heralds, with blare of trumpets, thrice repeating the name till the chapel walls rang again. The feast was served in the great hall of Parliament. A flourish of trumpets told the guests that the procession of the meat was coming, and presently the viands entered the hall. Heralds, macers, and trumpeters headed the procession; then came the masters of the household; after them the Lords Setoun and Argyle each carrying a white wand; and lastly the other lords and gentlemen bearing torches to light the hall. The second course, consisting of "subtleties and sweet dishes," was brought in on a platform which rolled on wheels. A band of musicians, clothed like maidens, attended the moving platform, playing and singing. A party of hairy satyrs, armed with whips, went before the platform to clear a way for it through the crowd to the Queen's table. These were the same tail-wagging satyrs who gave such offence to the thin-skinned English strangers. Masques and dancing, fireworks and revels followed, and the festivities were kept up for a week.

Darnley was not allowed to be present at the baptism of his own child. He was in Stirling all the time of the festivities, but kept his own apartment, shunned by all the gay concourse. None would risk offending the Queen by any act of attention to her hated husband.

Darnley at
Glasgow.

About Christmas, Darnley went to Glasgow to live with his father and mother. There he took ill of small-pox. He had recovered, but was still weak, when he

was surprised by a visit from the Queen. Poor Darnley was uplifted with delight. The sight of her, he said, was so joyful to him that he thought he should die for very joy. Mary herself had the small-pox when in France, so that her visit to her husband was void of danger. A perfect mistress, when she pleased, of all the arts of blandishment, she spoke to him so kindly and tenderly that the poor young man's trust was drawn to her again. She offered to make up all their quarrels, promised that they should live together once more as in the days when they were happy, and gave him her hand upon it. Darnley agreed to return to Edinburgh, and they proceeded thither by easy journeys, as he was still in a weak state. Instead of taking him to the Palace, however, the Queen conducted him to a small house, belonging to one Robert Balfour, a creature of Bothwell's, in a suburb called the Kirk-of-Field. It was a house in a garden outside the town-wall, in a free and airy situation, better fitted, she said, for an invalid than Holyrood, the situation of which was low. Besides, he might have carried the infection of his disease to the Palace.

The victim was now in the trap. For eight or ten days Mary played the part of a kind and careful nurse. She passed much of every day with her husband, and slept several nights in a chamber immediately below his. Meanwhile her dark tempter and accomplice was making his preparations. By means of duplicate keys which he had got made, his agents had free access to the house where the ill-fated King was lodged. He had placed in the Queen's service one Hubert, a Frenchman, commonly called Paris, a former servant of his own. Two Border desperadoes; Hay of Tallo and Hepburn of Bolton, readily became his instruments. The Laird of Ormiston was in the plot. Three meaner villains, Wilson, Dalgleish, and Powrie, servants of Bothwell's, were also in the hideous secret.

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A barrel of powder was sent for to Bothwell's Castle of Dunbar, and "a fine lunt of half a fathom" was provided. If this powder is deposited under cloud of night in the lonely house of Kirk-of-Field; if it explodes and blows the house and its inmates to destruction, who can divine how the accident happened? Bothwell arranged his accident with care. He selected the spot where the powder was to be placed. It was in the Queen's room, right under Darnley's bed in the room above. He told Paris, the servant, not to set up the Queen's bed on that place. The man, whether forgetful of the order, or thinking the forbidden spot the most suitable for the bed, set it up where he had been told not to set it. The Queen entered the room and glanced at the arrangements. "Fool that you are," she said to Paris, "I will not have my bed in that place," and made him remove it. *That place* was wanted!

1567 A.D.

The night of Sabbath the 9th of February was fixed for the execution of the horrible project. On the evening before, the Queen caused a rich coverlet of marten's fur to be removed from her own bed and sent down to Holyrood. It was unnecessary to blow up a costly article like that. About ten o'clock on the Sabbath evening Dagleish, Wilson, and Powrie brought the powder in bags across the gardens, and carried it up to the Queen's room. The Queen sat talking with her husband while the preparations for his murder were going on in the room below. The powder was deposited directly under Darnley's bed. Ormiston and Bothwell's three servants went away. The two fierce Borderers, Hepburn and Hay, remained in the Queen's room, perfectly sure that she would not come down to find them there.

When the train was laid and everything prepared, the accomplice Paris affected some errand, and went up to the King's room. His entrance was the concerted signal to the Queen that all was ready. She appeared suddenly

The signal

to recollect that she had promised to be present and to dance at the wedding of a favourite maid of hers that night in the Palace. This was Margaret Carwood, a *confidante* of the Chequer House mysteries, who was that day married to Sebastian,—“knave Bastian,”—who set the tail-wagging satyrs to affront the English. The Queen had promised her husband to pass that night in Kirk-of-Field. But the previous engagement, now that she recollected it, would prevent her. She must keep her word, she said, and kissing her husband, she left him, and proceeded by torch-light to Holyrood.

The ball was at its height in the Palace, when Bothwell, about midnight, slipped away, changed his rich suit of black velvet and satin for one of common stuff, and joined his accomplices at Kirk-of-Field. Hepburn lighted the match, let himself and Hay out of the house by means of the duplicate keys, and locked the doors after him. They found Bothwell in the garden. He asked them if they had “fired the lunt?” They said, “It is done;” and the accomplices retired to a safe distance in the gardens to wait the result. Within the doomed house all was dark and still. The unsuspecting victim slept, and the red end of the burning match was creeping, with its low hiss, every second nearer to the powder.

The explosion seemed long in coming, and they began to think that the match had gone out. The fierce and impatient Bothwell was for going to see. Hepburn, knowing that he had made all sure, said, “Ye need not.” A little after, the explosion burst out with tremendous fury, throwing its fierce glare against the black sky, and alarming the silent city. The gang of murderers ran off. Bothwell returned to his apartments in the Palace, drank some wine, and went to bed.

Half an hour after, a startled knock came to the door, and a man, almost speechless with amazement, panted out, “The King’s house is blown up, and I trow the King

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be slain." Bothwell sprang from his bed, calling out, "Fie! treason! treason!" His brother-in-law, Huntly, and other gentlemen, hurried into his apartment at the alarm. They went together to the Queen, and told her what had happened. An actress so accomplished would have no difficulty in receiving the communication in a suitable manner. The gentlemen retired, the Queen went calmly to bed, slept late, and ate an excellent breakfast.

As soon as it was daylight on the Monday morning, multitudes crowded to the Kirk-of-Field. The house was a mere heap of blackened ruins, hollow like the crater of a volcano. The dead bodies of Darnley and his servant were found in the orchard, where the force of the explosion had cast them. No marks of violence or of fire appeared on the corpses; which led many to believe that the murderers had strangled their victims first, and carried them out to the place where they were found. Had they strangled them, they would certainly have left the bodies in the house, trusting to the explosion to conceal their work. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that the bodies were neither scorched nor blackened. The bed on which Darnley lay would protect him from the direct effect of the explosion, and his death was caused in all probability by the violence of the fall to the ground from the height to which he had been blown in the air.

Bothwell came with a guard, and had the bodies removed. The corpse of Darnley was brought to Holyrood Chapel. The Queen "beheld it without any outward sign of joy or sorrow." On the Saturday following it was interred secretly and by night in the chapel, beside the body of David Rizzio.

CHAPTER LIII.

TO DUNDRENNAN.

ACCORDING to the ancient custom of Scotland, the new-made widow should have kept herself within house for forty days, the doors closed and the windows darkened, in token of mourning. Three days were enough for Mary. On the fourth day her windows were opened; and on the twelfth she went to Setoun, to enjoy a round of games and pastimes, Bothwell never parting from her side. They two shot at the butts against the Earl of Huntly and the Lord Setoun, and having won the match, made these noblemen pay the forfeit in the shape of a dinner at Tranent.

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Unwo-
manly
conduct.

While the Queen was thus lightly toying away the days, the heart of old Edinburgh was filled with horror and wrath. Placards, denouncing Bothwell and his tools as the authors of the murder, "the Queen herself assenting thereto," and pictures of the murderers, unmistakable likenesses of the Queen and Bothwell, were nailed by night to the Tolbooth door, and other public places. Voices in the streets proclaimed in the dark the names of the guilty. Citizens, nodding in their boarded chambers, with their feet on the rushes, heard the accusing voices through their horn lattices. Sharp inquiry was made to find out the authors of the placards and pictures, and night proclamations. Every one within the town who could draw, and all who could write fair, were examined. An edict was published, forbidding to set forth, or to read such placards, under pain of death.

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Bothwell, with fifty armed followers, rode into the city, and declared with fierce oaths and gestures that if he knew the authors, he would wash his hands in their blood.

Suspicion of being a party to the murder was hot against one Archibald Beton, usher of the King's chamber, who kept the keys of Kirk-of-Field house. He got the rents of the vicarage of Dunlop. Durham, the King's porter, was accused of betraying his master. He got a place and a pension. Others of the subordinate villains were equally fortunate. The chief villain, Bothwell himself, was presented with the superiority of Leith, and the command of the Castles of Blackness and Edinburgh. The paramours took their own way, in reckless, blind defiance. A King had been murdered in his own capital, yet there was as little inquiry into the crime as if only his dog had been killed.

But it could not altogether be braved out. Mary's uncle, the Cardinal, wrote. The mother of her first husband, Catherine de Medicis, wrote. Her own ambassador at Paris, the Archbishop of Glasgow, wrote. Queen Elizabeth wrote. They conjured her, one and all, to do justice on the murderers of her husband, or her name would be foul for ever. The Earl of Lennox, father of the murdered Darnley, demanded justice for the blood of his son. The ministers of the Reformed Church made incessant appeals to God that he would be pleased "to reveal and revenge." The cry for justice rolled up against the heavens, and sending its stern echoes into the chambers of the Palace, could not be defied. The Queen gave orders to bring Bothwell to a public trial.

Bothwell
tried.

It was a miserable mockery. The jury consisted of Bothwell's partisans. Four thousand of his adherents were in arms in the city. No witnesses were summoned. The accused rode to his trial mounted on the favourite horse of the murdered Darnley. As he passed the Palace,

the Queen, standing at a window, waved him a greeting. He presented himself before the court with an indifferent and careless air. The Queen publicly expressed her sympathy by sending him a token and a message while he was before the judges. A unanimous verdict of acquittal was pronounced. CHAPTER
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Eight or nine days after the trial, the Queen left Edinburgh to visit her infant son at Stirling. Already it was the general expectation that she was to marry Bothwell. What might not be feared for the safety of the infant Prince, if he came into the power of the man who had slain his father? The Earl of Mar, the child's guardian, had his suspicion that the infatuated Queen had come to take him away, and commit him to Bothwell's keeping—a suspicion which evidence, afterwards brought to light, showed to be well founded. Mar was faithful to his trust. He allowed the Queen with two of her ladies to enter the child's apartment, but the rest of her suite must stay without. The Queen had to depart baffled. Her firm and faithful subject would not trust the mother with her own child.

She was within a few miles of Edinburgh on her return, when Bothwell, at the head of eight hundred horse, met her. His attendants seized the gentlemen who rode with her. Bothwell himself took her bridle-rein, and conducted her to Dunbar. She had paid a visit to that place just three weeks before; for which, and other reasons, she needed no one to tell her where she was going; "and all the way she neither made obstacle, impediment, clamour, nor resistance." When she became, so soon after, the wife of Bothwell, one object of the sham seizure was explained. It was to be used as a vindication of her hasty marriage to foreign Courts. Sham
seizure.

Previous to the seizure, Bothwell's wife, the Lady Jane Gordon, sister to the Earl of Huntly, raised a suit against

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him for divorce ; moved thereto, says Calderwood, " not only for fear of her life, but also that the restitution of her brother to her father's lands might not be hindered." She must have felt that her life would not be allowed to stand in the way of the Queen's marriage. Darnley's life had stood in the way, and where was Darnley? Lady Bothwell gave her consent to the suit for divorce. The process was whirled through the courts in eight days, and Bothwell was free from his wife.

1567 A.D.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 15th of May, just three months and a few days from the murder of Darnley, Mary and Bothwell were married in the presence-chamber at Holyrood. There were no pageants, no shout of a holiday-rejoicing multitude. The voice of man was dumb, for the voice of blood was loud. For a very brief season after their marriage, Mary and her new husband seemed happy. But Bothwell's passionate and brutal temper soon broke out. Fierce, bitter words passed between them ; and once, in the hearing of the French Ambassador, their quarrel was so wild that Mary screamed for a knife to stab herself.

Shall Bothwell, then, be tyrant of Scotland? Shall he lord it over all, ruling Queen and kingdom according to his daring pleasure? Will the life of an infant be an obstacle in the way of his ambition? Will he, who murdered the father, let the child grow up to be the avenger of blood? The infant heir to the throne must be saved from his grasp. The assassin of the King must be punished. Men's hearts were hot with shame and indignation, and in old Scotland vengeance slept lightly and awoke quickly.

Coalition
against
Bothwell.

Weeks before the marriage, a league to punish Bothwell and preserve the Prince had begun to form. Kirkaldy of Grange was in it ; Lethington lent his wily head ; Morton his strength of will, his daring, and his deep sagacity. Trusty Mar, stern Ruthven, rough Lindsay,

Hume and Herries, powerful Border chiefs, Glencairn, Cassilis, Eglinton, and many more, shared in the coalition. Within a few weeks after the marriage, these men, rapid in action, prompt, sheer, decisive in their ways, were ready to execute their scheme.

The Queen and Bothwell were staying at Borthwick Castle, which still lifts its square, massive, sullen bulk upon a knoll washed by Gore Water, some ten miles from Edinburgh. Late at night, the alarm was given that the castle was surrounded. Hume and his Borderers were there, eight hundred men armed with jack and spear. It was the first move by the coalition. But Bothwell escaped, slipping away through a postern in the back wall, and getting safe to Dunbar. The day after, another rider, booted and spurred, arrived at Dunbar. It was the Queen, who, disguised in man's apparel, had also escaped from Borthwick. Lord Hume, after his disappointment, marched to Edinburgh, and joined the rest of the associated Lords.

They would have besieged Dunbar Castle if they had possessed artillery. They failed, too, in obtaining the aid they had expected, many cautiously waiting "till they saw farther." If the Queen had kept within the fortress of Dunbar, it is likely that the Lords must have disbanded their forces. She left her stronghold, and advanced to attack them. Tidings that the Queen's army was on the march from Dunbar came to Edinburgh a little before midnight on a Saturday. The din of trumpets and the clang of the alarm-bell roused the silent town. Before daylight the Lords marched forth to seek battle. A band of jackmen in their following carried a white banner on which was painted the body of the murdered King, lying under a tree as he had first been found, with the little Prince kneeling beside it, and underneath, the motto, "Judge and avenge my cause, O God." About seven o'clock they descried the Queen's

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LIII.Carberry
Hill.15th June
1567.

army posted on the top of Carberry Hill, within the old works thrown up by the English before the battle of Pinkie. That same ground, twenty years before, had been strewed with the brave who died for Mary.

The army of the Lords took up a position fronting that part of the hill which is least steep. There they waited till afternoon, that the sun might shine upon their backs ; for it was about the longest day of the year, and the fertile Lothian was rich in all the glories of summer. As the two armies lay thus, Bothwell, accompanied by a herald, rode out between them and offered to prove his innocence by single combat. James Murray of Tullibardine accepted the challenge ; but Bothwell refused to match himself with him, as not being his equal in degree of honour. The elder brother, the Laird of Tullibardine, then offered ; but Bothwell would have none below an Earl, and named the Earl of Morton. Bold Morton was ready. Then the Lord Lindsay stepped forth, and besought the Lords, of courtesy and in recompense of all the service he had done, or could do, to let him fight that combat, which indeed was due to him as kinsman of Bothwell's victim. These reasons prevail. Let stout Lindsay be our champion against the felon. Morton girds him with the sword of old Archibald Bell-the-Cat, the mighty blade with which the Douglas shred Kilspindie's thigh like a sapling. From that time forth, Lindsay carried about with him continually that great sword, whose hilt was seen over his shoulder, while the point of the scabbard clinked against his spur. But the sword of the Douglas was not to be proved on Bothwell. Before the combat could begin, the Queen called to her the handsome desperado. He was her husband, she said and should not fight with any of them.

While all this was going on, the Queen's army began to melt away. The weather was intensely hot, and many of the men came down to Pinkie burn to quench

their thirst, but did not all go back again. Mary's army, in a word, had made up its mind not to fight in the murderer's quarrel. She rode up and down, wept, fretted, and upbraided the leaders as cowards and traitors. It was in vain. Her own army would not draw sword for her. They began to scatter away in groups of thirty, forty, a hundred. A soldier from her army came forward carrying a spear, which he threw down before the horsemen of the other army, in token that the victory was theirs. The Queen and Bothwell were left with a handful of troops. They were seen to converse together for a few minutes. She then gave him her hand, and he turned his horse's head, rode off the hill, and disappeared. This was on the 15th of June, just one month from the day on which the marriage knot, wet with blood, was tied. Mary and Bothwell never saw each other more.

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For herself, Mary's purpose was to surrender to the Lords. She sent a messenger to their lines for Kirkaldy of Grange. Kirkaldy spurred up the hill, and his tall figure, sheathed in complete armour, was seen to dismount and bow low before the Queen. She held him in talk till Bothwell had got to a distance safe from pursuit, and then rode over to the Lords. She was dressed, say the minute chronicles of the times, in a red gown which came down very little below the knee. To the Lords, "whom she did entertain with many fair words," she said that it was neither fear nor want of hope of victory that made her come to them, but a mere desire to spare the shedding of innocent blood. All which the Lords heard with a stern composure.

Mary sur-
renders.

When she came to the rear-guard, a cry rose to burn the murderess. The flag, on which was painted her dead husband, and her child praying for vengeance, was stretched between two spears, and two men carried it before her. She wept and stormed, reproached and threatened by turns. About ten o'clock at night, she

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rode a prisoner into Edinburgh, through a crowd so dense that the army had to march in single file. When she reached the Provost's house, where they lodged her for the night, her fair face was all soiled with dust and tears. That summer Sabbath evening saw the Scotch use their beautiful Queen so. And this is she for whom fourteen thousand Scottish men lay dead, each in his pool of blood, on the fatal day of Pinkie. This is she whom a loyal people received with so loving a welcome six short years ago. Have they changed without a cause?

Great debate arose as to what should be done with the Queen. To let her go and join Bothwell again, was to restore to that fierce and dangerous man the means of power and vengeance. Knox and the ministers of the Reformed Church, and a great thinker whom Scotland possessed at that time, George Buchanan by name, held that Kings and Queens have no privilege to commit murder, and that if they do they may be brought to trial and punished to death, even as any other murderer may be. But blood was not to follow blood as yet. It was resolved to commit her to the custody of Douglas of Lochleven, to be kept in close captivity within his water-girt castle. Hither, accordingly, the Lords Ruthven and Lindsay conveyed her.

Lochleven.
16th June.

About a month after she was entered prisoner in Lochleven, the Queen signed a deed of abdication in favour of her infant son. Lindsay of the long sword, says the foolish story, laid his heavy mailed grasp on her slender lily-white hand, and compelled her to sign. Queens, though pinched black and blue, do not sign away a crown. Mary signed her abdication because she knew that the evidence of her crime had come to light, and that if she did not abdicate she would be brought to a public trial. She signed on the same day another deed, appointing the Earl of Moray Regent of the kingdom during her child's minority.

25th July.

The child, Prince James, was thirteen months old when he was crowned. The coronation took place in the High Church of Stirling. The Earl of Mar carried the Prince in his arms into the church. John Knox preached the sermon. The crown was placed over the child's head; the Earl of Morton and the Lord Hume took the oaths for him; the Lords, and after them the Burgesses, touched the crown in token of their assent. When it was all over the Earl of Mar carried back the anointed King to his nursery, poor little wondering "British Solomon" that he was.

CHAPTER

LIII.

29th Aug
1567.

The Regent Moray was the man "to buckle the distempered kingdom within the belt of rule." With a Regent like this, law shall be law, and justice shall smite swift and sharp. Upon a market-day in Hawick, the Regent with a strong following surprised forty-three Border thieves. "Eleven were hanged, seven drowned, one slain in the taking, three or four led to Edinburgh, the rest *cleaned* by an assize." But how could a kingdom, long accustomed to a slack and disorderly rule, all at once like such a strong hand on the reins? There were many to dislike the Regent's government. There were, besides, powerful and ambitious nobles who grudged the Regent and his friends the possession of power. The great house of Hamilton was next to the throne, and, failing the Queen and her infant son, the Duke of Hamilton would succeed to the crown. At one time, the Hamiltons were for putting the Queen to death. "For she being taken away, they account but the little King betwixt them and *home*, who may die." When the Queen resigned, and the resolution was taken to keep her close prisoner, the politics of the Hamilton faction took another turn. The next best thing to having her dead, was to have her in their own hands. The Hamiltons therefore and their faction began to work for her deliverance. The Archbishop of St. Andrews, a restless, intriguing

Regent
Moray.

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2nd May
1568.

prelate, and brother to Duke Hamilton, was he who carried the brains of the family under his mitre. Mary looks out from her isle in fair Lochleven, and the deep Archbishop is busy with the scheme of his party to get her among them—with what ultimate views who knows?

Her escape was accomplished after something less than eleven months of captivity. It was the habit of the castellan to have the key of the castle gate placed on the table beside him when at supper. The page who served at table contrived, in placing a plate before him, to drop a napkin on the key, and in lifting his napkin, lifted the key with it. He then slipped out to the Queen; they gained the gate unperceived, locked it behind them, and put off in the boat which lay at hand for the use of the garrison, the Queen herself handling an oar. Lord Setoun and a party of her friends were waiting in a concealment from which they had a full view of the castle and the loch. They received her as the boat touched the shore, mounted her on horseback, and rode off at speed.

The news of her escape flew rapidly over the land. Many of the nobility and barons repaired to the Queen at Hamilton with offers of support and service. She soon saw around her a camp of six thousand men. The Regent was at Glasgow, only eight miles from Hamilton, holding a Justice Ayre, when he received the tidings of the Queen's escape. In ten days he had mustered four thousand men. With this force, inferior as it was, the Regent, in his calm, decisive way, resolved on immediate battle. The Queen presently gave him the opportunity. She broke up her camp at Hamilton and marched for Dumbarton, which fortress Lord Fleming had all along held in her name. The village of Langside lay on her line of march, and her troops must pass through a narrow lane leading up the face of the hill on which the village stood. Moray posted his hag-butters, or matchlock-men, among the cottages, and lined with them the garden-

hedges on both sides of the lane. The Queen took her station on an eminence half a mile distant, from which she had the battle full in sight. She saw her troops press up the hill, and endeavour to force the passage of the lane. She saw them reel under the close and deadly fire of the hagbut-men who lined the hedges. She saw them come on again stoutly, and meet the shock of Moray's spearmen. She saw the mass of combatants swaying to and fro in doubtful conflict. And then she saw her troops swept down the hill, broken and scattered, the Macfarlanes with leaps and yells and flashing claymores cutting and hewing among the wretched fugitives. The battle was all over in three quarters of an hour.

The miserable Queen, on seeing the utter ruin of her army, fled in terror away to the south; nor did she venture to stop, with the exception of one brief halt in the vale of Tarff to drink a bowl of milk at a peasant's hut, till she reached the remote and lonely Abbey of Dundrennan on the shore of the Solway, sixty miles from the field of battle. It was not yet seven years since that misty August morning when she landed at Leith, amid the love and the rejoicing of ten thousand loyal hearts—so swiftly had she run her wild career!

CHAPTER

LIII.

Langside.
13th May.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE SILVER CASKET.

CHAPTER
LIV.
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A FEW days after Carberry Hill, while Bothwell yet lingered in Dunbar, he sent George Dalglish, his “chamberchild,” to bring off a certain box or casket, which he had left in a green desk in the Castle of Edinburgh. Sir James Balfour, governor of the castle, and brother of that Robert Balfour in whose house Darnley was murdered, had been a tool and accomplice of Bothwell’s. He delivered the casket to the messenger, but sent a secret hint to the Earl of Morton, in consequence of which Dalglish was seized with the casket in his possession. This casket, destined to become so famous, was of silver, not quite a foot long, overgilt with gold, and ornamented in various places with the letter *JF* under a king’s crown. This was the cipher of Francis II., Mary’s first husband. The box had been a gift from Francis to Mary, and she had given it to Bothwell.

Contents
of the cas-
ket.

It was found to contain eight letters, all addressed to Bothwell, and all in Mary’s hand-writing. Some of them had been written before, and some after Darnley’s murder. The box contained also twelve sonnets breathing the most passionate love to Bothwell, and a promise to marry him, written some time before the concerted surprise at Almond Bridge. The whole of these papers were in Mary’s hand-writing. Bothwell had kept them “to be an awe-bond upon her, in case her affections should change.”

That the writing was in the Queen’s own hand there

could be no doubt. The contents of the casket were laid before the Parliament which met five months after. The writing was at once and unanimously recognized as the Queen's. In that Parliament there sat a number of Mary's friends. Her partisans, Argyle, Huntly, and Herries, were present. Not one of them denied that the letters were Mary's, and the Parliament, without a dissenting voice, declared that they were "written wholly with her own hand." It was the dread of having these letters produced against her in a public trial that made the wretched Queen sign her abdication at Lochleven.

CHAPTER
LIV.The writ-
ing proved

The contents of the silver casket came ultimately into the possession of James VI., by whom, in all probability, these dreadful proofs of his mother's guilt were destroyed. We possess, however, copies, the exact correspondence of which with the lost originals is attested beyond all doubt. The letters, which were written in French, were laid before Queen Elizabeth's commissioners, to whom the Queen of Scots and her subjects agreed to refer their quarrel. Translations of them into English and Scotch were made. The Scotch translation was printed, with the first few lines of the original French at the head of each of the eight letters. From this translation a new French version, which we still possess, was made, and printed at Edinburgh. An English translation of the first letter, endorsed in the hand-writing of Cecil, exists, and corresponds exactly with the French version. Sir Ralph Sadler, one of the English commissioners, made in his own hand-writing three quarto pages of extracts from the letters. These extracts of Sadler's yet remain, and they also agree exactly with the French copy.

Mary went to Glasgow on her horrible errand of decoying her husband to his murder in Edinburgh. Two days after her arrival, she writes a long letter to Bothwell, one of the eight found in the casket. In this letter from Glasgow Mary says: "Being departed from the place

The letters.

CHAPTER

LIV.
—

where I had left my heart, it is easy to be judged what was my countenance, seeing that I am no more than a body without a heart." She describes her poor husband's delight at seeing her: "He said that he was like one dreaming, and that he was so glad to see me, he thought he would die of joy. . . . You never heard him speak better or more humbly. If I had not known from experience that he has a heart as soft as wax, and if mine had not been of diamond, into which no dart can enter but that which comes from your hands, I could have pitied him. However, fear nothing." Referring to her own husband and to Bothwell's wife, "We are coupled," she says, "with two false races: the Devil sunder us, and God unite us for ever for the most faithful couple that ever he tied. . . . Cursed be this pocky fellow that troubleth me so much. . . . You make me dissemble so much that I am afraid thereof with horror, and you make me almost to play the part of a traitor. Remember, that if it were not for obeying you, I had rather be dead. My heart bleedeth for it. To be short, he will not come but with condition that I shall promise to be with him as heretofore at bed and board, and that I shall forsake him no more. . . . Send me word what I shall do, and whatsoever happens to me, I will obey you. Think also if you will not find some invention more secret by medicine, for he is to take medicine at Craigmillar. . . . Burn this letter, for it is too dangerous. . . . Now if to please you, my dear life, I spare neither honour, conscience, hazard, nor greatness whatsoever, take it, I pray you, in good part, and not after the interpretation of your false brother-in-law, to whom, I pray you, give no credit against the most faithful lover that ever you had, or ever shall have. See not her [Bothwell's wife] whose feigned tears should not be so much esteemed as the true and faithful labours which I sustain to merit her place, for the obtaining of which against my nature I betray them that may hinder me. God forgive me."

Thus wrote Mary from Glasgow. Her husband, the father of her babe, had fallen asleep on his sick-bed, happy in the thought of her recovered love. And his wife sat writing to her foul paramour about the arrangements for his murder. The letter is very long, and she sat writing it deep into the night. At that silent hour, awe stole over her spirit. "God forgive me!" she wrote. Well she might.

Other letters, contained in the same fatal casket, clearly prove Mary's part in the affair of Almond Bridge, where Bothwell, according to arrangement, met her with a force more numerous than her retinue, and, with a show of violence, carried her off. The Queen had gone to Stirling to visit the infant Prince, her son. Bothwell had departed to make his preparations. The Earl of Huntly had been let into the secret, and tried to dissuade the Queen from carrying out the design. She writes to Bothwell, "He preached unto me that it was a foolish enterprise, and that with mine honour I could never marry you, seeing that being married you did carry me away. . . . I told him that, seeing I was come so far, if you did not withdraw yourself of yourself, no persuasion, nor death itself, should make me fail of my promise. As touching the place, you are too negligent (pardon me) to remit yourself thereof unto me. Choose it yourself, and send me word of it." In another letter she says, "Of the place and the time, I remit myself to your brother and to you. I will follow him, and will fail in nothing of my part."

CHAPTER
LIV.

Arrangement of
her seizure

As the time of executing the miserable contrivance drew near, some of the noblemen who were to ride in the Queen's escort, and whose collusion had been counted on, hesitated and raised difficulties. Mary writes to Bothwell that the Earl of Sutherland declared he would rather die than suffer her to be carried off while she was under his protection. Huntly feared lest he should be

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accused of having betrayed her. "I have thought good," writes Mary to Bothwell, "to advertise you of the fear he hath that he should be charged and accused of treason; to the end that, without mistrusting him, you may be the more circumspect, and that you may have the more power; for we had yesterday more than three hundred horse of his and Livingstone's. For the honour of God, be accompanied rather with more than less; for that is the principal of my care." Bothwell increased his force accordingly, and waited her at Almond Bridge with six hundred horsemen, where everything took place as arranged in the programme.

Sonnets.

There was just one disappointment. The infant Prince was not with his mother. One object of the journey to Stirling was to obtain possession of the child, and transfer the custody of him to Bothwell. One of the sonnets addressed to Bothwell and found in the casket, was evidently written at Stirling. In this sonnet Mary says, "Into his hands and in his full power, I put my son, my honour, and my life." She was baffled, however. Honest Mar, who had charge of the Prince, showed her that she had reckoned without the host.

The sonnets to Bothwell were written during this visit to Stirling. Mary must have had them with her when she met him at Almond Bridge, and doubtless presented them to him that evening at Dunbar, for his amusement after their ride. Mary was in the practice of writing French verse, and could do it with great facility. But these sonnets are as wretched, bombastic stuff as it is possible to imagine. She calls upon the gods to teach her what proof she shall give to Bothwell of her fervent love. She is willing to die to advance him to honour. Her subdued soul is all his. She has no will but his, and no desire but to show him her faithfulness. She alludes to Bothwell's wife, and then the outpouring of her jealousy comes fast and furious. Lady Bothwell had

never loved him, but had married him for interest only. Yet, alas! he believed her painted words, her tears and cries full of dissimulation. Then Mary extols her own love. She has no happiness but in obeying and serving him. For him she despises honour, hazard, greatness, forsakes all kin and friends. He is the only support of her life; he is her heart, her blood, her soul. In this disgusting rhapsody of jealousy and passion the shameless woman runs on.

Such is the history of the Silver Casket. We need no other witness of Mary's guilt than Mary herself. She has written with her own hand the evidence of her crime, and laid open the dark mystery of blood to the broad light of day.

CHAPTER LV.

MARY IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER LV.
— IT was early forenoon of a day in spring when Mary, taking a last look of terror and dismay at the wreck of her army, began her flight from Langside, accompanied by the Lords Herries, Fleming, and Livingstone, and a few other adherents. The sun was high over Tintock top when, after the first panic-burst of speed, the panting horses cooled their fetlocks in the stream of Avon. Away over dreary moorlands, where the peesweep screams and the startled plover wheels high overhead, she urges her flight, terror behind, despair before. Away over the upland wastes, past the rills of Ayr, and on till the weary steeds plunge their steaming muzzles in the infant waters of Nith; on till they skirt the banks of Ken and Dee, and the burly bulk of Criffel heaves into view, looming huge in the light of the level sun. Weary, weary in heart and limb, the ruined Queen at length sees through the dusk the gleam of the broad waters of Solway, and Dundrennan in its remote and peaceful solitude is before her. The spent horses with painful and tottering steps creep along the approach to the Abbey, and stand with drooping heads before the gateway. The monks, in this sequestered spot, still lingered unmolested in their cells, and the Prior came forth to receive the fugitive Queen at the gate of his convent.

16th May
1563.

Mary remained three days in Dundrennan, and then took boat to cross over into England. In vain her

friends besought her not to carry out her hasty resolution. Lord Herries, who, as a southern nobleman, was in his own country, assured her that they could keep her in perfect safety in the district where she was for forty days to come. She might easily have withdrawn to France. She might have retired to the Castle of Dumbarton, which was in the possession of her friends, and there waited the turn which events might take. Either course might, not improbably, have led her back to her throne. But no considerations of prudence, no entreaty of her friends, could prevail on her to wait for even a few days before flinging herself into the hands of the English Queen. What power unseen drove her thus to seek an English scaffold? Blood called for blood, and Mary could not stay.

The tidings of her arrival must have cast Elizabeth into no small embarrassment. The case stood thus: The English Catholics, a numerous and powerful party, regarded Elizabeth as the bastard daughter of Henry VIII.; and if so, then the Queen of Scots was the legitimate Sovereign of England. Could Elizabeth have this dangerous rival living free and unrestrained within her realm? Not, assuredly, without the certainty of continual agitation, and the extreme probability of a Catholic insurrection. On the other hand, if allowed to depart, Mary would undoubtedly obtain assistance from France to subdue her subjects and regain her kingdom. But if a French army were to enter Scotland and begin a war upon the Scottish Protestants, where would it stop? Probably not till the English Catholics had risen in arms, and a Protestant and Popish war had convulsed the whole island. What, then, was Elizabeth to do with a refugee whom it was equally perilous to let go, or suffer to remain?

As soon as Elizabeth knew of Mary's arrival at Carlisle, she dispatched Lord Scrope and Sir Francis Knollys

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to express her sympathy, and to state explicitly the only terms on which Mary might expect her aid. Their mistress, the messengers said, "could not, without her own dishonour, admit the Queen of Scots to her presence, by reason of the great slander of the murder whereof she was not yet purged." They assured her, however, that the Queen of England "would be the gladdest in the world to see her Grace well purged of this crime, that thereby she might aid her fully and amply for her advancement to her government royal again."

Now, it really requires no great effort to believe that Elizabeth meant what she said. It was a great object of her policy to keep the French out of Scotland. But if she should restore Mary to her throne, no pretext would be left for French interference. Nothing could be more favourable to Elizabeth's interest in Scotland than to be the successful arbiter between Mary and her subjects. While the hideous charge of her husband's murder was hanging over Mary's head, this was clearly impossible. To believe that Elizabeth would have interposed in Mary's behalf, if that charge had been disproved, is only to believe that Elizabeth would have taken up Mary's cause if she possibly could, because Mary's cause was Elizabeth's interest.

Mary tried hard to prevail with Elizabeth to aid her in the immediate recovery of her kingdom. Elizabeth had taken her ground, and was not to be moved. Let Mary be cleared first of her husband's murder and Elizabeth would support her to the utmost. Otherwise she must expect nothing. Out of a great deal of parley and letter-writing, this arrangement at length got worked into shape:—Three sets of commissioners were named, one set for Elizabeth, one set for Mary, and a third for the confederate Lords by whom she had been dethroned. These commissioners were to meet in conference, not to judge the Queen of Scots, but to

Com-
mis-
sioners ap-
pointed.

inquire into the complaints which she brought against her subjects, who had risen in arms against her authority, seized and imprisoned her person, and crowned her infant son, while the Earl of Moray had usurped the supreme power under the title of Regent. CHAPTER
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To the conference, which began at York and ended at Westminster, came the Regent Moray, carrying with him the Silver Casket. Mary knew well that she was lost if the contents of that fatal casket were produced. The Regent showed the utmost reluctance to produce them, and did so at length when the justification of his own conduct left him no alternative. Mary's commissioners dealt in endless quibbling and hedging about the "relevancy," as the Scotch law term has it, of private letters as evidence on a criminal charge. When they found that, in spite of all their shifts, the letters were about to be tabled, they acted upon the express instructions of their mistress, and broke off the conference. Anything rather than face these terrible letters !

The English commissioners sat down with the letters before them, and minutely compared them with other letters, the admitted writing of the Queen of Scots, "in collation whereof no difference was found." Not one of the commissioners had the shadow of a doubt; not even the Duke of Norfolk, whose intrigues and marriage-scheme with Mary afterwards brought him to the block.

One chance remained of destroying the evidence of the fatal letters. It was to waylay and murder the Regent on his way back to Scotland with the casket in his possession. To destroy the evidence of her guilt in the murder of her husband, Mary planned the murder of her brother. The design was to have taken effect near Northallerton; but the sagacious Regent foresaw and avoided the trap. Fourteen months afterwards, when her brother was murdered by Bothwellhaugh, this gentle

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Mary's
plots.

sister settled a pension on the murderer out of her jointure as Queen-dowager of France!

During the whole of her long captivity of nineteen years, Mary was seldom without some plot or intrigue on hand. She maintained at all times a correspondence with her relations the Guises, and with the King of Spain, and the Pope. She was in alliance with all Elizabeth's disaffected subjects. Apart altogether from the plots against the Queen of England which Mary habitually encouraged, her life was a continual danger to Elizabeth's life. As Mary was the undisputed heir of Elizabeth, one successful dagger-blow might at any time open her way to the English throne. Hence a perpetual temptation to the Jesuits, so long as Mary lived, to plot the assassination of Elizabeth, in order to give a Popish Sovereign to England. The wonder is, not that Elizabeth brought Mary to the scaffold at last, but that she refrained so long.

The scheme for Mary's marriage with the Duke of Norfolk began shortly after her arrival in England. An ardent correspondence passed between her and the Duke, and, notwithstanding that they had never seen each other, their letters breathed the most passionate love. Norfolk, a princely nobleman of thirty-two, was dazzled with the ambitious idea of becoming the husband of her who united in her own person the crown of Scotland and the succession to the crown of England. He had the support of the Popish Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and of the great Catholic party. But he lacked the decision and desperate courage necessary for a successful conspirator, and the scheme, which was to deliver the Queen of Scots and produce a Popish revolution in England, ended in a spurt of insurrection in the northern counties. Norfolk died by the axe on Tower Hill, bitterly deploring in his last moments the connection he had formed with Mary. "Nothing," he said, "that

anybody goeth about for her, or that she doeth for her-
self, prospereth.”

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The place of residence assigned to the captive Queen was frequently changed. We find her at Carlisle, at Bolton, at Tutbury, at Sheffield, Wingfield, Coventry, Chatsworth, Chartley, Tixall, and at Fotheringay at last. Her captivity, except when the discovery of some Treatment of her many plots provoked a temporary increase of strictness, was as little severe as the safe custody of her person allowed. She had a stud of sixteen horses, and frequently rode out hunting. She amused herself with needlework, and with dogs, turtledoves, and Barbary fowls. Her health in the latter years of her captivity was not good. But it is difficult to know how much we should believe of the piteous complaints which she was in the habit of making. We find her in high spirits on the hunting-field long after she had written that she had entirely lost the use of her limbs.

Mary wrote an immense number of letters to Elizabeth. Sometimes she takes high ground and speaks in a strain of indignation. The tone of her letters at other times is fawning and mean. On one occasion, she had sent some specimens of her needlework as a present to Elizabeth, who condescended to accept them graciously. Whereupon Mary writes, “Since it has pleased you so graciously to receive the little things that I took the liberty to send, I cannot refrain from expressing to you how happy I shall feel, when it pleases you to allow me to endeavour by all means to regain some part of your favour; to do which I greatly desire you to have the goodness to aid me by informing me of the matters in which I can please and obey you.” Mary Stewart becoming sempstress to Elizabeth Tudor!

Mary's letters to Elizabeth.

During fifteen years of her captivity, Mary was under the charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury, whose treatment of her was so gentle and kind as to rouse the jealousy of

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his Countess. This led to a violent quarrel between the Countess and the captive Queen. Before this quarrel blew up their intimacy, the Countess had spoken freely to Mary about Elizabeth, very freely indeed. In the heat of her passion, Mary wrote off to Elizabeth, telling her all that the Countess had said of her. Scandals, which shall be here unmentionable; scandals with the Earl of Leicester; scandals with Master Hatton the handsome vice-chamberlain; scandals with a foreigner named Sumer; scandals with the Duke d'Alençon;—"all these things," says Mary to Elizabeth, "the Countess of Shrewsbury told me about you. The Countess told me that you are so ridiculously vain as to believe the compliment paid to you, 'that it is impossible to look you full in the face because your countenance shines like the sun.' The Countess told me that, in the violence of your anger, you broke the finger of one of your ladies-in-waiting, and that you gave another of them a great cut with a knife on the hand. The Countess told me that you have a disgusting sore upon your leg!"—This delicate specimen of royal correspondence was undoubtedly sent to Elizabeth. Whether the prudent Cecil allowed his mistress to see it, is not quite so certain.

The cause for which Mary was at length brought to trial and the scaffold, was a plot for the assassination of Elizabeth, a Spanish invasion, and a Popish rebellion both in England and Scotland. Six desperate fanatics undertook to dispatch the Protestant Queen by steel or poison, as a service acceptable to Heaven. The King of Spain had agreed to send the invading force, and all the arrangements were in the highest state of forwardness. But Walsingham, Elizabeth's secretary, had his agents in the subterranean regions of plot and intrigue, and the whole dark secret was brought up into the light of day. A letter of Mary's own afforded the most incontestable evidence that she had accepted the offer to assassinate Elizabeth.

The King of France, on learning that sentence had been pronounced on Mary Stewart, dispatched a special envoy to remonstrate with Queen Elizabeth. The envoy, accompanied by the ordinary ambassador of France, obtained an audience, and pled at great length for Mary's life. Elizabeth replied, "that she had been forced to the decision which had been taken, because it was impossible for her to preserve her own life and save that of the Queen of Scots also; and that, if they knew any mode of insuring her safety, and at the same time sparing Mary, she would be greatly obliged to them;"—which is really true, though Elizabeth said it. The politic Queen knew well how important it was to avoid the odium of Mary's death. But she knew also that the Jesuits, eager to empty the throne of England for a Popish successor, would dog her life with dagger and poison as long as Mary was alive. If self-preservation be a plea, Elizabeth had it.

On the afternoon of a February day, all the bells of London were ringing joy, and bonfires were blazing in every street. News had come in from Fotheringay of the execution of the Queen of Scots, and London rejoiced because a great danger to the government, peace, and liberty of England had been taken out of the way. Blood had followed blood at last, and Darnley's treacherous murderess had gone to her dread account. "The mills of the gods," said the proverb of the old Pagans, "grind slow, but they grind clean."

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A PIRATE'S GRAVE.

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ON Carberry Hill, the Earl of Bothwell, looking his last on Mary Stewart, pressed her hand, and went off at a gallop in the direction of Dunbar. About a dozen friends went with him, and there was no attempt to stop his flight. It was Sabbath, and the "Reader," with his Bible under his arm, might be returning from Dunbar Kirk in the peaceful summer afternoon, when the little company of gloomy horsemen rode sharply up to the castle gate. In the Castle of Dunbar, grim and strong on its sea-beaten rocks, Bothwell abode for nearly a fortnight. He did not, as yet, feel wholly desperate. He had thrown hell-dice for a crown, and he struggled wildly against the thought that all was lost.

During his fortnight at Dunbar, he had his messengers out this way and that, to try for backing among the Queen's friends. None would stand by him. A proclamation by the Privy Council declared him an outlaw. There might be a chance for him in Strathbogie, the country of the Gordons, where his brother-in-law, the Earl of Huntly, was all-powerful. With Huntly's aid, he might levy forces, and try the chance to repair his fortune. To Strathbogie, therefore, he went. A word from the Castle of the Bog of Gicht would have raised the Gordons to his banner. But he found Huntly set against him, and not a Gordon would stir.

Baffled in Strathbogie, the outlaw took refuge with his uncle, old Hepburn, Bishop of Moray. Spynie Castle,

the episcopal residence of Moray, whose massive ruins are still to be seen on the margin of a placid lake, was a fortified keep, where the bishops of that northern region could hold their own against katerans and reavers who cared little for the spiritual sword. Bothwell had been brought up there, and the evil habits of his life had been first formed among the profligate crew who haunted the bishop's palace. Hither he returned, a ruined and desperate man. The old bishop had three bastard sons living in his residence, one of whom was killed in a brawl by Bothwell soon after his arrival.

After a short stay at Spynie, the fierce outlaw betook himself to Orkney. Bothwell had been Lord High Admiral of Scotland. Of all his ample power, there remained nothing now that he could command, except three or four light-armed ships. With these he began the career of a sea-rover. His haunt was in the neighbourhood of the north isles, where his piracies and devastations spread terror. He robbed both Scotch and English ships, and made himself the scourge of the northern seas. The Regent Moray was not the man to let this go on long.

On the 10th of August, less than two months after 1567 A.D. the day of Carberry Hill, a "sea-brief," or commission to pursue the pirate Earl with fire and sword, was issued to Sir William Murray of Tullibardine and Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange. The force of the pursuers consisted of four ships. One of them was the *Unicorn* of Leith, the largest ship of the Scottish navy. The other three were Dundee ships. A sea-brief, addressed to the Provost and Bailies of Dundee, ordered them to warn the masters of the *James*, the *Primrose*, and the *Robert*, to hold themselves ready to join the *Unicorn* in the pursuit of the pirates upon six hours' notice. Every merchant ship in those days sailed the high seas armed. Small preparation, therefore, was needed by the hardy sailors

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Bothwell.

of Dundee. The Unicorn was joined by her consorts, and the little fleet bore away for the north.

Arrived at Orkney, the governor of Kirkwall Castle directed them to hold on to Shetland, where, as he assured them, they would fall in with the pirates. Cruising along the east coast of Shetland, they discovered, one morning about day-break, two ships lying at anchor. They were Bothwell's, and as soon as they were aware of their pursuers' approach, they slipped their cables and ran towards the north. The Unicorn was the fastest ship of the pursuing fleet, and she soon drew ahead of the rest. The Sound of Bressa, a narrow strait between the Isle of Bressa and the mainland of Shetland, lay before them. The pirate barks shot into this narrow and dangerous passage, Kirkaldy in the Unicorn following close in their wake. A sunken ridge of rock, whose position is marked at high water by a line of boiling surf, obstructs the northern entrance of the passage. The pirates, familiar with the navigation, steered safely through the line of breakers into the smooth sea beyond.

The Unicorn, with every sail set, came sweeping along the narrow strait. In vain the experienced mariners on board warned Kirkaldy of the danger. The gallant soldier, better able to head a charge of horse than to guide a sea-chase, was heedless of all remonstrance. The Unicorn rushed at a charging pace among the breakers. There was a grating crash, the ship trembled at the shock through every timber, and the armed men on her deck were dashed prostrate. The pirate crews raised a loud shout of joy. The Unicorn filled so rapidly that there was barely time to get off the men to the other ships before she sank.

This accident did not stop the pursuit. Away over the North Sea toward Denmark sped the pirate Earl, Kirkaldy and the three Dundee ships hotly following. At last they came within shot-range, and the cannon

began their roaring dialogue. For three hours a running fight was kept up. The main-mast of Bothwell's ship, struck by a ball, toppled over and fell, and the crippled ship lay helpless on the water. But just as the outlaw's capture seemed inevitable, the heavens grew black with storm. A sudden and furious tempest arose, and snatched the prey from Kirkaldy's grasp. The ships were separated. Bothwell's vessels drove before the gale towards the coast of Norway. The pursuers, obliged to struggle for their own safety with the fury of the tempest, lost sight of the prize they had so nearly taken. But as soon as the hurricane abated, they put themselves on the track again.

Bothwell made the Norwegian harbour of Karmsund. The damaged condition of his ships compelled him to enter the harbour for repairs. Captain Clarke and David Wath, old and notorious pirates both, were the commanders of his two ships. It happened that a merchant of Bremen, whose ship Wath had plundered among the Scottish isles, was at Karmsund. The trader recognized his plunderer, and told the authorities of the place. Pirates in the harbour! The matter must be seen to sharply. A Danish war ship, called the *Bear*, lay at Karmsund. Her captain went on board one of the suspicious vessels. A man, habited like a boatswain in an old and clouted sea-suit, stepped forward and said, "I am the husband of the Queen of Scotland; I demand to be conducted into the presence of the King of Denmark." The captain of the *Bear*, astonished, as he well might be, judged it prudent to take this boatswain, who called himself a Queen's husband, on board his own ship, and put him into the hands of authorities competent to deal with him.

Bothwell was accordingly handed over to the magistrates of Bergen, who sent him to the King of Denmark at Copenhagen. The King, who was a distant kinsman

Bothwell
in Den-
mark.

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to the Queen of Scots,—“second cousin once removed,” if the reader can count it—committed him prisoner to the Castle of Malmö, on the Island of Schonen, with instructions “that he should be well entertained.”

Bothwell remained a prisoner in the fortress of Malmö for upwards of eight years. The liberty of the island, with plenty of everything, appears to have been allowed him. Tortured by the fear of being given up to England or Scotland, he drowned reflection in reckless drinking. Captain Clarke, the pirate, was the companion of his debaucheries; and with this paltry rascal he revelled night and day,—the man with whom he was drinking away his reason and his life being all the while a spy set to watch him and report his words.

Repeated applications were made to the King of Denmark, both by the Scottish Government and by Queen Elizabeth, to have him delivered up. Frederick evaded every one of these applications. What possible interest or motive could the King of Denmark have for keeping Bothwell a prisoner? What was Bothwell to him, or he to Bothwell? The reason is tolerably evident. The King of Denmark was unwilling to expose the guilt of his kinswoman, the Queen of Scots. Bothwell, if sent to Scotland and brought to trial for the murder of Darnley, would make his defence; and that defence would be that the Queen was a party to the deed. Let him whisper, then, his hideous secrets to the Baltic winds; never shall they be breathed on Scottish air. Malmö shall keep him safe.

Bothwell, drinking to drown despair, soon broke his constitution. A wasted, sallow, shaking form, clad in a rich velvet dress, was to be seen feebly pacing the ramparts of Malmö to court the soothing warmth of the northern sun. Wild fits of the trembling delirium shook his frame, and harrowed his soul with ghastly terrors. Symptoms of dropsy by-and-by appeared. His body

swelled, and he whose handsome person had attracted a Queen but a few years before, was become a bloated, dismal object.

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Time passed, and eight years were already flown since Bothwell had been sent a prisoner to Malmoë, when news of his death came to Scotland. Mary's partisans gave out that he had confessed the murder of Darnley, and solemnly avouched her innocence with his dying breath. A copy, in French, of the confession described itself as having been taken down by "a merchant worthy of faith," who was present and heard Bothwell make his dying declaration. The copy promised that its original, sealed with the seal of the King of Denmark, "would come to light some day, to establish the innocence of the Queen of Scots." But the merchant worthy of faith never made good his promise. The original was never forthcoming, nor was Bothwell dead at all. He survived the confession made with his dying breath for two whole years,—a warning to all forgers of death-bed confessions, first to make sure that the man is really dead.

Some time before his death, Bothwell was removed April 1578 from Malmoë to the Castle of Dragsholm, now Adellersborg, on the north coast of Zealand. An entry in the register of the parish of Faareveile, the parish in which Adellersborg is situated, certifies the date of his burial. He had spent ten years in captivity, and at the time of his death he could not have been above forty-one or forty-two years of age. It has been usually said that he died mad; but probably he was no otherwise mad than as drunkenness rendered him furious and maudlin by turns.

A few years ago, a decayed oaken coffin, in which lay the mouldering bones of the daring and guilty Bothwell, was to be seen in an aisle of the little parish church of Faareveile. The church has been since refloored, and the coffin is no longer exposed to view, but the sacristan still points out the spot where Bothwell lies in his narrow bed.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE GOOD REGENT.

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The Prior
of St. An-
drews.

DURING the heavy times which followed the slaughter of Pinkie, an English fleet made a descent at St. Monans on the coast of Fife. The people of St. Andrews armed themselves, and marched to the East Nook to resist the spoilers. Many a stout countryman from farm and cottage joined them by the way. The English cannon threw them into some confusion at the first; but there was a boy of less than seventeen years among them, who rallied them, and headed a charge so vigorous that the enemy were chased into the sea. This noble boy was James Stewart, a natural son of James V., whom his father had made, at three years of age, Prior of St. Andrews.

Before the Reformation had lifted up its head in public, John Knox was in the habit of going from the house of one secret friend to another, preaching to little companies of eager listeners. The word of the Lord was precious in those days, for there was no open vision. In the north, the Reformer frequented the house of Dun. In the west, he resorted to the house of Lord Ochiltree, or to Finlayston House on Clyde, the dwelling of Lord Glencairn. He stayed also at the houses of Lockhart of Bar, Wallace of Carnell, Campbell of Kinyeancleugh, and Chalmers of Gadgirth—steel-bonnet Chalmers, our friend. In Lothian, he dwelt and taught in the house of “that ancient and honourable father,” Sir James Sandilands of Calder. To the old house of Calder, with its iron-barred windows, its rush-strewed floors, and great cavern fire-

places, a young man of twenty-five often came to hear the teachings of Knox. He was of a noble and princely presence, grave, slow-spoken, and somewhat blunt in his manner. His vast, square forehead betokened an intellect of the highest order, and reflection dwelt in the depths of his calm eyes. This young man, so gravely and earnestly hearing the gospel at Calder House, is the Lord James Stewart, the boy who defeated the English at the East Nook of Fife eight years ago.

To these early beginnings the Lord James was nobly true down to the end of his glorious life. Cool and prompt in perils of battle, clear of insight, swift, decisive, great, in those hours of crisis when brains of common fibre become ravelled, pure in his loyalty to the Protestant faith, Scotland has scarcely a brighter name than that of the Good Regent.

Mary—prisoner in Lochleven, and glad to escape on any terms a trial for the murder of her husband, at which her own horrible letters were ready to be produced against her—resigned her crown, and named her brother as Regent during the nonage of her son. Moray was in Paris when he heard of the swift and startling revolution which had swept his guilty sister from her throne, and of his own nomination to the regency of Scotland. He returned home immediately, and the people received him with the liveliest signs of joy, the instinct of their honest hearts telling them that in him they had gotten a man!

The work to be done needed a man. A distracted, shattered kingdom needed to have its wild confusions laid. Disorder, a demoniac exceeding fierce, and dwelling mainly in the tombs of superstition and tyranny, needed to have its legion of devils cast out. This Regent, so calm and fearless, was the man for the work. Already Kirkaldy and his ships are away under a press of sail to hunt Bothwell in the north seas. Edinburgh Castle

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opens its gates. Dunbar Castle, battered by the Regent's cannon, yields. The great lords, who stood out for a while, submit one after another. In a month's time, the whole realm is quiet. Even Border thieves and reavers felt that the curb was sharp, and that a strong hand was on the bridle. On a market-day in Hawick, when cattle-lifting Elliots were strutting secure, the Regent suddenly made his appearance. Forty-three robbers were seized. Eleven of them were hanged, seven were drowned, one slain in the taking, and the rest "cleansed" by a jury—an operation fitted to make even a Borderer nervous.

As soon as might be, the Regent held a Parliament, and it was one whose "worthy acts and proceedings" are to be remembered. It renewed the Act abolishing the jurisdiction of the Pope, and acknowledged the doctrines and liberties of the Reformed Church. Christ's kingdom was recognized as a free spiritual kingdom. The thirds of benefices were appointed to form a fund for the support of ministers, till the Church should come into possession of her proper patrimony for carrying out the whole magnificent religious and educational plan of the Reformers. Many good things were done in civil affairs. One good thing was advised to be done, but was not got done then, nor till a hundred and eighty years after. This was the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, which gave the power of pit and gallows to hundreds of petty tyrants all over the kingdom. If our noble Regent had lived, what would he not have done for the liberty and prosperity of Scotland! But already his winding-sheet was high up on his breast.

The Regent was at Glasgow, holding a Justice Ayre, when news was brought that the Queen had escaped from Lochleven, and was already at Hamilton, only eight miles distant. Nobles and gentry were flocking around her, like moon-worshippers adoring their planet after an eclipse. Rumour told of armed bands marching

to her defence even from the remotest parts of the kingdom. The Regent's adherents began to fall from him. Even his intimate and confidential friend, the Lord Robert Boyd, went over to the Queen. The friends who remained implored him to retire to Stirling till he could collect a force. It is in a crisis like this that a common man hesitates, and a great man is known. Moray's calm and rapid glance took in the whole of his position. Retreat would look like flight; enemies would be encouraged, friends disheartened. The Regent's decision was instantly taken. He stayed where he was; friends came to his summons from Ayrshire, from Douglasdale, from the Lennox, from Stirlingshire. Six hundred stalwart lads came from Merse and Lothian, under the Earl of Hume. Edinburgh sent a few hackbutteers. Kirkaldy of Grange came with the men of Fife. In a few days, Moray could march to meet the Queen's army at Langside, where half an hour of a May morning settled the matter.

The Queen, in a panic of guilt and fear, flung herself into England. Queen Elizabeth became the umpire between her and her subjects. Our noble Regent had now a hateful business before him. He had to go through the whole of that huge pettifogging affair of the Commissioners at York and Westminster—a loathing to any honest heart. He had to justify the measures taken to prevent the infatuated Queen from handing over the supreme power of the country to the assassin, her paramour. He had to produce the shocking proofs of his sister's guilt contained in the silver casket. He had to hear and disprove rotten lies and carrion slanders, vamped up against him by his sister's agents, and, to our shame, repeated now and then among us to this day. There is a beetle called by naturalists the dirt-roller, or tumble-dung beetle. The creature forms pellets of dirt in which it deposits its eggs. It is to be seen shoving and shouldering its cherished dirt pellets into holes,

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Slanders
against
Moray.

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where the eggs may unfold into future dirt-rolling beetle-hood. Unfortunately, many of our writers of Scottish history are beetles of the dirt-rolling species. With an effort worthy of Sisyphus, they roll the dirt-balls of old lies and slanders over their pages. Alas that the dirt-beetles should have had it in their power to pollute the name and memory of the Good Regent!

While the Regent was absent in England, new mischiefs were brewing in Scotland. All sorts of rumours were kept flying about by the Queen's partisans. The Regent has sold himself to the English. He has engaged to deliver the young King into their hands. He is to receive English garrisons into the Castles of Stirling and Edinburgh and other strengths. If the young King dies, the Regent is to succeed him, and hold the kingdom as a vassal of England. Which lies, blown abroad with all winds, agitate the Scottish mind in a manner not to be imagined in these days, when a lie can scarce get half an hour's start before it is scorched to death by the fire-flash of the telegraph. The Regent came home to a miserable country. It was early in February when he

1569 A.D.

Miseries of
the coun-
try.

arrived. All through the heavy winter there had been such a dearth that oatmeal sold at four shillings the peck. A pestilence was raging so dire, that in Edinburgh alone two thousand five hundred and fifty persons had died, and the cry was as the cry of Egypt, when there was not a house where there was not one dead. What sounds have been heard in these Edinburgh streets and closes in the days and nights of the old time! In that season of black terror, rules of stern severity were enforced to stop the course of the pestilence that walked in darkness, and the destruction that wasted at noon-day. As soon as the infection was known to be in any house, the whole family with all their effects were conveyed to the Borough Moor. On this waste a camp for the infected was formed, with huts for their housing. A great caldron,

erected to boil their clothes, steamed beside the camp. A lad of eighteen, John Napier by name, saw day by day from his father's Castle of Merchiston, hard by the Borough Moor, the dismal pest-camp and its smoking caldron. But the pest, though so awfully near, touched none of the family of Merchiston, and the lad lived and gave *Logarithms* to the world. All persons were forbidden on pain of death to visit their friends on the moor, except at a certain hour, and under charge of the proper officer. It was on pain of death, too, if any man had a case of the disease in his family, and, shrinking from the dreadful plague encampment, tried to keep it secret. One William Smith and "his spouse Black Meg" were found guilty of "concealing the pest in their house," and executed. Poor Meg! a loving mother, perhaps, who ran the risk for her child.

Civil war threatened to add its miseries to the two woes which were scourging the land. The Queen had appointed Duke Chattelherault, head of the great house of Hamilton, as her deputy. The Duke, by public proclamation in her name, charged all subjects of the realm to give no obedience to any authority but his, and gathered his spears to make it good. Huntly spoiled Angus and Mearns, and bore himself like a king in the north. The Regent was a man who could take order with such matters. He marched west to Glasgow with five pieces of ordnance to talk with the Hamiltons. But the iron throats were not required to take any part in the conversation, for the Hamiltons agreed to own the authority of the King and the Regent. Early in summer, he went north with sufficient harquebusiers in his train. Huntly and the principal clans gave hostages for their good behaviour, such persuasion is there in harquebus barrels. Many a strutting chief, guilty of the violent hand, was summoned to the Regent's presence at Aberdeen, Elgin, or Inverness, fined, "forced to satisfy the

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complainers," and go home with *sporrán* flat and lean. The Borders, too, shall know that they have a master. Harvest-time sees the Regent sweeping through the dales, and returning with threescore and twelve hostages, near of kin to moss-trooping chiefs, heirs of spear, spur, and snaffle, who shall be sent over the water of Forth, to dwell in quiet Fife, as pledges for the conduct of father or uncle in the old grim tower at home. Our Regent is a king of men, and can make the lawless do his strong bidding.



PEEL TOWER ATTACKED.

Lething-
ton.

Meanwhile, subtle Lethington, clothed with intrigue as with a garment, has been going up and down in his cloak of darkness, setting a great scheme in train for the restoration of the Queen. Kirkaldy of Grange is captain of Edinburgh Castle, ever since he returned from chasing Bothwell over the north seas. Lethington's words, smooth as butter, have slid into his ears. O gallant soldier, could

you but see what a deadly snake is gliding round you, and knotting you in a death knot!

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The Regent was sitting with his Council in Stirling. It was a day in early September, and from the Castle windows on the lofty rock the corn shocks could be seen dotting the fair carse spread out below. Captain Thomas Crawford of Jordan Hill—the same cool and daring soldier who afterwards took Dumbarton Castle, scaling its precipice at black midnight—entered the council-chamber and formally accused Lethington of being art and part in the murder of Darnley. The wily Secretary, smiling a calm and sneering smile, was forthwith put into ward as a State prisoner. From Stirling he was sent to Edinburgh, and committed to the custody of Lord Home at his house on the Castle Hill, there to await his trial. One night about ten o'clock, Kirkaldy came down from the Castle with a party of men. The *risp* on Lord Home's door sent its harsh grating noise along the silent street as its ring was sharply moved up and down by the hand of a soldier. Kirkaldy demands speech of Home, and presents a paper. It is an order signed with the Regent's name to deliver the prisoner to the governor of the Castle. Lethington is handed over to Kirkaldy, wishes his late host and keeper a fair good-night, and is soon safe in the Castle with bolt and bar behind him. Next morning, it is discovered that the order with the Regent's signature is forged. The wildest head in broad Scotland, and her most accomplished soldier, are in the rock-perched Castle of Edinburgh. The wily head has corrupted the brave heart. Proud and defiant they two dwell on the top of that rock, with its grinning rows of cannon. A black down-coming from their lofty eyrie awaits them.

"Sir," said lion-hearted Andrew Melville to King James, after the dark days of the Church of Scotland had come on, "Sir, when you were in your cradle, Christ Jesus reigned freely in this land, in spite of all his

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Happiness
of Knox.

enemies." In the infancy of James VI., when the great Earl of Moray ruled the realm, the Presbyterian Church, in the vigour and freshness of its noble youth, stood fairly planted in the land. Its courts and congregations met, its ministers preached, its grand programme of a church and a school for every thousand people was being filled up. Knox the aged saw his great and strong battle against superstition and idolatry won. He saw the work of the Lord prosperous beyond his utmost expectation. "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." Knox saw such a ruler and such a morning in Scotland. The vigour and noble firmness of the Good Regent gave to the torn and bleeding country some taste of the blessings of peace, order, and law. The Church was freed from many of her grievances, with every prospect of being freed from them all. It was the happiest period of the great Reformer's life. He looked forward to a peaceful evening of his days, and a sweet repose from his mighty toils. His rest was not here.

The assassin.

Scotland and her Protestant religion were thriving to a wonder in those days of hope when Moray ruled. Has Popery—fierce with the rage of defeat, and still strong and terrible—no check to put on this fair career of Protestantism? Yes, she has an assassin and a bullet. After the battle of Langside, the Sheriff of Linlithgow, the Laird of Innerwick, James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, and six others, were tried and condemned to death as rebels who had risen in arms against King and law. John Knox asked their lives from the Regent, and at his request the Regent pardoned them and let them go. Knox had saved the life of the wretch who was to be the Regent's murderer.

The plot for the murder was got up by the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the Abbot of Arbroath, and other leaders of the Popish party, and was well known among the party. The morning after the assassination took place, and before the news of it could have reached the Border, Scott of Buccleuch and Ker of Ferniehirst were riding on a plundering excursion within English ground, in the old Border style. Against all such outrages, committed in a time of full peace between the nations, the Regent had used a stern severity which awed the spirits of the lawless Borderers. One of the Scott and Ker company chanced to say that the Regent would take order with them for what they were doing. "Tush!" said another, "the Regent is as cold as the bit in my horse's mouth." But there is no need of proving that the Regent's murder was a plot of the Papists; the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the murderer's uncle, confessed that it was so, and that he "furthered the deed thereof," just before the rope went round his neck at Stirling Bridge.

The Regent had been at Dumbarton, and was on his return to Edinburgh. The wretch Bothwellhaugh dogged his steps. At Glasgow, and again at Stirling, he sought an opportunity to accomplish his bloody purpose, but failed. The Regent lodged a night in Linlithgow, and on the morrow resumed his progress towards Edinburgh. On account of the crowd which thronged the narrow street, he was obliged to walk his horse at a slow pace. There was a house belonging to the Archbishop of St. Andrews before which he had to pass. This house had a "tirlis" or lattice window lighting its wooden stair-case. About the stair sheets were hung, as if some peaceful housewife had put her linen out to dry. Through this lattice glared the fierce eye of the assassin, his haquebut in his grasp, and the match burning. The loud report of a shot rang out. The Regent was seen to reel in his saddle, and the horse of a gentleman who rode on the

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farther side of him fell killed. The same bullet which killed the horse had passed through the Regent's body. Calm as he ever was, Moray lighted down, and walked on foot to his lodging, as if he felt no pain. Towards midnight he breathed his last.

The murderer mounted a fleet horse, which his brother held ready saddled and bridled for him at the back door of the house, and escaped. To palliate the atrocious crime, it was said that the Regent had seized the lands and house of Bothwellhaugh, and had turned out Hamilton's wife in a stormy night, and almost in a state of nakedness, into the woods, where she was found next day furiously mad. The story is long since known to be a sheer fabrication. The dirt-beetles have it entirely to themselves.

Scotland's
loss.

Never, since King Robert the Bruce died, had Scotland suffered so great a loss. Had Moray lived, Knox's grand plan for the education of the people would probably have been carried out, and Scotland would by this time have enjoyed nearly three centuries of educational blessings on the ample and noble scale which the Reformer proposed. This hope perished with the murdered Regent, and the smoke of the assassin's shot at Linlithgow has proved a darkening cloud to Scotland until this day. Had Moray lived to make law strong and steady, and to train the little King, his nephew, for the throne, the course of our history might have run far differently, and many a bloody page of it would have been clean.

The Good Regent was buried in the south aisle of St. Giles' Church, where the inscription over his tomb, engraved on brass, was long to be seen. The coffin was set down before the pulpit while Knox preached the funeral sermon from the text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" and the vast congregation of three thousand people wept around. Grief for his own great loss and the nation's preyed upon the Reformer's health,

and brought upon him an illness which left him a shattered man.

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The news of Moray's murder was received with immense delight in France and in Spain. The triumph of the Popish cause in Scotland was deemed certain, now that the Regent, that bulwark of Protestantism, was out of the way. And then, with Protestantism down, and Popery victorious in Scotland, Scotch sea-ports could be used to introduce French and Spanish troops for the attack of England. By sea and by land the forces of the united Papal powers could at once assail England, and destroy Protestantism in its island stronghold. This was the calculation—known to us before. The great object was to gain Scotland. For this purpose, money and promises of speedy help were sent from the Courts of France and Spain to the leaders of the Papal party in Scotland, to encourage them to maintain the cause of Mary against the Government of the infant King, her son. Scotland, after a short taste of the blessings of tranquillity under the grand rule of the Regent Moray, was tossed back into strife and confusion. The Popish party comprised a large number of the most powerful nobility. The two strongest fortresses in the kingdom, Edinburgh and Dumbarton, were in their hands. In addition to all this, they had their formidable French and Spanish backing. The rebellion which they were able to raise and sustain plunged the country into years of misery.

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THE DOUGLAS WARS.

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Lennox
Regent.

SIX months passed away amid confusions and distractions before a successor to Moray in the high office of the regency was elected. The new Regent was the Earl of Lennox, father of the murdered Darnley, and grandfather of the child King. The times needed a strong man, but Lennox was not strong. "A hood upon a staff," some said,—a stick set up with a robe upon it. The able man beside him, James Douglas, Earl of Morton, was the true Regent. Morton was Regent in fact, Lennox in name; Morton was Regent, Lennox was Regent's cloak. The Popish, or Queen Mary party, refused to own him, and they were able and ready for war. War began forthwith, a war that was soon to become unexampled for exasperation and ferocity.

Kirkaldy.

"The man on the craig," Kirkaldy of Grange, unfurled the Queen's standard, and from his lofty rock domineered the city of Edinburgh. Like the skilful captain that he was, he got together ample stores of war material, and put everything in perfect repair. In the height of his confidence he defied his enemies in verse. "He made a *rowstie* rhyme, which went from hand to hand, wherein he reproached bitterly the Lords maintainers of the King's authority." Edinburgh Castle, according to its rhyming governor, was a nut which they had better not try to crack :—

"When they have lost as many teeth
As they did at the siege of Leith,
They will be fain to leave it."

While Edinburgh Castle was holding its head thus high, its sister of Dumbarton had already fallen. Dumbarton Castle, high-perched on its precipitous double-headed rock, was counted in those days an impregnable stronghold. The possession of this Castle and port gave the rebels the command of Clyde, and a door of entrance for foreign troops and supplies. The way of its winning was this: The wife of a soldier in the garrison, Robertson by name, was in the habit of visiting her husband. Some gear was missing, and Lord Fleming, the governor, caused Robertson's wife to be stripped and lashed on suspicion of the theft. Robertson, in deep anger, resolved that the governor should pay for this. He deserted, and made to Glasgow, where the Regent happened to be laid up by a fall from his horse and the gout in his feet. Robertson contrived to get speech of Robert Douglas, a kinsman of the Regent, and offered to win the Castle if a sufficient company were to follow him as guide. His plan seemed feasible, and two cool and daring officers, Crawford of Jordan Hill and Cunningham of Drumwhassel, undertook to make the attempt.

Some days were spent in preparing ladders, grappling-irons, and other appliances for scaling the rock. The night of the first of April was fixed for the enterprise. It was after midnight when Crawford and his men reached the foot of the rock. It had been clear moonlight, but the moon was down, and a thick mist enveloped the rock from the middle upwards. The perilous venture was to be made at a place called the Beak, the highest part of the rock. Here, it was to be presumed, the slackest watch would be kept. A whispered word of command, and nimble hands rear the long ladders, sixty steps in height, against the rock. Dusky forms begin to climb. A ladder, harsh grating against the rock, slips down and falls with a crash. We gain our feet, and look up dismayed to the towering rock, wrapped

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in mist and darkness. Surely that noise has discovered us! But no; all is silent above there. Sounds made so far down below do not rise to the top of that gigantic rock, looming black and huge through the misty night.

Warily we set our ladder again, and make it firm and sure. The foremost men — Robertson and Captain Crawford—are at the top. Twenty feet from the top of the ladders an ash-tree grows from a cleft of the rock. Robertson and the Captain, carrying ropes with them, climb, grim and silent, to the tree, fix the ropes, and drop them to the men on the ladders. We gain the ledge of the rock where the ash-tree grows. We haul up our ladders, and rear them once more against the face of the rock. We are pressing up the ladders, hanging between heaven and earth. One of the soldiers, his nervous system excited to a tremendous pitch as he climbs the quivering ladder at this dizzy height where the very place puts desperation in the brain, is seized with a fit, clenches the ladder with the wild strength of convulsion, and can neither go up nor down. But the ready wit of Captain Crawford surmounts the strange obstruction. Tie the man with your cords to the ladder. Turn the ladder and mount!

We are at the root of the wall on the top of the rock. The ladders are set again, their grappling-hooks seizing the cope-stone of the wall. Day is breaking, so long and toilsome has the ascent of the precipice been. Captain Alexander Ramsay is the first on the top of the wall, and his shout, "A Darnley! a Darnley!" makes the cliffs ring. He leaps down, and replies with his swinging blade to the assault of three soldiers. Close at his back others leap in with tiger spring. The wall, old and ruinous, sways with the weight of the men eagerly rushing up the ladders, falls inward, and makes a clear entrance for the bold assailants. The upper castle with its artillery is won. Those who kept watch in the

nether castle, the Wallace Tower, the "white tower with the windy hall," and the building between the rocks, as soon as they saw their own artillery turned against them, took to flight, and made off each man as he could.

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The governor got out by a postern door, and as the tide was in, pushed off a boat, and escaped to Argyle. That whipping of Dame Robertson was paid for. A few prisoners were taken. Whom have we here among them, in shirt of mail, and with a steel bonnet on his grizzled head? It is the profligate Archbishop of St. Andrews, bastard brother of him that was Regent Arran in Queen Mary's infancy, the bloody Archbishop who burned godly Adam Wallace, and plotted the murder of the Good Regent. A short shrift and a long rope for him! Five days afterwards, the Archbishop was hanged at Stirling. Riper fruit the gallows-tree never bore.

The country being in a state of civil war, there was, of course, a total interruption of justice at this miserable period, and for the most brutal oppression no redress.

Lawless-
ness.

A certain Allan Stewart had obtained a grant of the rents belonging to Crossraguel Abbey, in the shire of Ayr. The Earl of Cassilis, commonly called the King of Carrick, had an appetite for the rich benefice. The Earl got the unlucky Allan enticed to the Tower of Dunure, a fortalice built on a rock overhanging the sea, where he feasted him and made good cheer for some days. Then he proceeded to business. A charter of feu of all the lands of Crossraguel, and leases of all the fruits, tithes, and duties belonging to it, were produced. The King of Carrick bade Stewart sign these. He refused; on which Cassilis, called for his baker, his cook, his pantry man, and some other servants. The ready menials stripped the victim to the skin, laid him at his length before a fire, his hands bound to one side of the chimney and his feet to the other. They then fed the fire, "and,

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that the roast might not burn, they spared not flaming with oil, basting as a cook bastes roasted meat!"

The tortured man implored them rather to kill him outright. "Fie upon you! will ye put your whingers in me, and put me off this world? or else put a barrel of powder under me." To stop his cries, the Earl commanded to stuff a napkin into his mouth; which was done. Overcome by excess of agony, the victim yielded, and signed the papers as well as a half roasted hand could do it.

"*Benedicite, Jesu Maria,*" said the Earl, "you are the most obstinate man that ever I saw; if I had known that you had been so stubborn, I would not for a thousand crowns have handled you so."

Stewart brought his case before the Regent and Council by petition, who declined to interfere with the course of the ordinary justice of the county. That is to say, as the course of justice in Ayrshire was completely under the control of the Earl of Cassilis, the Earl of Cassilis was left to do justice on himself. The greater part of the feus and leases which belonged to Crossraguel Abbey are in possession of the house of Cassilis to this day.

If you have for your neighbour a lofty castle whose cannon look down upon your chimney tops, it is well to be on good terms with your neighbour. The town of Edinburgh had the misfortune to be at war with its castle. Never was town more heinously abused. The governor of the Castle did his pleasure upon the town that crouched under his batteries. He seized the town gates, placed guards of his soldiers upon them, and kept the keys in his own hands. He loop-holed the vaults of the Cathedral Church of St. Giles for musketry so thickly, that they were "made like a riddle." This gave him a strong post in the heart of the town. He mounted cannon upon the steeple head to sweep the long line of the Canongate. He cut across the High Street and the

West Bow, the two approaches to the Castle, by a ram-
 part and ditch. He gave to all the citizens who would
 not "assure him of their true friendship," the choice of
 leaving the town in six hours, "with certification" that
 if they stayed longer he would treat them as his ene-
 mies. Poor old Edinburgh was in an iron grip.

Fierce and lawless men gathered about the town, wild
 fellows of the Hamilton clan, ferocious moss-troopers of
 the Border chieftains, who supported the Queen's cause,
 a mixed and dangerous rascaldom. It happened one
 evening that John Knox sat in another than his custom-
 ary seat in his own house in the Netherbow. A musket
 ball was fired in at the window, and lodged in the ceiling
 of the apartment. The seat which he usually occupied
 was right in the course of the bullet, and had he sat
 there that evening he must have been slain.

The Regent had summoned a Parliament to meet in
 Edinburgh. But the rebels were in Edinburgh, and the
 man on the rock had the keys of the gates. The head
 of the Canongate suburb was, however, within the
 freedom of the city, and there the Parliament might
 legally meet. The Regent threw up a "sconce" or
 battery on the Dhu Craig, or black rock, the southern
 part of the Calton Hill, looking across the valley. This
 battery was intended to command the Canongate, and
 protect the Parliament. A trench and barricade outside
 the Netherbow gate were designed to prevent any sally
 of the rebels from the town. Parliament, guarded by a
 strong force, met in a house beside the Cross of St. John,
 and continued its sittings for three days. Each day was
 a day of battle. Musketeers, posted at the upper win-
 dows of the houses, both outside and inside the gate, kept
 up an incessant fire over the wall. The rebel cannon
 from the Castle sent their heavy balls plunging down the
 long narrow street, or tearing through the houses. The
 Regent's Dhu Craig battery cannonaded the town. Mons

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Parlia-
 ment un-
 der fire.

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Meg was dragged down from the Castle to the Black Friars' Yard, where the Royal Infirmary now stands, to open her great bellowing throat in the strife. Twenty-four of her huge stone shot, each twenty inches in diameter, came roaring through the air. A Parliament sitting beside the Cross of St. John, honourable gentlemen delivering their speeches amid the crackle of musketry, and with the balls of Mons Meg booming over their heads—it was the pursuit of legislation under difficulties. A Parliament of firm stuff, truly. The musketry was very fatal to the soldiers on both sides, but, strange to say, no member of the Parliament which sat three days under fire was either killed or hurt.



SCULPTURE FROM EDINBURGH CASTLE.

When this tough Parliament had got its work done, it adjourned to meet in Stirling some months afterwards. The Regent withdrew to Stirling, unable at present to undertake the siege of Edinburgh. Morton returned to his own Castle of Dalkeith, six miles from the city. Kirkaldy determined to burn his town, or at least to brave him at his own gate. He despatched a Captain Melville with two hundred musketeers, a hundred horse, and two "falcons"—small brass cannon—in carts. They marched out of Edinburgh before daybreak, intending a surprise. They were discovered, however, as they came over the hill of Lugton, about half a mile from Dalkeith. Quick as fingers could gird on iron and buckle saddle-girth, Morton's men turned out, two hundred footmen and sixty horse, himself at the head of them, and charged sharply on the enemy. Three gentlemen of the Earl's

The "lunt
fecht."

company were slain at his side, with several of the men-at-arms. But the enemy were driven back and forced to retreat. Three or four times they made a stand, and as often were beaten back. The pursuit continued for three miles, and many were speared and shot on both sides. On the top of Craigmillar hill, beside the grand old castle, they turned to bay again. Captain Melville opened a barrel of powder which they carried strapped to the back of a horse. The soldiers crowded round him for a supply of ammunition, their matchlock guns and burning matches in their hands. A spark from a gun match fell into the powder barrel, which exploded, killing or disabling sixteen of the soldiers. The luckless captain was fairly blown into the air "a good space," and died a few days after in great agony. The pursuers pressed the chase till they came so near Edinburgh that a body of horse sallied out and chased them in their turn. So ended "the lunt fecht," one of the numberless fierce and bloody skirmishes which took place about Edinburgh at this wretched time.

Parliament had not a comfortable seat at the head of the Canongate, with cannon shot plunging over them, and the angry sputter of musketry around them. Their session at Stirling, whither they adjourned, proved less pleasant still. There was in Edinburgh one George Bell, a Stirling man born, who knew all the town, and every street, lane, and corner in it. It was known that the Lords assembled in Stirling kept but a careless watch—a security rather dangerous to indulge in when a captain of such dash and daring as Kirkaldy was within thirty miles of them.

Night had just begun to yield to gray dawn on a September morning, and Stirling town was sunk in deep sleep, when a burst of wild cries—"God and the Queen!" "A Hamilton! a Hamilton!"—broke fiercely upon the silence. A swift night march had brought two hundred

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of Kirkaldy's horsemen, each with a foot-soldier on his crupper, to the town. Guided by George Bell, they had entered the town so silently that not a dog barked at them. Silently they had occupied the market-place, and set guards on all the openings into it. The town was completely in their possession. Dusky forms were at the door of each nobleman's lodging, knocking fiercely for admission with spear-butt or dagger-haft. The noblemen, completely taken by surprise, surrendered without resistance—all but the Earl of Morton. He defended his house so stoutly that the assailants could force him out only by setting it on fire. Not till the house was filled with fire and smoke did Morton yield himself. The Regent was taken by the Laird of Wormiston. All the nobles in the town were prisoners in the hands of the bold assailants.

With speed, then! Begone with the prey, without loss of a moment! The alarm has spread, and the men of Stirling, leaping from their beds and snatching their weapons, are gathering to the fray. In yonder house at the top of the market-place the red glow of gun-matches may be seen in the dull gray dawn. That is the Earl of Mar's new house, which, being unfinished and uninhabited, the enemy had not thought of guarding. Mar brought down his men from the Castle, entered the house from the back, and posted his musketeers at the windows looking down on the enemy in the street. The musketry blazed out, and the angry lead crashed into the thickest of the throng. A panic and headlong flight ensued, and in the rush to the gate they trod one upon another. The prisoners were free as suddenly as they had been taken, and some of the captors were prisoners to their prisoners.

Murder of
the Re-
gent.

The Regent had been placed on a war-horse. They had got him outside the gate, but the rescue was close upon them. A minute more, and the Regent would

have been free; but Captain Calder rode up behind, lifted his mail jacket, and shot him through the back with his "dag" or pistol. The ball cut through his bowels, but the Regent kept his seat on horseback till he came to the Castle. As he paced slowly up the long sloping street, his friends talked cheerfully about his hurt. "If the babe be well," he said—meaning the little King, his grandchild—"all is well." When he was laid in bed and his wound examined, it was seen that he had not many hours to live. He bade call the Lords to his bed-side, commended their infant Sovereign to their care, and exhorted them to choose some God-fearing person as his successor in the regency. "And I must likewise," said the dying man, "commend unto your favour my servants, and desire you to remember my love to my wife Meg, whom I beseech God to comfort." Unhappy wife of a murdered husband, and mother of a murdered son! In the evening the Regent died, and was buried in the Chapel of Stirling Castle, with such funeral honours as the town and time could afford.

After Lennox, the Earl of Mar was chosen Regent—
honest and faithful Mar, the guardian of the little King
—the same who refused to trust the infatuated Queen
with her own child. The new Regent set himself with
vigour to hunt the rebels out of Edinburgh. He summoned a force for the siege of the town, cast trenches, opened batteries, and set his cannon a-roaring. Forty or fifty feet of the south wall were beaten down; but from the roofs of St. Giles' Kirk and the Kirk of Field, and from the Castle batteries, the Regent got as good or better than he gave. Ammunition, too, failed, and the iron mouths wanted provender. The siege had to be given up, and a blockade was tried, in the hope that hunger might gnaw the obstinacy out of the rebels, and force them to surrender.

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Ferocity of
the civil
war.

Meanwhile, the civil war raged with increasing cruelty and ferocity. The whole country was divided into King's men and Queen's men, and Scotchmen slaughtered each other in the names of the mother and her son. Both parties hanged their prisoners without mercy. Gallows answered to gallows, and when the Regent strung up a batch at the Gallowlee, midway between Leith and Edinburgh, the rebels strung up a batch on the Castle Hill. Douglas, Earl of Morton, got the credit of suggesting these dreadful severities. Long afterwards, in the homes of Scotland, men shuddered as they spoke of "the Douglas wars." The bloody strife thus named was carried on by means of numberless skirmishes, surprises, and barbarous ravagings. Some of the atrocities committed were savage beyond description. Gordon of Auchindown, brother to the Marquis of Huntly, was in arms for the Queen. Gordon's men came to the Castle of Towie in the absence of its master, a King's man of the name of Forbes. His wife, with the spirit of a Scottish lady of those days, refused to surrender the house. The Gordons heaped a huge pile of fir sticks and dry heather against the walls, and fired the castle. The iron-barred windows forbade escape, and the unfortunate lady, with her children and whole household, to the number of thirty-seven persons, perished amid the wild roaring flames.

All the country suffered miserably, but the case of Edinburgh was specially hard. As the rebels held the Castle, the city below lay at the mercy of their cannon, and they tyrannized over it pitilessly. Many of the King's friends fled, and their houses were given over to plunder. The King's government put the famine screw upon all in the city, friends and foes alike. They forbade the inbringing of fuel and victuals, on pain of death. They broke the winding-gear of all the coal pits in the district, so that no coal could be drawn up.

They destroyed all the mills round about. Some of the millers, men of "manly make," as millers ought to be, were killed in defending their mills. Countrymen coming with their carts to sell their farm-stuff were hanged, or burned in the face with a hot iron. Women coming to market were stripped and scourged. One woman, who had tried to sell some little matter of country produce in Edinburgh, was taken to her own village of West Edmonston, and there hanged. So great was the dearth produced in the city, that a peck of meal sold for twelve shillings; and the timber of houses, which they took down for the purpose, was sold as fuel by the stone weight. These stern measures had effect. The rebels were glad to get a truce, upon the condition that the town of Edinburgh should be "patent to all the King's subjects;"—as much as to say that they yielded it up because they could hold it no longer. The Regent and his troops entered accordingly.

In this wretched time, John Knox, feeble and sore broken, was bending to the grave, his great battle all but over. Word came to Edinburgh of the massacre of St. Bartholomew in France. The French Papists, setting apart a week for the murder of their Protestant fellow-subjects, began to it with a will, at the sound of a signal-bell, before day-break on a Sabbath morning, and by the end of the week had accomplished seventy thousand murders. The King of France amused himself with shooting the fugitives who sought refuge at his palace gates. Knox, leaning on his staff, crept to the pulpit. Summoning up the remainder of his strength, the old fire kindling as he went on, and the feeble voice swelling to the trumpet-tone that had so often thrilled his countrymen, he thundered forth the judgment of Heaven against the King of France, and desired his ambassador to tell him that the vengeance of God would pursue him and his house. Whether Knox mistook let history declare.

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LVIII.

17th Nov.
1572.

Three weeks later, the great Reformer lay on his bed of death. A friend, Mr. David Lindsay, minister of Leith, coming in, he said, "I have desired all this day to have you, that I may send you yet to yon man in the Castle, whom you know I have loved so dearly. Go, I pray you, and tell him that I have sent you to him yet once more to warn him; and bid him, in the name of God, leave that evil cause and give over that Castle. If not, he shall be brought down over the walls of it with shame, and hang against the sun." Lindsay went to the Castle and delivered his message. Kirkaldy seemed somewhat moved; but after talking a little with Lethington, he turned to Lindsay and said, "Go, tell Mr. Knox he is but a dirty prophet."

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JAMES THE REEVE.

WHEN the hot wrath of James the Fifth scattered the great house of Douglas, young James Douglas, son of the Earl of Morton, went into hiding in the north. Hiring himself to a Highland gentleman as *reeve*—*greeve* we call it in Scotland—or land-overseer, he took the name of James Innes, or James the Reeve. “And as he bore the name, so did he also execute the office of a greeve and overseer of the lands and rents, the corn and cattle, of him with whom he lived,”—a very remarkable foreman for that Highland laird. The King’s death allowed the young Douglas to return home and begin the work of recovering his debt-burdened estate, which the habits of the reeve had well prepared him to do. But the dismal rout of Pinkie came. The English took his Castle of Dalkeith, and carried him to England a prisoner. How long he was detained there is not known; long enough, however, for him to acquire the English tone and accent, which never left him to the end of his days.

His home was dark and sad. His Countess bore him ten children, but ten little coffins had been carried out from his dwelling. Within his Castle of Tantallon there dwelt, amid all kindly attentions, a poor mad woman, the mother who had lost these ten little ones.

Mark well this James Douglas, Earl of Morton,—a strong, square-built man, of the middle height, the face full and large, the hair and beard of a yellowish flaxen,

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his bearing full of dignity, his English-toned speech slow and grave. It was that grave, measured voice, with its southern softness, which said over the coffin of Knox before the earth was filled into the grave, "Here lieth a man who, in his life, never feared the face of man; who hath been often threatened with dag and dagger, but yet hath ended his days in peace and honour. For he had God's providence watching over him in a special manner when his very life was sought."

29th Oct.
1572.

Honest Regent Mar had filled his high office only some thirteen months, when a sudden illness cut him off. Parliament chose Morton in his room. James, the reeve to that northern laird, was now reeve over all Scotland. Let Kirkaldy and Lethington look to it. Their hour is coming fast. They had turned the Castle rock into a live volcano, with iron eruptions sending terror among the miserable citizens. But a live volcano with iron eruptions at the town-end must be quenched at any cost, and James the Reeve will find a way to do it. "The Regent is resolved to pull this thorn out of his foot."

His first work was to block up the Castle by strongly-manned trenches. The High Street, sloping down from the Castle gate in a straight line, lay exposed for nearly a mile of its length to the cannon of the "Castilians." The Regent caused three traverses or ramparts of earth and turf to be raised at distances across the street. These earth dikes were so high and thick, that under their shelter the citizens could walk safely to and fro upon their business. People went to church, and Parliament men went to their meetings, while the cannon balls spent themselves with a harmless *thud* upon the earthen mounds. One dark night in February, Kirkaldy sallied forth, broke into the trenches, drove out the trench-guard, and thus got into the town. It was a fine night for the torch, the wind blowing strong from the westward. Kirkaldy caused his men set fire to several houses, and then took

himself within his gates again. The fire walked on the wings of the wind eastward into the city. The thick dry thatch of the houses blazed fast and furiously. When the citizens tried to quench the flames or to rescue any of their property, the cannon of the Castle, guided by the light of the conflagration, played upon them. It appeared as if nothing could save the whole city from destruction. The miserable people cowering together into dark corners—the wail and shriek of women and children rising between the gusts of the wild wind—the roaring of cannon and the crash of shot—the fierce faces of the cannoneers on the lofty batteries lighted up by the sheets of flame thrown high into the vault of night—what a scene of lurid terror! Happily the fire slackened and stopped after about a hundred houses had been destroyed. But Edinburgh sternly remembered that night when the day of reckoning came.

That day was coming fast. There was not in Scotland sufficient artillery to undertake the siege of the Castle. The Regent therefore borrowed thirty pieces from Queen Elizabeth, which, joined to his own guns, made battery power enough to hammer the Castle into ruins. To work, then, and build batteries; one on the ground where Heriot's Hospital now stands; one on the fields where George Street now stretches its roomy length, to boom across the North Loch; one on the Dhu Craig, to fire aslant the deep valley in the line of the air-hung wire which now fires the time-gun; and one on the Castle Hill facing the gate. On a Sabbath in May these girdling batteries were ready to begin. The roar of their opening volley was answered by a long and loud shriek from the women in the Castle, which was distinctly heard in the besiegers' camp. For ten days they kept pounding on. The answering iron-throats on the Castle batteries, brisk and quick enough at first, began to give out a slow and feeble voice. The battered walls began to yield. A

Siege of
Edinburgh
Castle.

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great square tower, called David's Tower, toppled over and fell with a crash, blocking up the entrance between the Castle and the outer court. The falling rubbish choked up the well. When battlements are strewn with the blood-stained fragments of shattered and dismounted guns, when there is no water to soften the black and baked lips, and "the wall runs down like a sandy brae," resistance becomes a desperate folly. Kirkaldy's men were not disposed to fight longer in the useless struggle, and their loud murmurs told him their determination.

On the tenth afternoon of the cannonade, a drum from the Castle beat a parley. The batteries sank into silence, the smoke cleared away, and the cannoneers, leaning on their guns, waited to see what should follow. First one man was lowered over the wall by a rope, and then a second and a third. It was Kirkaldy himself with two of his friends, coming to have speech of the English leader. He asked life, lands, honours, bag and baggage for himself and all that were with him. The terms he sought were refused, and he went back to his ruined hold, resolute to defend it still, on the small remaining chance that help would yet reach him from France or Spain. But his men refused to obey him any longer. His battles were over. There was nothing left but unconditional surrender. Shifty Lethington could find no device in his inventive brain to delay the ruin he had brought upon himself and his friend. The remnant of the garrison, not exceeding a hundred and sixty men, marched out and yielded themselves to the English.

The English had done the work for which they came, and in a fortnight they departed Berwick-wards. The prisoners had submitted to the Queen of England's will, and her will was to leave them to the will of the Regent. One of them, it was suspected, grimly made up his mind not to wait for the Regent's will. Lethington died, self-poisoned, as men thought. It was a busy time, and the

29th May
1573.

Lething-
ton's death

authorities had other matter to mind than the burying of a dead body. Lethington, as it happened, was left so long unburied, that the vermin bred in his carcass and came creeping out under the door of the room where he lay. Thirteen years before, when Knox, preaching to the Parliament, had summoned all men to come with heart, hand, and substance to the work of the Lord, the Speaker of the Parliament, William Maitland of Lethington, "in mockage," said, "We must now forget ourselves and bear the barrow to build the house of God." Too wise, he, to follow "devout imaginations." Look at the crawling things coming out under that door of a chamber in Leith, and imagine the horror within. To this complexion his wisdom has brought Machiavelli Lethington.

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Kirkaldy had committed great crimes. Forgetting the old motto of his house, *Truth is the strongest thing*, he had deserted his friends and betrayed his trust. He had caused the death of Regent Lennox, and, first and last, a great, idle slaughter of men. He fired Edinburgh town, and sent cannon shot among the wretched people when they strove to quench their burning houses. Deeds like these could neither be forgotten nor forgiven. Kirkaldy was brought to trial and condemned to die. In those stern times, the criminal heard his sentence and suffered it on one and the same day. Kirkaldy's last of days was come. As soon as sentence was passed, he was visited by an old friend, Mr. David Lindsay, minister of Leith—he who brought the message of dying Knox nine months before. The doomed man sent him to the Regent, offering all his heritage to the last rood, and to pass off the country in perpetual exile, if only his life were spared. It could not be. The Regent shook his head in stern refusal.

Lindsay returned to the prisoner and told his answer. "O then," said he, "Mr. David, for our old friendship and for Christ's sake, leave me not." Lindsay took his place

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beside him in the cart which was to convey him from Holyrood to the place of execution at the Cross. The death-cart drove slowly up the long slope of the Canon-gate, Kirkaldy sitting with his back to the horse. When past the house of Knox, now the house of Knox's widow, he looked round, and saw the grim gallows-beam. Then his countenance changed so visibly that the minister asked him why. "Faith, Mr. David," said he, "I perceive well now that Mr. Knox was the true servant of God, and his threatenings are to be accomplished." He desired Lindsay to repeat to him Knox's words. Lindsay did so, adding that Knox said he was earnest with God for him, was sorry for that which should befall his body, for the love he bare to him, but was assured there was mercy for his soul. Kirkaldy drank in the words eagerly, and made Lindsay repeat them again. "I hope in God," he said, "that after men shall think I am past and gone, I shall give you a token of that assurance of mercy to my soul, according to the word of that man of God."

Death of
Kirkaldy.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the bright sun was about the north-west corner of St. Giles' steeple, when the ill-fated soldier was thrust off the fatal ladder. The dread struggle of the parting life was over, and the body hung with the face to the east. After a little it slowly swung round to the west, facing the sun, and remained still. Then he was seen to lift up his hands, which were bound before him, and to lay them down again softly. In this last effort of muscular contraction Lindsay saw that token of Heaven's mercy which Kirkaldy had hoped to give after men thought him past and gone; and the sight of it moved the pious minister "with exclamation to glorify God before all the people."

"They trusted his soul had gotten grace;"

in which hope let us humbly share.

Kirkaldy was not more than forty-five years of age at

the time of his death. With him died the last hope of the rebellion. The long and dismal wars about Mary Stewart were at an end, and the blood-flow for that woman was stanch'd at last.

The five years of Morton's regency were peaceful and quiet. A fiery horse, the instant a bold and skilful rider crosses the saddle, knows that he carries his master. Scotland almost as promptly knew a master in the Regent Morton. Highland, Lowland, and Border dropped into ready subjection. The Borders, to be sure, needed moderate hanging, and got it, and thereupon went on their good behaviour. Person and property were secure during the reign of James the Reeve; a good proof of which he gave in his own conduct, for he never was attended by a guard, but would pursue his diversions, walking abroad almost alone with his fishing-rod on his shoulder or his hawk on his wrist.

A ruler under whom men could plough and reap, buy and sell, marry and give in marriage in reasonable quietness, should not have been hated. But Morton was hated. He was avaricious and profuse; greedy to get rather than greedy to keep. He indulged in stately and sumptuous palaces at Dalkeith and elsewhere. The mortar-tub is a costly luxury, and the Regent needed a great deal of money. As to the way of getting it, he was not particular. It was said that while "some poor snakes" were hanged, richer villains bought themselves off. The Regent made a law against the exportation of corn, but sold permission to break the law. He put all the butchers of Edinburgh into prison for "forestalling" the market, and then let them out for a fine. A sum was collected from those who had favoured the rebels. This sum was to be divided between the public purse and the citizens whose property had been destroyed. It was paid into the coffers of the Regent, but none of it ever found the way out, or reached the hands of the luckless citizens. The

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nation had come through several years of civil war between King's men and Queen's men. All who could in any way be made out to have been favourers of the Queen's party were now treated as rebels who had resisted the King's authority. Money made this little matter square with the Regent's government. The fines came dropping in like gentle rain, and "the rain it raineth every day," for the Regent, by his informers and Justice-Ayres, or Itinerant Courts, was a great Rain Maker. By the Act of a former Parliament, the thirds of the old Church revenues were set apart to pay the stipends of the Reformed ministers. The Regent got the ministers persuaded to take the Government for paymaster, and to resign the thirds into his hands. As soon as this was done, the Regent appointed two, three, or even four churches to one minister, who was bound to preach in them by turns. A system like this left a considerable overplus to the Regent's own chest. These were ugly doings, and brought the government of James the Reeve into great dislike.

This strong man had another weakness. He allowed himself to be managed by favourites. One of these, George Auchinleck of Balmanno, had such influence with him, that whoever got Balmanno's ear was sure of the Regent. The insolence of this haughty favourite passed bounds. He had some small quarrel against a certain Captain Nisbet. Meeting him one day on the street in Edinburgh, he drew his rapier and ran him through the body. Nisbet fell and lay in his blood, while Balmanno walked leisurely away as if he had done no wrong. In the evening he returned to his place in the Regent's household at Dalkeith, and was never called in question for the murderous outrage.

One day when Parliament was sitting in the Tolbooth, then its place of meeting, Balmanno, who was within the "inner-bar," was told that a person standing at the

“middle-bar” earnestly entreated to speak with him. The proud favourite went to the place, where he saw an old man of mean appearance. “What hast thou to say to me?” Balmanno demanded. “I am Oliver Sinclair,” said the mean old figure, and turned away without a word more. It was indeed the once haughty favourite of James V., long since fallen into contempt, who had thus showed himself for a warning to the strutting Court creature of the day.

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The walls of the Reformed Church of Scotland had to be built in a troublous time. Much of the first thirteen years of her existence—from the first General Assembly to the regency of Morton—had passed amid the distractions and miseries of civil war. Yet the change which the Reformation had already produced was wonderful. The sturdy preaching of the ministers was training the people to think sturdily and independently. The parish schools were spreading education and intelligence. The people knew their rights and felt their strength. The middle classes were rising in importance. Public opinion had been born and had grown into a power. Public opinion had been able to make John Knox what he was for years—the virtual King of Scotland!

But instead of being left at peace to work God’s work, and prove herself a Heaven-sent blessing to the nation, it was the fate of the Church of Scotland, for more than a hundred years, to be plunged in almost constant struggles for her existence, against a succession of attempts to overthrow her free, Presbyterian constitution, and to force upon her the system of Prelacy.

Avarice made the first attack. When the Romish Church was abolished at the Reformation, the bishops and other prelates were allowed to possess for life two-thirds of their revenues, the Reformed Church receiving for her maintenance one-third. As the prelates died off, greedy eyes were turned to their rich livings which fell

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The Tul-
chans.

vacant. The Regent Morton determined to appropriate a share. But as he was not a bishop, he could not well draw bishops' rents openly and in his own name. He found, however, a weak old minister who was willing to take the title and a small part of the revenue, handing over the bulk of it to the Regent. The example was too profitable not to be followed. The nobility and people about the Court began to look out for similar poor-spirited tools, and got them appointed to Church livings, with the name of Bishops and Archbishops. They had the title, but their patrons had the revenue. Our fathers, with their dry Scotch humour, called them *Tulchans*; a tulchan being a stuffed calf, which was set at milking time in a position as if to suck the cow. The cow looking round, fancied that her calf was busy, and so gave her milk freely. Many families of the nobility and gentry of Scotland possess to this day Church lands and rents which were obtained by the tulchan method—a rich milking for them. The *Tulchan* bishops were at first bishops only in name, but they soon began to grasp at the power as well; and the Church suffered vast annoyance and cruel interruption in her work by the mischievous attempt to thrust upon her lords over God's heritage.

The Regent's treatment of the Church lost him her support. He had the ill-will of the burghs, especially of Edinburgh, and his enemies among the nobility were many. Alexander Erskine, governor of Stirling Castle, and guardian of the young King, had his own discontents, and wished a change. A meeting of the dissatisfied lords was secretly concerted. They came together in the Castle of Stirling. The governor was in the business, and opened his gates to receive them. The young King was now about twelve years old, a pert conceited thing, who listened eagerly to the palatable advice they gave him, to shake off the Regent and take all the power of

King into his own hands at once. The Regent heard of what was doing, and like a proud spirit too disdainful to contend with small wriggling creatures, wrote to the King offering to resign his office. The King and the small creatures took him at his word. His resignation was accepted, the government of James the Reeve was at an end, and James the Sixth, aged twelve, began to rule Scotland.

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12th Mar.
1578.

CHAPTER LX.

IN BAD HANDS.

CHAPTER THE competition for the living child was keen between
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the two women who appealed to the judgment of Solomon, but not so keen as the competition of rival factions for the child who now wore the Scottish crown. Morton and the great Douglas party strove to possess him; the Athole and Argyle party tried hard to make him their own. A party more cunning than either took him from them both. The deep-scheming Guises did it.

There was a certain young gentleman, a nephew of Regent Lennox, named Esme Stewart, but usually styled D'Aubigney, a title taken from a property held by the family in France, in which country he was brought up. He was an accomplished, handsome, showy, red-bearded French-Scotsman. Him the Guises despatched to Scotland. He arrived at Leith, ostensibly on an errand of congratulation to the young King on his taking the government into his own hands. He brought with him one Monsieur Mombirneau, "a merry fellow, able in body and quick in spirit." Better still for his purpose, he brought forty thousand pieces of gold, crowns, pistoles, and angels, comely coin and fair. The young King took to this pleasant relative at once. The engaging, clever, red-bearded French-Scotsman, who took care to suit himself to his tastes, and had a hundred ways of making time pass agreeably, could do anything with him. Wherever the King went he insisted on having D'Aubigney beside him. Apartments were provided for him next to the

8th Sept.
1579.

royal bed-chamber. The King and his agreeable cousin were inseparable. The Guises had chosen their agent well. And he did well for himself too, for he was created Earl of Lennox, and the rents of the great Abbey of Arbroath were added to support the title. CHAITER
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About the same time there was another person who began to find great favour with his juvenile Majesty. This was James Stewart, captain of the royal guard. He was the second son of Lord Ochiltree, that wise, good man, who stood so true in the struggles of the Reformation. The Lady Margaret Stewart, Lord Ochiltree's daughter, was the wife of Knox, so that the captain of the guard was the brother-in-law of the Reformer. Lord Ochiltree, like many another worthy man, had the misfortune of being father to a scoundrel. His son went abroad and served as a soldier of fortune in the wars of France and Sweden. He visited Russia, and saw the ways of the Muscovite. He returned home an accomplished profligate, reckless in evil, subtle, impudent, ambitious, and daring to excess. The King grew as fond of him as of the other Stewart. There is no hatred so spiteful and venomous as the hatred of favourites to each other. If these two favourites hated one another, they were at least too clever to show it, and quite clearly saw that it was their interest to hunt in couple.

A puppet with the power of a king, and evil men about him to pull the strings, is a dangerous object. An Englishman once questioned a Scotchman as to the real character of James. "Did you ever see a jackanapes?" said the Scotchman, meaning a tame monkey. "If you have, you must be aware that if you hold the creature in your hands you can make him bite me; and if I hold him in my hands I can make him bite you." The royal jackanapes got into bad hands in his youth, who taught him to bite viciously, and made him a very odious jackanapes indeed.

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17th Oct.
1579.

When the King, who had hitherto resided at Stirling, was about to make his first visit to Edinburgh, the citizens, in the warmth of their loyal hearts, were anxious to give him a magnificent reception. The town rather shrank from being seen with its every-day face on. A proclamation of the magistrates called upon all persons having pig-sties under their outside stairs to remove the same. All who had dung-hills or any sort of rubbish on the High Street or any of the common thoroughfares, were commanded to make a clearance. The boy King rode from Stirling, attended by about two thousand men on horseback. A little way from the West Port, he alighted. A canopy of purple velvet was held aloft over his head. Under this canopy he received the magistrates of the city, who approached bare-headed. Mounting his horse again, he continued his progress.

Within the gate stood Solomon, a real living Solomon, in Jewish kingly habit. He was in the midst of his Court, with the two women before him contending for the child. The cause was heard, and Solomon delivered judgment in due form. Edified by this representation, and by a Latin harangue by Mr. John Sharp, his Majesty advanced into the town. As he ascended the street called the West or Strait Bow, he saw before him a great globe of polished brass, hung from the arch of the old gate. The globe opened as the King passed. A boy winged like Cupid came out of it, and floating to the ground, presented the keys of the city, all made of massive silver. While this was going on, Dame Music and her scholars sang the twentieth psalm and played on viols. Descending the High Street, the procession reached the Old Tolbooth, "the house of justice," the front of which was covered with paintings, and ornamented with the banners of the Trades. Four fair young maidens, representing Peace, Justice, Plenty, and Policy, harangued the King in Greek, Latin, and Scotch. When he came

opposite St. Giles' Church, Dame Religion presented herself. She addressed him in Hebrew, inviting him to hear the word; whereupon he alighted, and followed the lady's steps into the church. There he heard a discourse by Mr. John Lawson, on the tenth verse of the second psalm.

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Sermon over, his Majesty came forth, and resumed his way. At the Cross, Bacchus, with a gay-coloured garment and a garland of flowers, sat mounted on a gilded puncheon. He welcomed the King to his own town, drinking his health in many glasses, and distributing his liquor in mighty bumpers to the passengers, amid the brazen din of trumpets. At the Salt Market there was exhibited a painted genealogy of the Kings of Scotland, with sound of trumpets, and shouts of *Welfare to the King!* At the east gate, or Nether Bow, was represented the conjunction of the planets as it was at the King's birth, with King Ptolemy of Egypt describing the beauty and fortune bestowed upon him by the influence of his stars. The houses were hung with pictures and tapestry, and the streets were spread with flowers, from the gate by which the King entered the town, all the way to the Palace of Holyrood House. Overhead, from the lofty Castle, the cannon, with which Kirkaldy tortured the city six years before, thundered joy all the time of the procession. The town of Edinburgh presented the King with a silver cupboard, worth six thousand merks. Edinburgh, it must be owned, did its loyal duty altogether handsomely that day, and everybody was delighted, except the few unlucky individuals who were crushed and maimed in the crowd.

If the two favourites were to hunt in couple, there was one mighty hunter whom it was necessary to drive off the ground. The Earl of Morton was still the most powerful nobleman in Scotland. He was the friend of the English or Protestant Alliance; but D'Aubigny, the

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agent of the Guises, had been sent to the Scottish Court to promote the cause of France. In short, the favourite feared and hated Morton, and was planning his destruction. The first thing was to poison the King's mind against him, which it was easy to do, as the King had never liked him; for the stout Earl had never condescended to the arts by which the favourites made themselves pleasant to their tool. They were now prepared to make the jackanapes bite.

1580 A.D. It was a Saturday, the last day of December, and the Council was sitting, presided over by the King. The Earl of Morton was in his place. The usher entered the apartment, to say that Captain James Stewart was at the door, craving an audience. He was admitted. Advancing to the table, he fell on his knees, and accused Morton of having been art and part in the murder of Darnley, the King's father. Amid the sensation which seized the Council at this bold and sudden impeachment, the only one unmoved was Morton himself. He calmly rose to his feet, disdainfully eyed his accuser, repelled the charge with the lofty scorn of the house of Douglas, and offered to abide a trial, not only by his peers, but by any gentlemen whatsoever, though he himself was an Earl and had been Regent. The Justice-Clerk, who sat at the Council table, gave his opinion as a lawyer, that on a charge of treason the accused must instantly be taken into custody. It was done. Morton was commanded to confine himself to his own lodging, which he did, though he might have remembered the old proverb of his house, "Loose and living;" and the saying of his great ancestor, "Better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep." On the Monday he had a warrant served on him to enter himself a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, which he obeyed immediately. As he went up the street, accompanied by a few of his servants, Stewart, his accuser, was coming down. In passing, he said with a taunting air, "Fare you well,

Morton
accused.

my Lord; go on." The Earl made no reply, but held on his way to the Castle. CHAPTER
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Five months afterwards, they brought him to trial before a jury of his peers. Almost every man upon the jury was a known enemy. He was condemned to be "headed, quartered, and drawn," the next day. They put it in his choice to be hanged instead of headed. It was to him a matter of indifference, he replied; but as heading was in the sentence, so be it. At six o'clock in the afternoon he was taken back to his place of confinement. He supped cheerfully, and slept soundly till three in the morning. Then he wrote a long letter to the King, and lay down again till nine. When he rose, he sent his letter to the King by some of the ministers who came to visit him. The heartless boy would not look at the letter, but walked up and down the apartment snapping his thumbs.

To the ministers of Edinburgh, who attended on the doomed nobleman to prepare him for death, he freely declared all that he knew about Darnley's murder. Bothwell, he said, told him of the plot for it, and strove hard to induce him to take part in it, which he entirely refused to do, plainly foreseeing that "trouble" would come of it. Being reminded that, on his own showing, he was guilty of concealing the intended crime, he replied, "To whom could I have revealed it? To the Queen? She was the doer of it. To Darnley? I durst not for my life; for I knew him to be such a child, that there was nothing told him but he would reveal it to her again. And therefore I durst in no wise reveal it."

About four o'clock in the afternoon, he was led out to the scaffold, which was erected at the Cross. He had lived in wild times, and he was guilty of great sins; but it truly seemed that at the last grace was given him to lay his sins on Christ. They led him to each of the four corners of the scaffold, and at each corner made him Morton's
death.

CHAPTER address the crowd that had gathered to see him die.
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 His countenance, his voice, and manner, were as calm and dignified as when he ruled Scotland. He was to die



THE MAIDEN.

by the "Maiden," that grim machine which is still shown among the antiquities of Edinburgh, and which he himself had caused to be made after the pattern of one he had seen at Halifax in Yorkshire. Calmly kneeling down and laying his head on the block, he repeated, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," till the axe fell. The Laird of Ferniehirst, dressed out with large ruffs, stood at a window opposite the scaffold, enjoying the spectacle. The Lord Setoun, one of the jury by whom he was tried, stood upon a stair with his two sons, to drink the same de-

light. The head of the slaughtered Earl was set upon an iron spike on the highest stone of the Tolbooth gable, towards the public street. It remained there for a year and a half. The King's permission having been then obtained to take it down, it was put in a fine cloth and reverently conveyed to the resting-place of his body in the Grayfriars. "The Laird of Carmichael carried it, shedding tears abundantly by the way."

Morton's able head being set on the Tolbooth gable, the two favourites had all things their own way. D'Aubigny, who was already Earl of Lennox, was created Duke. Captain James was made Earl of Arran. These accomplished profligates, Masters of Arts from Satan's

2nd June
1581.

own college, were the young King's tutors in all evil. The boy was initiated into the debaucheries of men, and his morals were utterly polluted. Mombirneau, the merry Frenchman, whose lively manners covered gross licentiousness, ably assisted in the work of amusing and corrupting the King. Among companions like these, who set the decencies of life at defiance, and whose ordinary conversation consisted of ribaldry and obscene buffoonery, James soon forgot the better lessons of his earlier days. The men in whose hands he now was, filled his weak and conceited head with extravagant notions of his royal power. From them he learned those despotic ideas which disturbed and tormented the nation throughout his reign, and finally brought ruin on his house. Men of foul and evil life hate the faithful ministers of Christ, for the same reason that Herodias liked to see John the Baptist's head in a charger. James's favourites would have had no objection to provide chargers for the heads of all the ministers in Scotland. To them the Reformed Church, with its pure and strict discipline and bold truth-speaking, was an abhorrence, and they gave the young King a bitter prejudice against it, which lasted and wrought mischief as long as he lived.

A Lennox, and an Arran, and a Mombirneau, holding Scotland in their fist, doing what they chose with the boy King, and lording it outrageously over both Church and State, were sure to provoke their fate. In those days, when there was no legal way of removing obnoxious servants of the Crown—no proper and formal method whereby the “outs” could become “ins”—rough methods had to be extemporized. A large number of the nobility and gentry secretly combined to get the King out of the hands of Lennox and Arran, and stop their course of tyranny and mischief. They found no better way of doing it than the old device of the Scottish nobility,—that of running away with the juvenile Monarch. It was the

CHAPTER

LX.

The King
basely cor-
rupted.

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last time that the device was resorted to in Scottish history.

23rd Aug.
1582.

Raid of
Ruthven.

The King had gone to Athole to the hunting—the only manly thing he ever cared for all his days. He was attended by a slender train, and his leaders, Lennox and Arran, were not with him; a flagrant oversight, of which such foxes should not have been guilty. The Earl of Gowrie invited him to stop at his Castle of Ruthven; which invitation was accepted without suspicion. The night of his arrival at Ruthven, the King was entertained with all honourable courtesy. Meanwhile, the Earl and his friends assembled a thousand men, and quietly surrounded the castle. Next morning, as James was preparing to take horse, the associated lords entered the apartment and presented a supplication setting forth the dangers to which King and kingdom were exposed by the oppressive conduct of Lennox and Arran, and craving the dismissal of these odious favourites. James looked as gracious as he could, spoke fair words, and wished to get away. He was told that the lords now present thought it safer for him to remain where he was. He declared he would go that instant, and made to leave the room. The Master of Glamis placed himself with his back to the door, and told him he must stay. James asked the reason. Glamis answered, he should know it shortly. The King got into a passion and uttered threats. Then he began to cry. “It is no matter of his tears,” said Glamis; “better bairns *greet* than bearded men.” James never forgot these words. For the present, however, there was nothing for it but to submit. The associated lords had him, and they meant to keep him.

Such was the affair known as the “Raid of Ruthven.” The Castle of Ruthven, where this curious thing was done, still stands on the quiet banks of Almond Water, entire to the turret heads. But the rats hold carnival in the room where Glamis set his back to the door, and the

whole edifice is given up to the same squalid neglect and hastening decay to which the tasteless ignorance of the proprietors consigns so many mansions of our olden time.

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RUTHVEN CASTLE.

The news of Ruthven Raid came upon the two favourites like a thunder clap. Arran instantly set out with a few followers to Ruthven Castle, swearing that he would chase all the lords into mouse holes. Pushing forward, he entered the gate of the castle with only one servant, and demanded admittance to the King's presence. He was like to find that he had walked into the lion's mouth. The assembled lords would have put him to death on the spot, but the Earl of Gowrie would not allow the blood of a man to be spilt who had trusted himself under his roof-tree.

Arran was safely laid up in Stirling Castle. As for Lennox, he must go whence he came, and make Scotland quit of him. A herald was sent to command him, in name of the King's Council, to leave the country on pain

CHAPTER of treason. He tried many shifts—lingered—made efforts
 LX. — to raise a force and fight it out—implored to be allowed
 to bid his Majesty farewell—set sail, and put back
 again—

“ Oft fitted the halter, oft traversed the cart,
 And often took leave, but was loath to depart.”

It was all in vain. The lords were inexorable. He must go. He went, but soon after his arrival in France, fatigue and bitter chagrin threw him into a fever, under which his constitution, vilely poached upon by debauchery, could not bear up. He died as a fool dieth, leaving to Scotland a miserable legacy of mischief ; a King perverted and made base with five-and-forty years of reigning yet before him.

James, in the hands of the Raid of Ruthven lords, was no doubt in more respectable company than he had been used to, but then it was not at all so agreeable as the society of the pleasant sinners from whom he had been separated. The lords gave him all fitting entertainment. He had plenty of his great diversion, hunting. He had change of place, to Edinburgh, to Falkland. But they never lost sight of him for a moment. The little reynard was cunning enough, however. He appeared to be cheerful and content, and so well did he counterfeit that the Ruthven lords were thrown off their guard. Besides, Lennox was dead, and Arran was out of the way. Ten months had gone by. The lords began to relax their vigilance in watching the King, and the greater part of them withdrew to their own castles. From Falkland, where he was staying, he went to St. Andrews, under pretext of visiting his grandfather's brother, the Earl of March. After supper with the old Earl, he quietly slipped into the castle, and the gates were shut behind him. Once more his own master, he called around him the friends of his fancy. The Earl of Arran, who had been

privy to the whole affair, returned to Court, haughtier and more powerful than ever.

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Thus ended the Raid of Ruthven. It drags, however, its trail of blood after it over the page of history. The Earl of Gowrie was trapped to the scaffold. The white skulls of his two gallant sons stood on the gable of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh for more than forty years.

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JAMES THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER LXI.
THE Earl of Arran, master once more of the royal creature, proceeded to work his own black will. He gorged himself with the rich estates of forfeited unfortunates. He bestowed on himself the highest places and offices. Arran was Governor of Edinburgh Castle—Arran was Governor of Blackness, of Stirling, of Dumbarton, the four most important fortresses in Scotland. Arran was Chancellor—Arran was Lieutenant-General of the whole kingdom.

A full, free pardon had been promised to the lords engaged in the Raid of Ruthven. Of course no faith was kept. A proclamation summoned them to enter themselves in ward, in other words, to surrender themselves prisoners. It would have been madness to trust their necks to Arran, and the lords preferred to banish themselves from the kingdom. Gowrie, among the rest, intended to go; but he unwisely delayed, and his blood reeked upon the headsman's axe at Stirling.

The pulpit. In those days, when there was no public press to expose and check abuses, the pulpit had to do its own work and the work of the press too. The ministers, from the pulpit, or in the Church courts, denounced public abuses; and thus rendered to society much of the service which a free press does in our day. A modern editor, however, is in no danger of being banished or flung into the dungeons of Blackness for the honest discharge of his duty. Some of the ministers of Edinburgh had made

remarks in their sermons on certain proceedings of the Parliament. Arran swore a brutal threat, that though their heads were as big as hay-stacks they should be laid at their heels. He would have done it too, fast enough, only the ministers used their heels to carry away their heads, and got safely over Tweed. Modern editors, however freely they may remark on the proceedings of Parliament, feel their heads quite safe. These brave old preachers did not flinch. They incurred bitter hatred, and suffered outrageous persecution, for their bold censures of iniquities in high places. But it was they who first taught the Scottish people to exercise the right of free men to express an opinion on the conduct of their rulers; and it was the courts of the Church which set the earliest example of a regular British and constitutional opposition to the measures of arbitrary power. In the present day, when there are other methods of resisting the encroachments of power, and the press is the ever-watchful sentinel of freedom, the pulpit keeps itself within its own limit. If the ministers of James's time had kept themselves to the same limits of speech which the ministers of to-day never overstep, they would have been traitors to the rights and liberties of their country. Let shallow bigots bray reproaches against them. When Scotland ceases to hold them in honour, she will cease to be worthy of that birthright of freedom which they did so much to secure.

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Arran's career of insolence and oppression did not go on long. A new favourite was rising fast in the King's regard. This was the Master of Gray, who had been introduced at Court on his return from his travels. He was clever, accomplished, profligate, and the handsomest man of his time. If he did not ruin Arran, he felt that Arran would ruin him. The banished lords, Angus, Mar, Glammis, and others, were in England. Gray came to an understanding with them. Lord John Maxwell, a

New favourite.

CHAPTER LXI.
powerful Border noble, joined the plot. Queen Elizabeth encouraged it. The associates took their measures well. They met first at Kelso, and separated to raise their men. Falkirk was their trysting-place. There they assembled, eight thousand strong, and their advanced parties were within a mile of Stirling when a breathless messenger brought the first tidings to Arran and the King. Resistance to such a force was out of the question. Arran fled secretly from Stirling, accompanied by a single horseman. He was proclaimed a traitor, and stripped of his title, and of all his possessions, the fruits of so many crimes.

1596 A.D. The fallen favourite led an obscure and wandering existence for some years. At length his fate overtook him. Sir James Douglas of Torthorwald, whose ruined tower still looks down upon the great Lochar moss, near Dumfries, heard that he was in his neighbourhood. The disgraced favourite did ill to venture there, for Torthorwald was nephew to Regent Morton. Prompt to seize the chance of avenging his uncle's death, Torthorwald took horse with three servants, and rode in pursuit. Overtaking the man they sought, they speared him on the spot, and returned to Torthorwald Tower carrying a gory head on the point of a shouldered lance. It was the head of Lord Ochiltree's son, John Knox's brother-in-law, the once formidable Earl of Arran. Morton's nephew had avenged him. Arran had a nephew too. Twelve years after the wicked favourite had ceased from troubling, Torthorwald was walking one morning between six and seven o'clock on the High Street of Edinburgh. Captain William Stewart, Arran's nephew, came up behind him, and pulling out a short sword which he carried, stabbed him in the back. He fell to the ground and died instantly.

Arran
slaugh-
tered.

Character
of James.

The character of James, as he grew up, showed an extraordinary meanness and baseness. There are persons who have no sense of smell, so that, to their nose, a bed

of roses, or a dunghill, is all one. Morally speaking, James wanted the sense of smell. His moral sense was so utterly blunt that he seemed incapable of discerning between an honourable action and a base and shameful one. He was inveterately given to shuffling and lying, and gloried in dissimulation as an accomplishment. He was afraid at the sight of drawn steel. But though he could not look upon cold iron, he dabbled in assassination, and rewarded cut-throats for bargains of murder. His mother trusted him with copies of her secret correspondence relating to the conspiracies against Elizabeth in which she was engaged. James turned informer on his own mother, and sent the correspondence to Elizabeth! When the news of his mother's execution arrived, he could not conceal his joy. The Chancellor, Maitland, a clear-headed, able man, brother to wily Lethington, was so ashamed of his behaviour that he sent everybody out of the room, so as to have no spectators. There had been much ado about a proposal to restore Mary to liberty, and to associate her in the government with her son, from all fear of which her death relieved him. The show of displeasure, which he thought it decent or politic to put on, was soon laid aside, and a "satisfaction" of twenty thousand crowns, payable yearly, effectually comforted the happy mourner.

Bacchus, in the fable, yoked harmonious tigers to his car, guiding them with a flowery rod. James attempted a feat quite as difficult. He tried to reconcile the fierce nobility of Scotland, to whom revenge was a sacred duty, and whose blood-feuds descended from generation to generation. There had been a gathering of the nobles to attend a Parliament in Edinburgh. The King assembled them all at a banquet in Holyrood. From the gateway of the Palace a procession emerged. The King himself marched in front. The nobles "in their doublets" marched two and two, holding each other by the hand.

Joining
hands.

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LXI.

1587 A.D.

Each pair marching in this loving fashion was a pair of enemies. They traversed thus the long slope of the Canongate and High Street, to the Castle. Then they returned to the Tolbooth, where all the prisoners for debt, detained in that house of care, were set at liberty. The procession then moved on to the market cross, where a long table was set, furnished with bread, wine, and sweet-meats. The cross, or rather the "turret octagon" on which the cross stood, was covered with tapestry. Trumpeters blew joy-blasts, musicians sang, and cannon thundered. The King, in presence of the multitude, drank to the nobility, and made every lord drink to every other lord. People gathered on the "fore-stairs" of the adjacent dwellings and drank the toasts in their own liquor. Sweet-meats were flung about, and glasses tossed into the air; for it was high manners then to smash your glass after you had drunk the toast. The gallows, generally kept standing at the cross to be in readiness, was broken and burned in the maudlin transport, as if it was never more to be required. Finally, the procession returned to Holyrood in the same order as they came up. In less than two months, the reconciled nobles were quarrelling as usual.

While this play was going on in the Scottish capital, the darkest thunder-cloud that had ever hovered over the island-home of Protestantism was gathering. The Papacy, enraged as much as weakened by the Reformation, sought, by schemes of a huge, unearthly ferocity, to recover the kingdoms which had broken from its sway. The League, or alliance of all the Popish Powers in a grand crusade to exterminate Protestantism throughout Europe, produced many monstrous things. One of its products was the famous Armada of Spain, designed to conquer England.

The Pope, however, had a little by-end of his own to serve. Sixtus V., that fierce and able Pontiff who began

life as a swineherd, filled at that time the throne of St. Peter. In those days, the kingdom of Naples was in the possession of Spain. Sixtus cherished the bold idea of annexing it to the States of the Church. But Philip, King of Spain, was then the most powerful monarch in Europe, and to pluck Naples out of the hand of the giant was not a thing to be thought of, unless the giant could first be weakened. Queen Elizabeth was at the head of the Protestant interest, and a blow at her power, well struck home, would go far to insure the reconquest of Europe to the See of St. Peter. Let Spain and England, then, be roused to rush together in the shock of war! If the shield of England be shivered, Protestantism is struck down. If Spain be worsted and humbled, then her grasp on Naples will be feeble. Let them drain each other of blood and treasure. Their mutual wounds will be all to the profit of the Vatican. Sixtus played his game. He wrought upon the gloomy fanaticism of Philip of Spain till he pushed him into war against the "English Jezebel." Philip called every resource of his kingdom into action, and the "Invincible Armada" sailed, sweeping the ocean in a huge crescent of seven miles broad. But He who rides on the wings of the wind scattered the portentous array, and strewed our coasts with the wrecks of the ill-fated ships. The million of crowns, which the Pope stipulated to pay to the King of Spain on his taking possession of an English seaport, is not yet due. The swineherd threw hell-dice for the fate of the world, and lost. Spain was weakened, and Sixtus seized his opportunity to clutch Naples. But Naples was not clutched, for a fever, caught in the midst of his preparations to invade it, summoned the soul of the stern Pontiff to its account.

The Armada was directed against England, but if the Spaniard prevailed there, it was plain, as King James said, that the only favour Scotland could expect

The Ar-
mada.
1588 A.D.

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LXI.

was the same which was promised to Ulysses in the cave of Polyphemus—the favour of being devoured last. It was by no means certain, however, that Scotland would be last. On the contrary, there was a likelihood that the enemy would land on the Scottish shores, and thence conquer their way into England. If they did land in Scotland, they would find a party of Popish traitors, at the head of whom were the Earls of Huntly and Errol, ready to take part with them. Scotland, anxious but resolute, laboured to put itself in a state of preparation for defence. The King busied himself in commenting on the Book of Revelation and scribbling woes against the Papists and the Spaniards. Terrifying rumours flew abroad. At one time fame had it that the Spaniards had landed at Dunbar. At other times it was that they had landed at St. Andrews, at Aberdeen, at Cromarty. Christian men humbled themselves before God, and prayer, like a great cloud of incense, rose from all the land. The terror of the formidable Armada rolled away. As the news came in piece by piece from the coasts of Wales, of Ireland, of the Highlands and Islands, on which the wrecks of that monstrous navy had been strowed, the nation understood how utter was the ruin which the Lord of hosts had wrought upon their foes.

The minister of Anstruther, faithful, sensible James Melville, was awakened one morning at break of day by one of the bailies of the town. “I have to tell you news, sir,” said the bailie; “there is arrived within our harbour this morning a ship full of Spaniards; but not to give mercy, but to ask.” The minister was wanted as a linguist and adviser. He rose, got himself into his clothes with speed, and repaired to the Town House. After assembling the chief people of the town and consulting with them, it was resolved to hear what the leader of the Spaniards had to say. A gray-haired man, of lofty stature and grave, stately presence, was ushered in. The

stranger made a low reverence, bowing down with his face near to the floor and touching the minister's shoe with his hand. He then made a statement in the Spanish tongue. The minister understood the substance of it, and was about to answer in Latin, when a young man who attended the Spaniard, repeated his master's statement in good English. The stranger's name was Jan Gomez de Medina, commander of twenty ships of the Armada. He had been shipwrecked with five of his vessels on Fair Isle, one of the Shetlands. His people, as many of them as had escaped the merciless seas, suffered much from hunger and cold for six or seven weeks. At length they succeeded in obtaining a ship from Orkney, in which they were endeavouring to reach their own country. Their destitute condition had compelled them to put in to Anstruther to beg some relief.

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Jan
Gomez.

Every kindness within the power of the little town was shown to these unfortunates. The Laird of Anstruther hospitably entertained Jan Gomez and his officers in his house. The sailors and soldiers, two hundred and sixty in number, poor, outworn men, dragging their limbs for weakness, were received on shore, fed, rested, and refreshed. The kindly town provided for them kail, porridge, and fish, with bannocks, of course; nor can we suppose that the ale quaich was omitted. Jan Gomez and his men sailed away, and Anstruther saw them no more. But the kindness was not forgot. It happened, some time afterwards, that a ship of Anstruther was captured and carried into a Spanish port. Jan Gomez came to know of it, rode to Court, and had an interview with the King on behalf of the captured vessel. The story he had to tell easily obtained her release. He took the mariners to his house and showed them all kindness, inquired for his Anstruther friends, the laird, the minister, and the bailies, and sent home many loving messages.

During the long reign of James VI., there was at least

CHAPTER
LXI.The King
from home

Oct. 1589.

one six months of good government, and that was when the King was out of the kingdom. It was on the notable occasion of his marriage. The bride was the Princess Anne of Denmark. The marriage was arranged. A regiment of five hundred tailors, nimbly stitching, got up the apparel and providing of the bride of Scotland. A fleet of twelve ships, with brass cannon, set sail to conduct her to the marriage bower. But a tremendous storm shattered and dispersed the ships, and compelled them to put back to Norway. Word came that the voyage would not be resumed till spring. James's agitation and impatience could not endure it. He determined to go himself and bring home his bride. With six ships and a retinue of three hundred attendants, he sailed from Leith on the gallant errand. The ship in which he made the voyage was called the *James*, belonging to Robert Jamieson, burgess of Ayr. She was a gallant ship, and gay, her sails being covered with red taffeta, and her "cloths" being scarlet—a ruddy hymeneal portent to rise upon the eyes of Denmark. Before his departure, the King made Mr. Robert Bruce, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, a member of the Privy Council, relying, he said, on him and on the rest of the ministry above all his nobles for maintaining, in his absence, the peace and order of the kingdom. He was away for six months, during all which time the country remained in a state of tranquillity such as it had not known for many years. Formerly, scarce a week passed without slaughter and bloodshed; whereas, during this period, there was scarce an act of violence committed. The King ascribed it, and truly, to the influence and exertions of the ministers. Mr. Bruce was worth, he said, the quarter of his kingdom.

In the early years of his married life James appears to have been subject to extravagant and, for anything that appears, unfounded jealousy. Popular opinion ascribed partly to this cause one of the most tragic events of the

times ; and popular opinion may not have been altogether wrong. The "Bonnie Earl of Moray" was the handsomest man of his time, lofty in stature and skilled in all those chivalric accomplishments which set off a fine person to most advantage. He was son-in-law to the Good Regent, to whose title he succeeded. This gentle, brave man, was dear to the people, for the sake of the great Earl whose title he bore and to whom he came in the place of a son. The family of Huntly had held the family of Moray at feud ever since Moray's spears scattered Huntly's claymores on the hill of Corrichie, in Queen Mary's first bright years, now a generation ago. This feud had wrought great troubles in those northern parts where the possessions of the rival families lay. The Lord Ochiltree of that time, a fast friend of Moray's, exerted himself to bring about a reconciliation.

CHAPTER
LXI.The "Bon-
nie Earl."

The Earl of Huntly was living in Edinburgh, very intimate with the King. The Earl of Moray was on a visit to his mother's, at her house of Donibristle on the coast of Fife near Queensferry. Lord Ochiltree, on a certain day, took horse and rode to Queensferry, intending to pass to Donibristle and arrange a friendly meeting between the Earls. On reaching Queensferry, he was surprised to find that an order from the King had prohibited all boats from crossing the Forth that day. His way being thus stopped, he was obliged to return as he came. Late on the evening of that day the lonely house of Donibristle was surrounded by armed men. Fierce voices, the voices of Huntly and his Gordons, called to surrender. With the "Bonnie Earl" were his mother and sisters, a friend—Dunbar, sheriff of Moray—and a few servants. He refused to open his doors. Somewhere near at hand there were corn-stacks standing. Huntly caused his men bring a quantity of sheaves, and piling them against the door of the house, set the heap on fire.

The burning door would soon give entrance to the

ferocious enemy. The Earl and his friend Dunbar hurriedly consulted. "I will go out before your lordship," Dunbar said, "and I am sure the people will charge on me, thinking me to be your lordship; so, it being dark under night, you shall come out after me, and look if you can provide for yourself." This devoted friend opened the door, sprang out, and charged desperately among Huntly's men. They all ran upon him, hacking and stabbing, and he was presently slain. While they were engaged with Dunbar, Moray dashed out through the fire and smoke, and escaped to the rocks on the sea-shore. Unfortunately the tassel of his cap had caught fire as he broke through the flames. The Earl did not observe it, but the faint glow of the burning tassel served to betray him to the keen eyes of his enemies. They were upon him in a moment, and murdered him on the spot with three bullets and many sword gashes.

The deed done, the band went off, and left the mother of the murdered Earl to take up her dead. One of the Gordons was left on the ground, a seeming corpse. His own friends had stripped him of his hat, his purse, his weapons, and his stockings. Life, however, was still in him. The mother whom he had helped to bereave took him in, and cherished him with every care that a wounded man requires.

On the morrow of the murder, the King went out hunting. His sport took him to the shores of the Firth about Wardie. The land lies high there, with a full view of Fife. The fire at Donibristle had not yet died out, and the King saw it without any sign of concern. But the voice of public suspicion made him wince a little. He sent for five or six of the clergy, and desired them to clear him to the people. They advised him to clear himself by earnest pursuing of Huntly with fire and sword. The Earl's mother had a painting made of her son's dead body with

all its ghastly wounds. She knelt before the King, showed him the melancholy picture, and implored justice. This same picture, on which the tears of that noble mother fell as she vainly sought justice from the dastard and contemptible King, is still to be seen in the house of Donibristle.

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Such a tumult of indignation raged among the people, that the King was fain to escape from it by leaving Edinburgh for a time. Huntly entered himself a prisoner in the Castle of Blackness, as if to abide his trial for the murder of Moray. The King released him in eight days, and he was never troubled again on that score.

Queen Mary had her Earl of Bothwell. King James had his Earl of Bothwell too. Mary's Bothwell was James Hepburn. The new Bothwell was Francis Stewart, sister's son to the old Bothwell, and an illegitimate cousin of the King. An unruly, restless son of mischief he was, and never out of trouble. The first trouble that we find him in was on account of some lawless doings in which he took part with Huntly and other Popish lords. After he got out of prison for that affair, he made his repentance in the High Church of Edinburgh on his knees before all the congregation. He wept, and ruefully confessed his wicked life, lamented that he could not utter the deep feelings of his heart, implored the people to pray for him, and promised to prove another man in all time coming. Very soon after, if not that very night, he proved himself the old man by forcibly carrying away the Earl of Gowrie's daughter out of Dirleton.

King
James's
Bothwell.

His next trouble overtook him through the confession of some witches. The said witches, forced by the fierce agony of the rack to confess something, confessed that Bothwell had consulted them about taking the King's life by art magical. Bothwell was put in ward in Edinburgh Castle, there to abide his trial. But the Castle of

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1591 A.D.

Edinburgh was not a cage to hold the wild Border bird. Bothwell broke his prison, and escaped to his friends among the southland moors and fells. The King summoned a force and pursued. He got possession of all Bothwell's houses and strengths, but he did not find Bothwell at home in any of them. The King had visited Bothwell in summer among the flowers. Bothwell paid him back again in winter among the showers. On a December night, about supper-time, he and a band of his Borderers got into the Palace of Holyrood through the stables. At the alarm the King took refuge in one of the turrets, and barred the door. The Borderers set fire against it. Meanwhile, some one from the Palace ran to the Provost of the city. The common bell sent its alarm-clang through the dark night. The citizens snatched their fighting tools from the pin on the wall, and followed their Provost down to Holyrood. Bothwell and his gang escaped at their approach, all but a small matter of seven or eight, who were taken and hanged at the Cross.

1593 A.D.

The heavy artillery of royal proclamations, charge of treason, forfeiture, thundered against the daring house-breaker. The house-breaker busied himself in preparing another night visit for the King. James was at Falkland. Bothwell, with a body of horse—"ramp" riders from the Border—beset the Palace. The country people dwelling near gathered to the rescue, and Bothwell's band were obliged to go off upon the spur. Nine or ten of them were taken, but the hanging was limited to five, stout men of the Armstrong kin. The restless disturber of the King's peace was not deterred by the evil luck of the "Raid of Falkland." He called again upon his Majesty, and, as formerly, at a rather unseasonable hour. The Lady Gowrie had a house close by the Palace of Holyrood. Her daughter, the Countess of Athole, had gone out one night by the back gate of the Palace on

her usual kindly errand to take good night of her mother. As the Countess came out, Bothwell and his gang got in. They knocked sharply at the door of the King's apartment, which some one presently opened. The King was not prepared to receive company just at that moment. He tried to get away by another door, but that door was locked, and there was nothing for it but to face his visitors. He asked the intruders what they meant. Came they to seek his life? Let them take it; they would not get his soul.

Bothwell fell upon his knees. He sought not, he said, the King's life, but the King's pardon. He was willing to undergo his trial for witchcraft. He was willing, after being tried and "purged," to depart out of the kingdom and dwell in any other kingdom which his Majesty might please to name. A suppliant, who had filled the Palace with armed men, was tolerably sure of his boon. The King pardoned Bothwell all bygones. Bothwell was not simple. He trusted the King, but he took care to have in Edinburgh and in Holyrood House a thousand soldiers in his own pay, the greater part of them good musketeers, besides fifty horse to attend the King's person. In short, the King was his as long as he could keep him; and that, as it proved, was only some seven or eight weeks. Parliament met at Stirling. Bothwell and his friends were in a feeble minority. The King demanded from Parliament an opinion on his promise to Bothwell. It was given under fear; was it binding or no? Parliament held that it was not binding. Whereupon a date was set for Bothwell to make his submission, after which he must withdraw himself beyond seas to such place of banishment as his Majesty might appoint. Bothwell writhed considerably. He tried to blow new disturbances into a flame; but the coals were cold. He was proclaimed a rebel; was hunted with keen scent by a Borderer, a Hume, whose brother he had slain;

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The last
clan battle

and with many windings and doublings escaped to France, never more to appear on this Scottish stage.

1593 A.D.

In the reign of James was fought the last clan battle of note upon the Border. The citizens of Edinburgh had been greatly excited by an extraordinary scene. Fifteen women from Nithsdale came to Edinburgh with the bloody shirts of their sons and husbands, murdered by the Johnstones, to ask for justice. The unmanly King did nothing; and the poor women, by way of protest, walked through the town with the bloody shirts carried like flags before them. This was a few months before the battle referred to. The Maxwells and the Johnstones had been long at feud. A reconciliation was, however, brought about between Lord Maxwell and Sir James Johnstone, the chiefs of the rival clans, and they entered into an alliance for mutual support in all quarrels. Maxwell was appointed Lord Warden of the West Borders. The gray men—gray was the clan colour of the Johnstones—thinking that they had little to fear from the new Warden, provided they did not rob any of the name of Maxwell, made an inroad into Nithsdale, spilt blood, as the bloody shirts shown at Edinburgh testified, and swept away great plunder. They found themselves mistaken. Whether it was that he felt bound by his office, or that his old feudal hatred revived, Maxwell gathered a force of fifteen hundred horse and foot, and went against the Johnstones. The Johnstones called their friends the Scots to their aid, and waited their enemy on a piece of ground beside the little water of Dryffe, near the town of Lockerby. The Maxwells were defeated with heavy slaughter. Lord Maxwell himself, a “tall man, and heavy in armour,” was overtaken, struck from his horse, and slain. It is said that the hand which he stretched out for quarter was cut off. Most of those who escaped carried to their graves the marks of deep gashes about the face and head, which

occasioned the saying, that they had got a *Lockerby lick*. CHAPTER
 Fifteen years after the battle, Lord Maxwell, son of him LXI.
 who fell at Dryffe, in revenge of his father's death,
 assassinated Sir James Johnstone at a peaceful meeting,
 shooting him through the back with a brace of bullets.
 For this crime he suffered death at the market cross of
 Edinburgh, and thus ended a Border tale of blood.

In this reign, also, what seems to have been the last Last judi-
 judicial combat in Scotland was fought. Stephen Brunt- cial com-
 field, captain of Tantallon, was killed in a duel by a bat.
 gentleman of the name of Carmichael. Adam Bruntfield,
 brother of the slain man, alleged that his brother had
 been put to death by treachery. Carmichael, he asserted,
 brought men with him to the spot where the duel was
 appointed, took unfair odds, and converted the duel into
 an assassination. A license was purchased from the 1597 A.D.
 King, and the combat was fought on Barnbogle Links,
 near Queensferry, in presence of five thousand spectators.
 The combatants were clad, the one in blue taffeta, the
 other in red satin. Carmichael was a tall and powerful
 man; Bruntfield was young and little of stature, but,
 wonderfully active and bold. The blue man and the red
 set briskly to work. They fought with sword and dag-
 ger. At the first encounter Bruntfield was wounded on
 the loin, and the onlookers gave him up for lost; but to
 the surprise of all, he dealt his enemy a wound in the
 neck, leaped in on him, struck him three or four blows with
 his dagger, and laid him dead. The victor was conveyed
 to Edinburgh with great triumph, while the corpse of his
 foe was carted after him.

A walk in the broad and smiling Prince's Street of to-day Old Edin-
 is rather a more pleasant thing than a walk in the Edin- burgh.
 burgh of King James's reign. The town swarmed with beg-
 gars. Idiots and the insane went freely about the thorough-
 fares. Miserable objects lay upon the causeway, exhibiting
 their deformities and sores, and clamorously assailing the

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passengers for alms. If two well-dressed people chanced to meet and stop for a moment to exchange civilities, they were beset by a sturdy and impudent crew bawling for charity. The town was incredibly filthy. The streets, lanes, and closes were so obstructed with dunghills that a free passage was scarcely to be had to and from the house doors. Butchers threw out into the streets the offal of slaughtered sheep and bullocks. In the heat of summer these abominations tainted the air, and great sickness followed. If this was the state of the capital, that of the smaller towns may be imagined. No wonder that we hear so frequently of "the pest" ravaging the country! To all these agreeables of a walk in old Edinburgh must be added the chance of finding one's self entangled in a fray in which steel clashed and men dropped. The citizens of old Edinburgh were quite accustomed to



STREET COMBAT AT MORAY HOUSE.

affairs such as this:—"A combat was fought at the Salt

Tron betwixt the Laird of Edzell and the young Laird of Pitarrow and their men. The fight lasted from nine o'clock to eleven. Sundry were hurt on both sides, and one slain, a man of Pitarrow's, a very pretty young man ;"—left stark and stiff there in the summer evening!

The year began in old Scotland not on the first of January, but on the twenty-fifth of March, the imagined day of the Annunciation. In reading our history we may as well keep this little fact in mind. In December 1599, an Act of the Privy Council was passed to change the beginning of the year. "In all other well-governed commonwealths and countries," says the Act, "the year begins yearly upon the first of January, commonly called the New Year's Day, and this realm only is different from all others in the count and reckoning of the years." Wherefore the Act ordained that in all time coming Scotland should conform to the practice of other countries, and that the next first of January should be the first day of the year. England, however, still continued to reckon her year according to the old mode.

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fact.

GOWRIE HOUSE.

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GOWRIE.

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— JOHN, third Earl of Gowrie, was the son of that Raid-of-Ruthven Gowrie brought to the block in wicked Arran's time. He was a child of eight when his father's head fell to the broad axe. At sixteen or thereby, he went to Italy, taking with him his younger brother, Alexander Ruthven, and studied for five years in the University of Padua, then the most famous in Europe. The last year of his residence there, the young Scotch lord was voted into the rector's chair, which he filled with great applause. His coat of arms and titles were hung up in the great hall, where they were long to be seen. On his way home from Padua, he visited Geneva and dwelt for a quarter of a year in the house of the great Reformer Beza, who, when he grew to know him, greatly loved him. He returned to Scotland when he was one-and-twenty—an accomplished scholar and gentleman, excellent at book and sword, of an athletic person and noble presence.

The brothers entered Edinburgh accompanied by a brilliant cavalcade of noblemen and gentlemen, friends and dependants of their house. At Court they were both much admired, and not least by the Queen, whose favour, it was said, specially lighted on the younger brother, as it was said to have lighted on the Bonnie Earl of Moray eight years before.

About this time James was in an agony of anxiety regarding the succession to the English throne. Elizabeth was old, and the vacancy of that high seat was plainly

near at hand. James determined to have such a force in readiness as would support his friends and overawe his enemies in the kingdom whose sceptre his fingers itched to clutch. For this purpose, money was necessary; and to raise money, a tax was necessary; and to impose a tax, a Parliament was necessary. Parliament met. To his utter indignation and astonishment, the King failed to persuade them to lay on the tax. The barons and the burghs could not be brought by any means whatever to see the need of it. The Earl of Gowrie led their opposition in an address which, for so young a man, astonished the hearers. The King suffered an utter defeat, and was absolutely wild with rage.

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rage.

About six weeks after this, the King, with twelve or fifteen persons in his train, came to the Earl of Gowrie's house in Perth. They had ridden from Falkirk in their hunting coats of green, each with hunting horn slung from the shoulder and whinyard at the girdle. The Earl of Gowrie had already dined when they arrived, but after some delay a dinner was set on the board. The King, as his use was, dined first, his gentlemen standing about the table and not being conducted to the room where dinner was laid for them, till Majesty had finished its meal. His dinner over, the King whispered something to Gowrie's brother, Alexander Ruthven, who then led him out of the apartment. The King's attendants, meanwhile, having finished their dinner, went out and sauntered in the garden and court-yard, the Earl of Gowrie going with them. Suddenly a cry of "Treason! help!" was heard from a turret window above. The voice was the King's. They all ran to reach the turret, some by the great staircase, and some by a narrow turnpike staircase. Sounds of a fierce struggle rang through the mansion for a few minutes. When the noise ceased, the bloody corpse of the Earl's brother was lying upon the turnpike stair. The rapier which he wore was in its sheath. The Earl

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der.

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himself lay dead in the picture gallery, pierced through the body by a weapon which had entered from behind.

Some of the slaughtered Earl's domestics rushed out into the street and told what a bloody deed had been done in the house. The news ran like fire, the city bell began to ring, and a crowd gathered under the windows of Gowrie House, with loud lamentations and cries of vengeance. "Come down!" they shouted to the King; "come down, thou son of Signor Davie! thou hast slain a better man than thyself." The magistrates of the town with difficulty got the tumult laid, and the King and his party took horse and rode back to Falkland.

The King's
story.

About a month afterwards, the King published his account of this dark and bloody affair. The morning of the day on which it happened, according to his Majesty's tale, Alexander Ruthven came to him at Falkland. Horses, hounds, and huntsmen were gathered on the green for a hunting. Young Ruthven approached the King just before his "on-leaping," and told him a long story, how that, the evening before, when taking a solitary walk near Perth, he met a suspicious-looking fellow in a cloak; that he questioned the fellow, lifted up the lappet of his cloak, and found under his arm a great wide pot full of coined gold; that he took back the fellow and his gold to the town, locked him up in a room without the knowledge of any one, and hastened off by break of day to invite his Majesty to come and possess the gold. His Majesty, after killing his buck, set out for Perth, arrived at Gowrie's house, and dined. After dinner, Alexander Ruthven whispered to him that it was time to go and see the fellow with the pot of gold. The King rose from table, and Ruthven led him into a chamber in a distant part of the house—the same turret chamber from which he cried for help. An armed man stood in the chamber. Ruthven locked the door behind them, plucked a dagger from the armed man's girdle, and held it to the King's breast. The King began a long

speech, in which he so powerfully appealed to Ruthven's conscience that Ruthven said his Majesty's life should be safe if he would behave himself quietly till he went and brought in the Earl his brother. He made the King swear that he would not cry out of the window or make any noise till he came back, and then left the room, locking him in with the armed man.

The King, locked thus in the turret chamber, employed his powers of persuasion so effectually that the armed man "became the slave of his prisoner." Alexander Ruthven speedily returned, saying "he could not mend it, his Majesty behoved to die." With that he laid hold of the King and tried to bind his hands with a garter. A violent struggle ensued, the armed man never interfering. Ruthven was much the taller and stronger of the two. The King, however, pushed him to the window and shouted for help; got his head under his arm, forced him to his knees, and thrust him out of the chamber to the stair-head. One of the royal train came up at that moment, and stabbed Ruthven twice or thrice with his dagger. The King threw him down the stair; and two others of his train, who were coming up, ended him. The Earl rushed in when the tumult rose, with some armed servants at his back, and after a sharp fight, was stricken dead with a stroke through his heart.—Such was the King's story.

The armed man, posted in the turret chamber, had become invisible during the fray. The King's proclamation, published immediately after the slaughter, described him as a tall man, black and grim. One of Gowrie's household, Andrew Henderson, a man not tall, brown bearded, and of a ruddy countenance, confessed that he was the man in the tower. Four others of the household were horribly tortured, but confessed nothing. Three of the four were hanged. But Andrew Henderson was pardoned and pensioned. The persons in the King's train on the

The armed
man.

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day of the fatal visit to Gowrie House, affirmed, of course, all that the King affirmed. The nation followed its own instinct of common sense, in spite of all affirmations. A few believed in a Gowrie conspiracy against the King ; many believed in a murderous contrivance of the King to rid himself of Gowrie.

Years afterwards, there came a curious tail-piece to the Gowrie affair. A wretched fellow, a notary in Eyemouth, Sprott by name, was apprehended and found guilty of forgery, or some such hanging matter. This man, between torture and promises, made a confession. He knew, he said, of the Gowrie conspiracy. One of the conspirators, who could not read a word, had employed him, Sprott, to read letters which passed among the conspirators. One of these letters he had stolen and kept it in his possession. The stolen letter, he said, was addressed to Gowrie by one Logan of Restalrig, "a main loose man" in his time, and much given to wade in troubled waters, but who was now dead. The notary professed to repeat from memory the substance of this letter, as also the substance of another letter which he said was written by Gowrie to Logan. Sprott was tried for guilty knowledge of the Gowrie conspiracy, and for not having revealed the treason. But the letter, which he said was in a chest in his house at Eyemouth, was not produced on his trial. The miserable notary was found guilty, and hanged the same day. Andrew Henderson got pardon and pension for his confession ; notary Sprott got the gallows for his,—a way both cheaper and safer, for dead men tell no tales.

Trial of
Logan's
bones.

A year after Sprott's death, Logan's body, or rather Logan's bones, were dug up and tried for treason. At the trial of the bones, five letters were produced. They were compared with papers in Logan's hand-writing, and "the resemblance was visible." Witnesses swore that they were the hand-writing of the owner of the bones ;

and the bones, being present in court to speak for themselves, did not contradict it. Where or how the letters were found, the King's advocate did not say. Perhaps they were dug up with the bones. Upon the evidence of the letters, the defunct was found guilty of conspiring with the Earl of Gowrie against the King, and all his property was forfeited to the Crown.

After all this trouble taken to convince them, the people of Scotland were as little convinced as ever. "So many as did not believe before were never a whit the more persuaded." Let the reader believe, if he can.



GOWRIE'S MURDER—(FROM AN OLD DUTCH PAINTING).

CHAPTER LXIII.

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

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ON the banks of the little river Blane in the parish of Killearn, Stirlingshire, there stands, or recently stood, a lowly cottage thatched with straw. It is the exact model of a farm-house which stood on the same foundations more than three hundred years ago. An oak beam and an inner wall of the original house have been preserved through all the restorations and reverent patchings which it has undergone. Here dwelt, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, Agnes Heriot, widow of Thomas Buchanan, owner and farmer of a little place called "the Moss." The widow carried on the farm, and struggled hard to bring up her eight children, dragging painfully along on the bleak edge of poverty. Her third son, George, was a boy of extraordinary parts. His uncle, James Heriot, was convinced that something beyond common could be made of that boy, and resolved to give him the fairest chance. He would send him to Paris, to be educated at its famous University. He did it. To Paris went the boy-student at the age of fourteen, followed by the deep mother-yearnings of Agnes Heriot. He set himself to his work like a young giant as he was, taking a mighty grip of the Latin, striking home into the Greek, and beginning to exercise the poetical gift which was in him.

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Within two years his uncle died, and the lad was left a penniless stranger in a foreign land. Sickness came at the heels of poverty, and he fell into great misery.

Feeble and worn out, he scrambled home to the Moss. Health returned after nearly a year's repose, and with health came the necessity of action. Fighting was never scarce in those days, and the Scots had an expedition into England on their hands just at that time. Young Buchanan resolved to learn the art of war. "For," as he wrote long after, "there is not that discord between the art of war and literature which many falsely suppose, but, on the contrary, the greatest harmony, and a certain occult sympathy of nature,"—a deep *substratum* of the soldier underlying the unmartial exterior of the true literary man. The Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland in the boyhood of James V., led the expedition which Buchanan joined as a volunteer. There was a body of French auxiliaries in the host, and with them our volunteer served. The Regent laid siege to Wark Castle. This Border fortress consisted, like other castles of the period, of a lofty, grim, and massive tower, surrounded by an inner and an outer fortified wall. The inner wall enclosed a court, and was surrounded by a ditch. The outer wall enclosed a large space of ground. In this outer court the country people were accustomed to find refuge in time of war with their cattle and farm produce. The French troops stormed the outer court; but the English set fire to the straw and fodder which it contained, and the raging flames drove out the besiegers. For the next two days, they battered the inner wall with their cannon. When they thought the breach practicable, they stormed through it into the inner court. But the great tower was still entire, and poured upon them from every loop-hole a fierce and ceaseless discharge of arrows, cross-bow bolts, and harquebus balls. They kept their ground till darkness fell, when they retired, leaving behind them three hundred dead. It was the beginning of November, and winter was setting in wildly. The Scottish host withdrew, and toiled homewards through

1523 A.D.

lashing rains and driving snow. This was Buchanan's experience of war.

He returned to student life, first at the College of St. Andrews, and then once more in the Scotch College of Paris. Luther's world-shaking doctrines were making a great noise there at that time. The truth seized hold of our young Scotsman, and he bowed before it. He was teaching grammar for a poor pittance at one of the colleges of Paris, when a young Scottish nobleman, Gilbert Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis, became acquainted with him, admired his talents, and invited him to become his instructor. He resided with this pleasant pupil for five years, and then returned with him to Scotland. While staying at the Earl's seat in Ayrshire, he amused himself with the composition of a little poem, called *The Dream*, a biting satire on the impudence and hypocrisy of the Franciscan Friars. The Franciscans could make a note of it and bide their time.

Buchanan's next employment was as tutor to a natural son of King James V. This boy was named James Stewart, but is not to be mistaken for the celebrated James Stewart, the Good Regent, also a son of that King. Buchanan's pupil did not live to be a man. The King had a quarrel of his own with the Franciscan Friars, and asked Buchanan to write something sharp and stinging against them. Buchanan wrote his *Franciscanus*, a pungent satire on the gray-gowned brethren. The gray gowns soon found their opportunity for revenge. The priests regained their influence with the King, swooped down upon the heretics, burned five of them, terrified some into recanting, and drove many more into exile.

1538 A.D.

Buchanan was seized in the general arrest. Cardinal Beatoun tried to insure his doom by offering to the King a sum of money as the price of his blood. Buchanan had friends at Court who informed him of the fact, and he knew the King's weakness too well not to fear that

he would yield. From this alarming situation he contrived to escape. He got out of his prison by a window during the night, and fled into England. For some time he lived a precarious and straitened life in London, and then went over to Paris.

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At Paris, he found his enemy Cardinal Beatoun residing as Scotch Ambassador. He was glad enough to get away from such a dangerous neighbour, and his opportunity soon occurred. A new college had lately been founded in Bourdeaux. Andrew Govea, a learned Portuguese residing in Paris, was appointed Principal of it. Through his interest, Buchanan was appointed one of the Professors. At Bourdeaux he remained three years, teaching the Latin language. Even in this city of the far south he was not safe from his enemy. Cardinal Beatoun wrote to the Archbishop of Bourdeaux to seize the heretical poet. But the letter was intrusted to some person who wished Buchanan well, and who took care that the epistle of vengeance did no harm.

After three years in Bourdeaux, he came back again to Paris, and was a Professor in a college there for three or four years more. The King of Portugal having at that time founded the University of Coimbra, invited Andrew Govea to be Principal of it, and to bring a staff of Professors with him from France. Govea did so, and one of the learned corps whom he thus conducted to Portugal was our countryman Buchanan. The associates found themselves very happy at Coimbra as long as Govea lived. But death cut him off in little more than a year. Then their troubles began. Buchanan and two others were cast into the dungeons of the Inquisition. He was accused of having written a poem against the Franciscans, of eating flesh in Lent, and other anti-papal enormities. For nearly a year and a half he was shut up in the Inquisition, after which he was confined in a monastery in order that he might be edified by the instructions

1547 A.D

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of the monks. These monks, he says, were not bad fellows, and not unkind, but utterly unacquainted with religion. In their custody he continued for several months, and it was at this time that he began his famous Latin version of the Psalms, of which Pope Urban VIII. declared that " 'twas a pity it was written by so great a heretic, for otherwise it should have been sung in all the churches under his authority."

How he was restored to liberty does not quite appear. Abandoning, as speedily as he could, a country which had treated him so unworthily, he sailed for England in a ship of Candia which he found in the port of Lisbon. From England he passed to France once more, where his talents were not long permitted to remain inactive. He was again appointed a Professor, and that was his work
 555 A.D. for two years. Marshal de Brissac, a famous man in his time, then secured him as domestic tutor to his son. The Marshal was Governor of the possessions which the French then held in Italy. To Italy went our much-wandering scholar with his pupil, and there, valued and honoured by his noble employer, he spent some pleasant years. It happened to him one day to be in the apartment where the Marshal and his Generals were discussing some point of war. Buchanan, on hearing the opinion of the majority, gave some sign or sound of disapprobation. One of the Generals smiled loftily. How should a man of book and pen know anything of military affairs? But the Marshal invited Buchanan to state his opinion, which he did, and was right too, as the event proved. After that, the Marshal was in the habit of giving him a seat among his principal officers in his councils of war.

1560 A.D.

The confusions of civil war—the "first troubles" between Papist and Huguenot—falling upon France, Buchanan returned to his native country in the beginning of Queen Mary's reign. His services seem to have been presently in request as her classical tutor. Every afternoon she

read with him a portion of Livy. She was then in her twentieth year, and in the height of that brilliant promise which she so foully belied. Buchanan's first fair opinion of her had soon to be dismally changed.

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The Earl of Moray had the right of nominating the Principal of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, and when a vacancy occurred, he gave the office to Buchanan. These were the days when the infant Church of the Reformation was busy with a thousand cares and activities about her upbuilding. Buchanan took his share in the deliberations and labours of Knox and the other Reformers. The fourteenth General Assembly had him for its Moderator. 1567 A.D.

When King James VI. was four years old Buchanan was appointed his tutor—an honourable task which the voice of his country assigned to his old age, and which he fulfilled with unbending fidelity, not scrupling to “lay his hand on the Lord's anointed,” on that part of the person where stripes are safest. James long remembered the commanding presence of his preceptor. He said, in after years, of some Court personage, “that he ever trembled at his approach, it minded him so of his pedagogue.” This memorable pedagogue gave a gift to his pupil, the noblest, perhaps, that ever a King received from a subject. This was his celebrated treatise *De Jure Regni*; in which, says Sir James Macintosh, “the principles of popular politics, and the maxims of a free government, are delivered with a precision and enforced with an energy which no former age had equalled, and no succeeding has surpassed.” This work, in which “the science which teaches the rights of man” is set forth with “the eloquence that kindles the spirit of freedom,” Buchanan dedicated to his royal pupil. “I have sent you,” he says, in his grand, manly way, “this treatise, not only as a monitor, but even as an importunate and sometimes impudent dun, who, in this turn of life, may convoy you beyond the

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rocks of adulation; and may not merely offer you advice, but confine you to the path which you have entered, and if you should chance to deviate, may reprehend you and recall your steps. If you obey this monitor, you will insure tranquillity to yourself and your family, and will transmit your glory to the most remote posterity."—Yes: if he had obeyed this monitor, Whitehall had never been notable for anything but its ceiling painted by Rubens, nor Culloden heard of except as a railway station.

During the last twenty years of his life, Buchanan employed such leisure as he could command in writing his *History of Scotland*. It is written in the Latin tongue, and such Latin as no other man has been able to write since the days of the old Romans. Such a great Latinist as Lord Monboddo has not hesitated to pronounce that the style of Buchanan is better than that of Livy himself. In the earlier portion of his *History*, he has blown away much of the chaff of fable, but not all. The history of his own times occupies far the largest proportion of the work. Many of his statements have been controverted with fury, but the close investigations of recent times have all gone to confirm the truth and accuracy of this greatest of Scottish historians.

A short time before his death, some of his learned friends went over from St. Andrews to Edinburgh to pay him a visit. On entering his apartment, they found the dying historian engaged in teaching the alphabet from a "hornbook," to the young man who served him. His whole property at his death consisted of one hundred pounds of arrears due to him upon his pension. He had reached his seventy-seventh year. His ungrateful country and worthless King never even set up a stone to mark his grave.

CHAPTER LXIV.

TWO KINGS IN SCOTLAND.

"SIR," said noble Andrew Melville to King James in his Palace of Falkland, "as divers times before I have told you, so now again I must tell you, there are two Kings and two kingdoms in Scotland. There is King James, the head of the commonwealth ; and there is Christ Jesus, the King of the Church, whose subject James the Sixth is, and of whose kingdom he is not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member."

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Two Kings in Scotland. These two Kings make our history for a hundred years and more. Our great questions are questions between the two. Our civil wars, our persecutions, our liberties and rights, have all sprung out of questions between our two Kings. Such questions sprang up in old Jerusalem when the apostles said to them who claimed obedience in name of the earthly power, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to obey men rather than God, judge ye." "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's land-mark," saith the law. What, then, of him who removeth Christ's land-mark ?

Christ has a kingdom in this world, though not of this world. Where is it? Wherever he has willing subjects to obey him, there Christ's kingdom is. That kingdom must have a law. Where is it? In Christ's Bible. That law must be obeyed; and if you are willing to obey it, no power on earth has a right to hinder you. This is the ground which our fathers took up at the Reformation. They demanded liberty to obey Christ. They insisted

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on it with immovable stanchness of purpose. They suffered, they were banished, they died for it; and it became the seed from which all our liberty grew. Make the soul and the conscience free, and all other freedom that belongs to man will follow. This is the way that our fathers fought out the battle of freedom. This position they held; on this ground they triumphed or fell; on this ground the deep foot-prints of the warriors, as they stood in battle, are still to be seen.

Andrew
Melville

In the year 1559, the Regents or Professors of St. Andrews were engaged in their usual course of expounding the writings of Aristotle. They read and commented upon the works of their great authority in a Latin translation, for they were unacquainted with the original language of their oracle. There was one student, however, a small, slender boy, a mere child to look at, who, to the surprise of the college, read his Aristotle in Greek. There was only one place in Scotland at that time where Greek was taught—Montrose. Erskine of Dun had his Greek school going on there, and the boy-student, who astonished the Professors of St. Andrews, had been a pupil. The little lad was fatherless and motherless. His father fell among the gallant gentlemen of Angus in the vanguard of the Scots at Pinkie, and his mother soon followed him to the grave. It cannot be quite a pleasant thing for a whole college of Professors to be eclipsed by a boy. But the St. Andrews Professors—good hearts—showed no mean jealousy of little Andrew Melville. On the contrary, they were proud of him, and gave him every encouragement in their power. The Rector of the University used to invite him to his chamber, take him between his knees, and question him about his studies. Delighted with the wonderful cleverness of his answers, the Rector would exclaim, "My poor fatherless and motherless boy, it's hard to tell what God may make of thee yet!"

The young student finished his course at St. Andrews,

and, at nineteen, took his way to Paris, to study in its grand old University. Years passed, and his name was known at all the most famous seats of learning in Europe. He filled the position of Latin Professor in the University of Geneva, the fame of which attracted, at that time, students from every Protestant country. There he was living in honour as the colleague of the great Beza, when letters came from Scotland, beseeching him to return and lend his aid to the cause of learning in his native land. Too true a patriot to refuse, he laid down his office at Geneva, and returned home. At that time the University of Glasgow had sunk almost to dying out. Melville was made its Principal, and he soon put such a life into it as the poor feeble institution had never known before. Learning lifted its drooping head in Scotland.

Earl Morton was Regent then. Knox was dead, and the Church no longer heard the shout of a mighty man in her midst. The Tulchan system, that curious milking apparatus by which greedy nobles drained the Church revenues into their own coffers, was in full operation. Court power and Court intrigue had thrust bishops and archbishops and other strange flesh into the Church. The Presbyterian Church of Scotland hardly knew her own shape. The somewhat feeble and yielding character of her clergy at that time perhaps invited encroachment. But from the hour that Melville began to take a part in her councils, the Church was feeble and yielding no more. The degrading sham of the Tulchans could not be endured. The Church set herself to the work of reform. She applied her great principle—the principle of the Two Kings. Regent Morton, the head of the State, might support his profitable Tulchans. What matter, if the law of Christ be against them? To the law and to the testimony, then. Christ Jesus, the Head of the Church, requires that all things in his Church be arranged in the way which he has fixed in his Word,

CHAPTER and we must and shall be free to do his will, hinder it
 LXIV. whoso may.

1575 A.D.

The General Assembly took up for discussion the question, "Have bishops, as they are now in Scotland, their function from the Word of God?" Six bishops sat in the Assembly while that debate went on;—not a comfortable seat for them. Dumb they sat, not opening a mouth, while the Assembly, with strong, relentless logic, proved them out of the Scriptures to be an abuse and a corruption in the Church of Christ. An abuse with a Regent Morton at its back is not easily put down. The General Assembly went resolutely to work, in the name of Him who drove the money-changers from the temple. It was clear that they would never rest till the Tulchans were swept out. The Regent tried to bribe Melville by the gift of Church revenues. Shrewd and knowing men of the world do not in the least understand natures higher than their own, else Morton never would have tried to bribe Melville. Bribes failing, he tried to intimidate.

Sending one day for Melville to his chamber, he began to complain that the peace of the kingdom was disturbed by certain persons who sought to introduce their own fancies and foreign laws on points of Church government. Melville replied, that he and his brethren took the Scriptures, and not their own fancies or the model of any foreign Church, as their rule. The Regent said that the General Assembly was a convocation of the King's subjects, and that it was treasonable for them to meet without his permission. To this Melville answered, that, if it were so, then Christ and his apostles were guilty of treason, for they assembled hundreds and thousands and taught and governed them, without asking the leave of magistrates and rulers. The Regent bit the top of his staff. It was a habit he had when angry and dangerous. "There will never be quietness in the country," he said, "till half-a-dozen of you be hanged or banished." "Tush,

sir," replied Melville, "threaten your courtiers after that manner. It is the same to me whether I rot in the air or in the ground."—Idle trying to intimidate men like this!

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The Tulchan system was got abolished, or nearly so. Poor Regent Morton got abolished himself. But the troubles and sufferings of the Church of Scotland for trying to do her duty to the two Kings—to Christ and to Cæsar—were not to end for a hundred years, and more.

James VI. had a fixed aversion to a Presbyterian Church, and as fixed a love for a Church on the Episcopalian plan. A Presbyterian Church cannot easily be got to do royal or courtly bidding. All its ministers being equal in office and power, nothing can be done except by the voice of the majority. This requires public assemblies and free discussions—things which despots cannot bear. It is quite different with Episcopacy. There, the minister is no more than a corporal or a sergeant, subject to his captain, the Bishop; Captain Bishop being subject to his colonel, the Archbishop. The King appoints both the Bishops and the Archbishops, so that the whole fabric hangs at the royal girdle. Kings of James's temper love to have a Church dependent and obedient. It is a sight to see a vast factory where a thousand shuttles are glancing like arrows, and the din of a thousand wheels and shafts blends into one roar as of a cataract. A little man in a fustian jacket steps up to the throttle-valve of the steam-engine and stops the whole with his finger and thumb. Arbitrary rulers quite naturally prefer that form of ecclesiastical machinery which can be acted upon by the touch of a master's hand.

The throt-
tle-valve.

The first of James's many strifes with the Church was in the days of the base pair, Lennox and Arran. The uncomplying spirit of Presbytery was an offence to those evil men. Besides, they wanted Church revenues to feed

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their rapacity. Accordingly, they and the crowned creature whom they managed, resolved to restore Episcopacy, and to fill the bishoprics with tools of their own. The operation was begun. Robert Montgomery, minister of Stirling, a vain, feeble, presumptuous man, was appointed Archbishop of Glasgow, on condition that he should make over the revenues to Lennox and content himself with a pension out of them. In a word, the old Tulchan system was revived. As soon as the General Assembly met, Tulchan Montgomery was put to the bar as a culprit. The King sent a message to the Assembly saying that he would not allow him to be troubled for accepting the bishopric. The Assembly went straight on. Even when the King sent a messenger-at-arms and charged them, on pain of rebellion, to desist entirely from the prosecution, they went on, and deposed the Tulchan. Nor did they rest there. As the King had made, or suffered to be made, a wicked encroachment upon the Church, they resolved to address to him a Remonstrance.

1582 A.D.

In this Remonstrance, which may be read in Calderwood or the "Book of the Universal Kirk," they tell the King: "That your Majesty, by advice of some councillors, is caused to take upon you a spiritual power and authority which properly belongeth unto Christ as only King and Head of the Church. . . . So that in your Highness's person some men press to erect a new Popedom; as though your Majesty could not be full King and head of this commonwealth, unless as well the spiritual as the temporal sword be put into your Highness's hands,—unless Christ be bereft of his authority, and the two jurisdictions confounded which God hath divided; which directly tendeth to the wreck of all true religion."—Andrew Melville, along with other members of Assembly, was appointed to go to Perth, where the King was then residing, and present this Remonstrance.

The deputation obtained an audience of the King in

Council, and the Remonstrance was read. Arran, looking fiercely around, exclaimed, "Who dares subscribe these treasonable articles?" "WE DARE," replied Melville; and, advancing to the table, he took the pen from the clerk and subscribed. The rest of the deputation did the same. Daring as Arran was, he yielded for the moment to the ascendancy of Melville's dauntless spirit. The deputation were allowed to go their way in peace, Lennox even adding civil and respectful words. Some Englishmen, who were present, expressed their astonishment at the boldness of the ministers, and could scarce be persuaded that they had not an armed force at hand to support them. "Well might they be surprised," says stout M'Crie; "for more than forty years elapsed after that period before any of *their* countrymen were able to meet the frown of an arbitrary court with such firmness and intrepidity." It would have been easier, doubtless, to submit to the royal pleasure. But our fathers endeavoured to do their duty to both the Two Kings.

Duty to the King whose kingdom is not of this world compelled our fathers to resist the will of their earthly King in other matters besides the government of the Church. The ministers of Christ are commanded to exhort, reprove, rebuke, with all authority. If they are so fettered that they may not speak against all sin, they cannot answer the end for which Christ appointed them. If they submit to be so fettered, they are faithless to God and unprofitable to men—salt which has lost its savour, and wherewithal shall it be salted? The pulpit, if it is not free, is worthless. Our fathers struggled hard for this freedom, and they never betrayed it. At the root of this struggle, and at the root of many another struggle, lay this truth that there are Two Kings in Scotland, and that men who fear God must do their duty to both.

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THE HAMMER OF THE WITCHES.

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—

Gillie
Duncan.

THE winter after his return from Denmark with his bride, King James was thrown into "a wonderful admiration" on the subject of witchcraft. One David Seaton in Tranent had a servant, Gillie Duncan by name. This woman had some kind of skill, or secret, by which she performed cures in some cases of sickness. This raised the suspicion in her master's mind that she must be a witch. He knotted a cord round her head and wrenched it tight. He got a "pilniewink," or finger-screw, and applied it to her fingers. Under these persuasives, Gillie confessed herself a witch, and named thirty or forty persons as her associates. Some of these were women of respectable position. One was a lady of rank, daughter of Lord Cliftonhall, a judge of the Court of Session.

The persons thus accused were seized and tortured, and confessed every wild thing which rose to their imagination under the agony. Two of them averred that the Earl of Bothwell had consulted them about taking away the King's life by enchantment. These extraordinary disclosures put James into a prodigious excitement, and the investigation of them was his work for three quarters of a year.

John Cun-
ningham.

The first of Gillie Duncan's associates whom the King took in hand was John Cunningham, a schoolmaster near Tranent. This man's character was bad, but his nerves were of iron. He was put to the torture, but not a word of confession could be wrung from him. Persua-

sion and promises were tried. These being without effect, they tortured him again, and this time he confessed to having used charms against the King's life. The wretched man was taken back to prison, where he appeared gloomy and depressed, and was heard calling on God to have mercy on him for his wicked life.

To the King's great annoyance, Cunningham retracted in prison the whole of his confession. Upon this, James declared his belief that the schoolmaster had entered into a new league with the Devil, and ordered him to be put to the most frightful tortures to bring him back to his confession. The nails of his fingers were riven with pincers. Under every nail two needles were thrust up to the head. The iron-nerved man "never shrank any whit." He would confess nothing. The King then ordered him to the torture of the boot. After each blow of the hangman's mallet on the wedges, he was asked to confess. He utterly refused, and "did abide so many blows that his legs were crushed and beaten together as small as might be, and the bones and flesh so bruised that the blood and marrow spurted forth in great abundance." In spite of all this tremendous torture, the dogged and resolute sufferer would say nothing, except that his former confession had been forced from him by pain, and was all untrue.

The next member of the witch *covine*, or society, who engaged his Majesty's attention, was Agnes Sampson, a grave, composed, matronly woman. After an hour of the cord racked tight round her brows, she confessed to having been engaged in practising by charms against the life of the King. Cunningham, who acted as clerk, summoned, she said, a meeting of witches and wizards on All-hallows eve, to concoct a scheme for the King's destruction on his voyage from Denmark. Two hundred of them, each taking shipping in a sieve, cruised about on the sea. Satan was there, dimly seen, rolling and

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Agnes
Sampson.

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disporting himself on the waves like a huge hay-stack. He delivered to one of the company a cat. When the infernal prince gave the word, the cat was thrown into the sea. This charm was designed to raise a tempest which should wreck and drown the King. James greedily swallowed the story, and declared that the charm had so far taken effect that the ship in which he sailed had to buffet with a contrary wind, while all the other ships in the fleet were bowling along on a fair one.

The schoolmaster, in his retracted confession, had spoken of a witch-meeting held at North Berwick Kirk. The woman Sampson said that she was present at that meeting, and gave an account of the proceedings. The witches had an appointment with Satan, and North Berwick Kirk was the trysting-place. They went thither in procession. Gillie Duncan went foremost, playing on a Jew's harp, the whole company dancing and singing,—

“Cummer, go ye before; cummer, go ye:
If ye will not go before, cummer, let me.”

Cunningham, the schoolmaster, acted as leader. When they came to the church, he blew on the lock with his breath, and the door opened. With his breath he blew the candles alight, and set them round the pulpit. Suddenly the Devil started up in the pulpit, in the likeness of a great black man, attired in a black gown and hat. His eyes were like burning coals, his nose was hooked like an eagle's beak, his hands were hairy, with claws instead of nails. He spake in a deep, hollow voice. He called over the names of his congregation, and took account of their obedience. At his command, they opened some graves, dragged out the corpses, and cut off their fingers and toes, which they divided among them to be used in their spells.

Cunningham the schoolmaster, and the woman Sampson, were strangled and burned together. Cliftonhall's

daughter was burned without the mercy of previous strangling. Barbara Napier, another of the persons "delated" in Gillie Duncan's confession, was acquitted by the jury who tried her. The King was so enraged that he had the jurors themselves brought to a trial for wilful error. They contrived to turn away his wrath by pleading guilty, and throwing themselves on his mercy. Juries, after such a lesson, took care how they acquitted witches again.

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THE DEVIL PREACHING—(FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT).

It was no doubt in the course of these strange trials that James obtained materials for his treatise on Demonology, that notable effort of royal authorship with which he favoured the world a few years afterwards. It is in form of a dialogue between Philomathes and Epistemon. It is divided into three books, and runs to eighty small pages. Philomathes and Epistemon "reason the matter." Philo-

The King's
treatise.

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mathes has doubts, and lacks instruction ; but, of course, his conversation with Epistemon brings him into a state of great enlightenment and satisfaction.

The first book treats of Magic. It enters fully into the subject of contracts with the Devil,—the way to raise him, the forms in which he appears, and the services he engages to render. The second book deals with Witchcraft. The royal author first overwhelms and annihilates all who would call it a mere imagination and melancholic humour. He describes the entry and apprenticeship of witches and wizards ; the form of their assemblies ; the mode of adoration which their infernal master exacts—which may be characterized as “at least one degree more humiliating than the kissing of the papal great toe ;” and how he enables them to journey invisibly through the air. They receive from their grisly lord power to work many deadly harms, by powders, spells, incantations, and images. But why should we fear ? We are exposed to the assaults of Satan every day ; and as a valiant captain “stays not from his purpose for the rummishing shot of a cannon, nor the small clack of a pistolet,” so we should have no greater terror of the Evil One when he uses his great artillery than when he uses his smallest weapons. The third book of the royal treatise deals with the various kinds of Spirits which trouble men and women,—ghosts ; fiends, that haunt particular spots or follow particular individuals ; demons, which dwell in possessed persons ; and fairies, which have their palaces underneath the green hills. His Majesty concludes that all magicians and witches should be put to death, without regard to sex, age, or rank. As to the kind of death, that is not essential, but the best way is by fire.

James's
cunning.

James, credulous as he might be, knew very well what he was about when prosecuting with so much zeal the crusade against witches. He was looking forward to the death of Elizabeth and his succession to the throne of

England. He had been tutored by English friends to sail with the tide, and make himself popular with the English nation. Now, in England the belief in witchcraft was prodigiously strong. The most eminent English divines and bishops were vehement assertors of its doctrines. James had plenty of cunning. His zeal against witches was assumed, there can be little doubt, to ingratiate himself with the English.

During the reign of King James numerous victims of this frightful delusion were brought to the stake. The tortures inflicted on some of these wretched beings are perfectly astounding. Four or five years after the Gillie Duncan case, and just about the time when the treatise on Demonology was ready for the press, the younger son of the Earl of Orkney was tried for having bribed Alison Balfour and Thomas Palpla to take away the life of his elder brother by witchcraft. The woman Balfour was kept for forty-eight hours in the *cashielaws*. This was an iron case in which the victim's legs were enclosed. Fire was then heaped about the instrument, till the imprisoned legs began to roast. Balfour's husband, a poor old creature of ninety-one, was tortured in the "long irons of fifty stone weight." Her son was fixed in the boots with fifty-seven strokes, and her daughter screwed in the pil-niewinks. Husband, son, and daughter were subjected to these torments all together, and in presence of the miserable mother, that the sight of their sufferings might move her to confession. Thomas Palpla was kept in the *cashielaws* *eleven days and nights!* Twice a day he was tortured in the boots, and flogged with a rope till his back was one ghastly mass of hacked flesh.

As a specimen of many like scenes of superstitious fury, let the reader take the following bit of old Scottish life:—

Marjory
Bisset.

"The which day a great multitude, rushing through the Pannis Port [of Elgin], surrounded the ordeal pool; and hither was dragged through the *stour* the said Mar-

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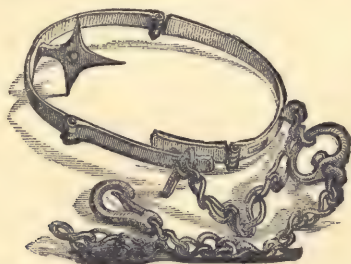
jory Bisset, in sore plight, with her gray hair hanging loose, and crying, 'Pity! pity!' Now Master Wiseman, the same clerk who had stood up at her trial, stepped forward and said, 'I know this woman to have been a peaceable and unoffending one, living in the privacy of her widowhood, and skaithing or gainsaying no one. What have ye further to say against her?' Then did the friars again repeat how that she uttered her *aves* backward; and others that the hare started at Bareflet had been traced to her dwelling, and how that the aforesaid cattle had died by her contrivance. But she, hearing this, cried the more, 'Pity! pity! I am guiltless of these false crimes, never so much as thought of by me.'

"Then suddenly there was a motion in the crowd, and, the people parting on each side, a leper came down from the Leper House, and in the face of the people bared his hand and his whole arm, which was withered and covered over with scurfs most piteous to behold, and he said, 'At the day of Pentecost last past, this woman did give unto me a shell of ointment; with which I anointed my hand to cure an imposthume which had come over it, and, behold! from that day forth until this it hath shrunk and withered as you see it now.' Whereupon the crowd closed round and became clamorous; but the said Margory Bisset cried piteously, 'that God had forsaken her; that she had meant good only, and not evil; that the ointment was a gift of her husband, who had been beyond seas, and that it was a gift to him from a holy man and true, and that she had given it free of reward or hire, wishing only that it might be of good; but that if good was to be paid back with evil, sorrow if Satan might not have his own.'

"Whereupon the people did press round and became clamorous; and they take the woman and drag her, amid many tears and cries, to the pool, and cry, 'To trial! to trial!' and so they plunge her in the water. And when

she went down in the water there was a great shout ; but as she rose again, and raised up her arms as if she would have come up, there was silence for a space, when again she went down with a bubbling noise, and they shouted finally, 'To Satan's kingdom she hath gone !' and forthwith went their ways."

The pursuit of witches was considerably relaxed after the death of James. It revived, however, in fury from time to time under the influence of panic-terror. Many wretched beings were burned alive, after suffering tortures



THE WITCHES' BRIDLE.

which made death a welcome relief, ere the dismal superstition to which they were victims became extinct. Addison had finished the "Spectator," and Pope was translating "Homer," when the last witch-burnings took place. The last in England was in the year 1716 ; the last in Scotland was in 1720. In England, however, they began long before us. It was not till 1736 that the law for burning witches was repealed in the British Parliament. The witch statute for Ireland is not repealed to this day.

Certain dishonest writers have endeavoured to throw upon the Presbyterian clergy the chief blame of the severities against witches in Scotland. It is false. Presbyterians and Episcopalians must bear the reproach alike. Witch-burning was abundantly active when the Presbyterian ministers were being hunted like partridges on the

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mountains. The belief in witchcraft was rooted in the nation. Scotland was not more free from it than the rest of Europe. It had come down to our ancestors through centuries of mind-cramping, soul-debasing superstition ; and the gloomy mastery of superstition is not thrown off in a day. In the light of the Reformation our fathers gradually outgrew the superstitions inherited from Popery ; but the sun had to be fully up before the shadows disappeared.

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GOLD-FINDING IN SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND occupies a respectable position in the list of countries which once produced gold. The treasure, it is to be feared, is now exhausted, and but a poor hope left for the dreamer who would renew the search. But there was a period, stretching certainly over many centuries, during which the precious metal was found in Scotland ; and this not in solitary particles, whose deceitful glitter excited only to disappoint the expectations of the finder. Our forefathers searched for gold in a systematic manner, and positively obtained it in very satisfactory quantities. Indeed, Scotland was at one time regarded by her southern neighbours as an El Dorado, the working of whose gold mines was certain to afford an abundant return. In our age, of which gold-seeking is a great characteristic fact, it is not without interest to recall the almost forgotten chain of circumstances which show that on our own hills, and in our own valleys, were once enacted the scenes whereby California and Australia have grown famous.

As indicated already in this History, gold-finding in Scotland is not of yesterday. Gold was sought, and found, and worn as a personal adornment, not only before “vil-lanous saltpetre” was dug from the bowels of the earth, but before such a thing as an iron or even a bronze sword was known ; nay, before the fusion of metals was dreamed of. When gold was first used in Scotland, the fashionable equipment for a warrior consisted of bow and arrows—the latter having heads of flint, a spear similarly shod, and

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Pre-histo-
ric Period

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probably a stone hammer, for use when his enemy closed with him. The Scottish aristocracy of that day dwelt in holes dug in the ground, and slenderly roofed with branches. Our streams "rolled over sands of gold" at a time when the bear, and the wolf, and the wild horse drank of their waters in the deep stillness of the primeval forest. Ages before our earliest written record—in a dim antiquity whose single ray of light gleams from the graves of the dead—we know that our savage ancestors had learned to prize ornaments of gold. And as they had then little or no intercourse with foreign countries—certainly none which would attract the precious metals to their shores—we have no difficulty in concluding that their gold was native. In many graves belonging to the Stone Period, massive bracelets of the purest gold have been found encircling the neck and arm of the mouldering skeleton. It was the custom of the time to bury with the dead the things which they prized most in life; and these seem often to have been their ornaments. And thus it is that the scanty history of the men of those far-off times is written mainly by their vanities and love of little distinctions. Their courage, their kindness, all their nobleness, and their strength, have left no traces so legible as one of their weaknesses!

It is evident, from such of these ornaments as have been recovered, that the fusing of metals was yet unknown. The pure gold has been beaten into the desired form by the most primitive appliances. In many instances the instrument made use of appears to have been a stone hammer; which circumstance furnishes satisfactory evidence that bronze tools and bronze weapons were not then in use. At a later period we find—still reading the same dim but undeceptive record—that gold ceased to be so plentiful, and silver, also presumably native, came largely into use for ornamental purposes. A profusion of silver ornaments and pieces of armour have been recovered,

arguing at once an abundant supply of this metal and a higher degree of skill in metallurgy.

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Passing lightly over many silent centuries, and advancing far into the Historic Period, we find in the ninth century an evidence that gold was largely used in Scotland. It is again the vanity of our ancestors to which we are indebted. At that time our country was much troubled by the Norsemen. These vagrant heroes had the happy instinct of preserving a record of their exploits in such rugged strains as the poetical skill of the age placed within their reach. Many of these songs have reached us, and are a curious and useful legacy, in consideration of which we are disposed to regard with leniency the otherwise inexcusable proceedings which they celebrate. In many of them there is assigned to the warriors, along with such fierce degrees as "feeders of wolves," that of "exacters of rings;" and the poor Scotch are designated the "forlorn wearers of rings." We will not suspect our fathers of wearing, or the Norsemen of coming so far to exact, rings of any meaner substance than gold; and that gold, there is no reason to doubt, was native.

In the twelfth century, we are led to recognize the kingdom of Fife as a region where gold was certainly obtained. There is a charter of David I., the Sore Saint, granting to the Abbey of Dunfermline one-tenth part of all the gold found in Fife and Kinross. His extreme liberality to the Church, together with the circumstance that Dunfermline was the favourite residence of his mother, and its abbey the place of her burial, afford a strong probability that such an amount of gold was then found as to render the benefaction a respectable one.

The sixteenth century abounds with evidences that the production of native gold was then very considerable. James IV. worked some mines at Wanlockhead with

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Italian
quack.

decided success. But this did not content him. A rage for alchemy then possessed the mind of Europe. Bernard, "the good Trevisan," had just died with a European reputation, after spending a long life and a large fortune in unwearying search for the philosopher's stone. Henry VI. of England had granted several patents for the same discovery, "to the great benefit of the realm," as it was set forth, "and the enabling of the King to pay all the debts of the Crown in real silver and gold." Henry VIII. urged Cornelius Agrippa, a German alchemist, to settle in England, hoping to share the boundless gains of the expected discovery. The impatient James, like many a wiser man, fell into the snare. Some wandering Italian quack had found out the Scottish Court, and made James his dupe. Here is Bishop Lesley's account of his proceedings. When we consider the severe test to which the artist subjected his pretensions, let us withdraw our injurious epithet, and regard him no more as a quack, but merely, or at least mainly, as an enthusiast :—

"This tyme thair wes ane Italian with the King, quha wes maid Abbot of Tungland, and wes of curious ingyne. He causet the King believe that he, be multiplynge and utheris his inventions, wold mak fine gold of uther mettall; quhilk science he called the Quintassence, quhair-upon the King maid grait coste, but all in vaine. This abbot tuik in hand to flie with wingis, and to be in France befor the saidis ambassadouris; and to that effect he causit mak ane pair of wingis of fedderis, quhilkis beand fessinit upon him, he flew off the castell wall of Striveling, bot shortlie he fell to the grund, and brak his thie bane. Bot the wyte thair of he ascryvit to that thair wes some hen fedderis in the wingis, quhilk yarnit and covet the mydding and not the skyis."

Sir David Lindsay, in his loving recital of the advantages which his native country possessed, but which were

rendered unavailing by bad government, enumerates the following :—

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“ Of everilk mettell we have the riche mynis,
Baith gold, silver, and stanes precious.”

During the reign of Sir David's master, James V., the search for gold was actively prosecuted. James coined into what are called bonnet-pieces the gold which he obtained at Leadhills, and at his marriage-feast in France he caused a vessel containing these coins to be set before each guest, telling them these were the fruits which grew in his country. It was the prevailing belief among the French that James's country was a very poor country; an injurious impression which the King tried to remove, at the expense, we fear, of more money than he could conveniently spare.

Bonnet-
pieces.

In 1539 James procured from his father-in-law, the Duke of Lorraine, the services of a number of miners more perfectly skilled in their business than the operatives of Scotland were likely to be. The “gold area” at Wanlockhead was surveyed in a business-like manner, and Mr. John Mossman received charge of the foreign miners. Moreover, we can discover from the royal expense-book that they were provided with an interpreter to further their intercourse with the natives,—“ane Scottish boy that speaks French, to serve them till they get the Scottish language.” They do not appear to have laboured in vain. That a large amount of gold was found, we may fairly infer from the fact that something like one hundred ounces of “gold of the mynd” were given out of the treasury to be fashioned into ornaments for the approaching coronation of the Queen. It was about this time, too, that some additions were made to the old Scottish crown, probably of native gold, although Sir Walter Scott conjectures that the workmanship is French. Amidst the troubles which darkened the closing

Foreign
miners.

CHAPTER years of James's life, he seems to have abandoned his
LXVI. search for gold, and the miners returned to their own
country.

At a somewhat later period, gold was dug at Wanlockhead by one Abraham Greig, a Dutchman, surnamed Great-beard, because of "his great long beard, which he could have bound about his middle." The gold found by Abraham was fashioned into "a very fair deep bason," capable of containing, "by estimation, within the brims thereof, an English gallon of liquor." This goodly vessel was then filled with coins also of Scottish gold, and presented by Regent Morton to the King of France. At the presentation, the Regent "signified, upon his honour, to the King, saying, "My lord, behold this bason, and all that therein is. It is natural gold, got within this kingdom of Scotland, by one Abraham Greig, a Dutchman." Abraham himself was present, and he affirmed the Earl's statement by an oath. He also enriched science by the contribution of a theory about gold. "He thought it did engender and increase within the earth, and he observed it so to do by the influence of the heavens." The Regent had his theory, somewhat differing from that of Abraham. "Then Earl Morton stood up, saying, 'I also believe that it engenders within the earth, but only of these two elements, namely, water and earth, and that it was made perfect malleable gold from the beginning by God.'" Poor Regent! whose theories and rather unscrupulous activities the axe of the Scottish Maiden was soon to interrupt.

Mr. George Bowes was the next gold-seeker of eminence. He was an Englishman, and in the service of Queen Elizabeth. Having excited the royal cupidity by some pieces of gold which he had found at Wanlockhead, her Majesty obtained for him permission "to dig and delve as he would." He delved accordingly, and to good purpose, finding "oft-times good feeling gold, and much

small gold." When winter approached, Mr. Bowes caused the shaft he had opened to be filled up, paid off his workmen, swore them to secrecy, and returned to England with a purse of gold valued at sevenscore pounds. Her Majesty was encouraged by his success, and "liked well thereof." She commanded him to arrange for resuming the search in spring. But the spring was not to shine again upon poor Mr. Bowes. Having gone to visit some mines in Cumberland, he was overtaken by the calamity which was supposed to have befallen Mr. By-ends and Mr. Hold-the-world, when they turned aside to see the silver mine which had been opened in the hill Lucre. He fell down the shaft, and was killed.

After him Mr. Bulwer, also in Queen Elizabeth's service, took up the quest. But the substance of this gentleman had, unhappily, been wasted by riotous living, and her Majesty seems to have declined the expense of the undertaking. It was therefore proposed to her Council to establish a joint-stock company for gold-winning in Scotland. This company was to consist of twenty-four landed gentlemen, of £500 yearly income; and each was to disburse £300 in "money or victuals," for maintaining the enterprise. As an inducement additional to the hope of gain, each shareholder "was to be knighted, and called the Knight of the Golden Mine, or the Golden Knight." It was a hopeful-looking scheme, infinitely more respectable than some which a century later enriched their authors. But the age of bubble companies was not yet. The Earl of Salisbury crossed Mr. Bulwer's views, and the company fell to the ground, only one knight having ever been made. Mr. Bulwer writes "a great book" upon the mineral wealth of Scotland, and gives the following list of stones and metals which he had found:—"Gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, marble, alabaster, amethyst, and pearls." What other foot-prints he left upon the sands of time may be read by

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"Bulwer's
Skill."

the curious in a book called "Bulwer's Skill," in which he has recorded "all his acts, works, and devices."

Since his day there has been no gold that we know of found in Scotland. It is true, that lately the poor island of Skye for a moment believed herself pregnant with the precious metal. And it is still fabled that gold exists upon some parts of the Ochil range of hills. But no eye has ever seen it, although very many have sought for it. Indeed, our golden age is ended. Nothing is to be got among us now for the mere stooping to pick it up. And well for us that this is the case. Let us be thankful that we have nothing to attract the vagrant blackguardism of the world to our shores. While our severe, but not churlish, soil and climate continue to yield up bounteous harvests to our patient industry, we may contentedly resign to other lands the brilliant but perilous distinction which the possession of the precious metals confers.

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JAMES SIXTH AND FIRST.

IT was a Saturday night in early spring, and the King had retired to rest, when a weary and travel-worn rider alighted from his saddle at Holyrood. The stranger was immediately led to the King's bed-side, where, kneeling down, he announced to him that Queen Elizabeth was dead, and saluted him as her successor. It was Sir Robert Carey, who had spurred from London to be the first to tell the great tidings. Three days afterwards, James was proclaimed King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, at the Cross of Edinburgh, with the blare of trumpets, playing of instruments, singing, and immense cheering by the people. A hundred years before, that young girl who was met at Lamberton Kirk mingled the royal blood of England and Scotland; and now James, as the undisputed heir, quietly stepped into Elizabeth's throne.

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1603 A.D.

Great tid-
ings.

The Sabbath following, the King attended in the High Church of Edinburgh. After the sermon he made a speech to the people. His love, he said, to his ancient kingdom of Scotland could never change. He would visit them every three years at least, to take account of the administration of justice, and the conduct of his servants and officers. The meanest in the land should have free access to him to pour their complaints into his bosom. Next day but one, the King set out for London. His journey occupied a month, and resembled a triumphal procession all the way. The noblemen and gentlemen of

The King's
journey to
London.

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every shire convoyed him through their own shire. The jails on his route were thrown open, and the prisoners, except traitors and murderers, set free. As he approached London, the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and five hundred citizens, all well mounted, and with chains of gold about their necks, met him at Stamford Hill. Thus hearty and brilliant was the welcome which the kindly English gave to their Scottish King.

Loss of the
Court.

The Scotch, however, had small cause, in the first instance, to rejoice in the elevation of their King to the English throne. The loss of the Court with its trappings and pageantries, which brought custom to the booths of the Edinburgh merchants and gave employment to the craftsmen, was severely felt. Then the nobility and gentry followed the Court to London, and spent there the incomes of their Scotch estates. The intercourse between the two countries was so small that the money never came back. It made matters worse that France, which had long favoured the Scotch by admitting their exports into French ports at trifling duties, now withdrew the preference, to the great injury of the trade of Scotland.

Scots
abroad.

With her little trade thus sorely crippled, her Court gone, and her money all flowing south, Scotland afforded no field for the enterprise of her sons. Great numbers of them left their native land to push for room and living in the world elsewhere. They repaired in such swarms to London, that the King had proclamation made at all the market-crosses of Scotland, forbidding any man to leave the country without a passport from the Privy Council. Many passed beyond sea, and took service under foreign princes. They were ready to go wherever they heard the tuck of drum and the clink of gold. A strong national brigade of Scots served under the banners of the celebrated Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. Others entered the service of Austria, or the Italian States. Scots occasionally found themselves opposed to

Scots in the continental wars, and sometimes a party of them, mounting a breach, would be hailed by a Scotch voice, "Come on; this is not like gallanting at the Cross of Edinburgh!" Another numerous class of Scotsmen found an outlet as pedlars and petty traders in Germany and Poland. In those days, when all trading was done at fairs, the travelling merchant, who carried his goods on pack-horses, or bore his pack on his own back, was an important person. Scotch pedlars abounded all over the north of Europe, and carried on most of the inland trade. Cautious, frugal, and persevering, many of them returned to their native country with what enabled them to pass the rest of their lives in ease and comfort.

France, however, was the great resort of the wandering Scots at that time, as indeed it had been for centuries before. The intimacy between Scotland and France goes so far back that authentic information of its beginnings is lost. So early as the year 1313, there was a "Scotland Street" in Paris; so called from the great number of Scottish students living there. Dieppe also had its Scotland Street; which took its name from the Scots who, in entering or leaving France, were wont to make a halt there. Orleans had a "Street of the Scottish Sword," Scotch troops in the service of France being in the habit of quartering there. David, Bishop of Moray, founded the Scotch College in Paris in the year 1326, and it was usually filled with Scotch students. Even in remote and little known towns of France numerous Scotch resided. There was a Scotch colony at Metz in 1327, and another at Clermont-sur-Oise.

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Long inti-
macy with
France.

The Scots who wandered about France in the thirteenth century were known by their bare legs, their shoes thriftily carried in their hand, a loose coat of skins well patched, a pouch slung from the shoulder, and over all a cloak wrought of *bent*—the hard grass of the sea-shore,—such a grass cloak as the Gallegos of Spain wear at the present day.

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Our countrymen were not always popular in France. In 1384, a body of French peasants took one John Patrick, a Scottish gentleman, and put upon his head a red hot bassinet or steel bonnet, frying his brains and slaying him miserably. But then the peasantry were at war with the gentry, and John Patrick may have suffered not for being a Scot, but for being a gentleman. Charles VI. of France got a body of Scots to aid him against his English invaders. They were desperate fighters and feeders, and the French complained of them as "wine-skins and eaters of sheep." The Scot must have been extremely common in France at that time, for the same King Charles said, "I cannot go anywhere without finding before my beard a Scotchman, alive or dead."

Some of them, at least, returned home enriched by their sojourn in France. We read of one Hugh Kennedy, called *Hugh Come-with-the-penny*, who brought home French gold and purchased Scottish acres. Some of them must have had adventures fit to tickle the romancers, had not envious Time blotted them out. An old monk lived out his days in Dunfermline Abbey who had been with Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, in all her wars with the English, and who did not leave her till he saw her perish in the flames at Rouen. By order of the Abbot, his adventures were written out and attached to a copy of the *Chronicle of Scotland*. Does that precious narrative yet exist in some chest of mouldering parchments?

Scotch-French had formed itself into a dialect rasping on the ears of the Parisians of the sixteenth century, and even frisking in ballad metre. Sometimes the wind of fashion blew from Scotland. Scotch dances were at one time the rage at the French Court for twenty years together. At another period it was thought the height of family honour to be able to boast a Scotch descent. Even the great statesmen Sully and Colbert pretended to

Scottish blood, of which it is doubtful if they had a drop. CHAPTER
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“Haughty as a Scot”—“Through to the daylight, like a Scotch dagger”—“Scotch holy bread” (fat of beef, to wit)—were French proverbs, from which something of the temper and taste of our countrymen may be gathered.

The Scottish Guard of the French Kings was apparently instituted about the middle of the fifteenth century. These favoured troops, in their pale buff coats laced with silver, and their plumes of white and blue, were long the inseparable attendants of the Kings of France. The Guard continued to be called the Scottish Guard even after there had ceased to be Scotchmen in it. Down even to the middle of last century, when the sentries were changed at Versailles, the answer to the challenge was *Hamir*, a corruption of “I am here.” Enough, however, of this digression.

King James was fond of repeating, in his conceited way, that his accession to the throne of England had turned the borders of two hostile nations into the heart of one loving people. He ordered the places of strength on the borders to be dismantled, and their iron gates to be beaten into plough-shares. But it was not easy to make a Borderer lay down the lance for the olive branch. The most formidable offenders were carried to the Continent by Buccleuch, where the greater part of them fell in the Belgic wars. Many of those left behind were exterminated mercilessly by the Earl of Dunbar. A whole tribe of Grahams were forced from their homes on the banks of the Esk, and transported to Ireland. Notwithstanding these severe measures, it was many a day after this ere peace and order could make their home in these lawless districts. The moss-troopers continued to “lift” cattle, and follow their old habits of plunder, till the time of the great persecution, when the suffering

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ministers, who took refuge among their wilds, preached to them the gospel, and won them to the habits of peaceful subjects. Then at last the rush-bush kept the cow.



BORDER FORAY (FROM AN OLD PRINT).

The North.

The like sharp surgery was applied to the disorders of the North also. The Macgregors had a feud with the Colquhouns, who dwelt about Loch Lomond. The Macgregors came down in force, defeated the Colquhouns in Glenfruin, slaughtered a hundred and forty persons, and drove away six hundred cattle, eight hundred sheep and goats, and two hundred and eighty horses, burning and destroying houses, corn stacks, and whatever else had not feet to go. A mournful procession came to Edinburgh, bearing aloft the bloody shirts of the slaughtered Colquhouns. Vast indignation was stirred against the Macgregors. A commission was given to the Earl of Argyle to teach them a little law. Argyle raised his followers, and Huntly joined. A strong expedition advanced into

the country of the Macgregors. The Macgregors fled, with their women and children, to the most inaccessible parts of the Highlands, seeking shelter in caves and forests. Tracked and pursued by Argyle and Huntly, they wandered about for months, till fatigue, hardships, and hunger reduced them to despair.

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In this hopeless condition, the chief of the Macgregors received a message from Argyle desiring him to come and confer with him, under promise to let him go free if they should not come to an agreement. Macgregor went, and was well received. Argyle assured him that his Majesty would pardon him without doubt, and promised to send two gentlemen to England with him. With these fair promises Macgregor was content, and accompanied the Earl of Argyle to Edinburgh, with eighteen of his clan. The rest of the transaction is atrocious. Macgregor was conveyed to Berwick by a guard. The Earl had promised to put him out of Scotch ground, and so he did. The unhappy Macgregor, after being conducted over the English border, was brought back to Edinburgh. Two days afterwards he was hanged at the Cross, along with eleven of his friends and name. They all suffered upon one gallows, but the chief was hanged his own height above the rest. Such was a moral lesson to the disorderly clans in the seventeenth century.

Patrick Stewart, Earl of Orkney, was a cousin of the King's, his father having been one of the many bastards of James V. Earl Patrick—still remembered in Orkney tradition as "Black Pate"—was a man of kingly ideas, and, had his lot been cast in Egypt instead of Orkney, would have done very well as one of the Pharaohs. "Heaven is high, and the Czar is far away," says a Russian proverb. Orkney is far from Holyrood, and farther from London, and the Earl did his own pleasure in his domain, without the fear of the distant King before his eyes. Most astounding and extraordinary was the

Earl of
Orkney.

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system of tyranny and extortion which he carried on. He accused one and another of the gentry of the island of high treason, and tried them in his own court. But it was not his object to punish these gentlemen as traitors against the King. In that case, their forfeited estates would go to the King, which would be no profit to the Earl. The Earl was not so simple. The frightened "Udallers" were glad enough to compound with the formidable Earl by making over to him a portion of their lands, to save the remainder and their own necks. The Orkney potentate dealt in exactions of every description. He extorted taxes and duties. He created ferries, and levied exorbitant tolls on them. He compelled the people to work for him all manner of work. He forced them to row his boats and man his ships, to toil in his quarries, to convey stones and lime for the building of his palace and park walls, and to perform whatever other kinds of slave labour he chose to want, "without either meat, drink, or hire."

The Czar, though far away, sometimes hears at last. The doings of this tyrant of the isles attracted the attention of the law. He was seized and put in ward in Dumbarton Castle. What schemes were in his proud, fierce head it is difficult to guess. This is known: that, under his instructions, his son Robert occupied the Castle of Kirkwall with armed men, fortified the Cathedral, and stood ready to hold his own. As soon as word came to Edinburgh that Orkney was in rebellion, the King's Secret Council despatched the Earl of Caithness to bring it under. Two great cannons were wheeled down from Edinburgh Castle, and shipped at Leith, along with a strong military force. The expedition landed safely within a mile and a half of Kirkwall. The great cannons were planted against the castle. They shot, and got their answer in shot. The siege continued about a month, when the rebels gave in. Caithness returned to

Edinburgh with Robert Stewart and other prisoners, and the two great cannons passed up the High Street in glory, to the sound of drum and trumpet, with the keys of Kirkwall Castle hanging at their muzzles. CHAPTER
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Robert Stewart was condemned to death, and hanged at the Market Cross, along with five of his accomplices. He was a youth of only twenty-two, "of a tall stature and comely countenance." The people pitied him greatly, for it was his father's scheming that had led him to destruction. His father's execution soon followed. The ministers who tried to prepare him for death, finding him so ignorant that he could not say the Lord's Prayer, asked the Council to delay his execution for a few days, till he should be a little better informed. It was granted, and then he "went his way into the great darkness."

An entry in the record of the Kirk Session of Perth, under date a few years later than this, shows how utterly the proud house of Orkney had been abased:—"Disbursed at the command of the ministers, to a young man called Stewart, son to the late Earl of Orkney, seven shillings."

James was not long master of the English throne till he applied himself to his long-cherished desire of putting down the Presbyterian and setting up an Episcopal Church in Scotland. The spirit of liberty was too strong in his ancient kingdom to allow him to carry out such a despotic proceeding while he was King of Scotland only. But now, as King of England, the great additional power which he wielded enabled him to do his tyrannical pleasure. The first step was to deprive the Church of her General Assemblies. As long as General Assemblies could meet in freedom, bishops could never get authority in Scotland. Assemblies, therefore, must be destroyed. The Assembly, acting on its own right and liberty, had met at Aberdeen. While they were sitting, a messenger-at- Scheme
against
the
Church.

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arms entered, and charged them, in the King's name, to dismiss, on pain of rebellion. The Assembly did dismiss, appointing to meet again, however, in three months. James was furious at the ministers who had been present. Fourteen of them were sent to prison. Eight of these were banished to the remotest parts of the kingdom. The other six, after suffering fourteen months' imprisonment in the dungeons of Blackness, were banished to France. Welsh of Ayr, the son-in-law of Knox, was one of them.

Treachery
to Melville.

In this way a few of the abler and more influential ministers were disposed of. The weaker ones could be bribed, cajoled, or intimidated at leisure. But there remained some men of note, who must be got out of Scotland, if the schemes of the tyrant were to succeed. Chief of these was lion-hearted Andrew Melville, now a gray-haired man well advanced on life's downward path. Letters came down from the King, inviting him and seven others to London, to confer about matters concerning the peace of the Church of Scotland. Melville had strong suspicion of treachery, but he resolved to go. He never saw Scotland again. On a contemptible pretext, he was sent a prisoner to the Tower. Denied all use of writing materials, he amused himself by covering the walls of his prison with Latin verse, which he wrote with the tongue of his shoe-buckle. At the end of a year his imprisonment became less severe, but for three years longer he remained a prisoner in the Tower. In the end, he was banished to France, and there he died.

Ruthlessly and fast the breaking down of the Scottish Church proceeded. Her Assemblies and Synods and free meetings of the pastors of the Lord's flock, were turned into shams, packed with King's creatures, or forcibly suppressed. Bishops and archbishops were set up in all due state. The King, of his own mere authority, set up a monstrous engine of tyranny, called the Court of High

Commission, with the Archbishop of St. Andrews at its head. This Scottish Inquisition had power to summon before them any individual whatever, to examine into his life, conversation, and opinions, on matters of religion, and to fine, imprison, or banish at discretion. The civil and religious liberties of Scotland were laid prostrate at its feet. James had got his wretched will.

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“And did he triumph? So he deemed.
But had he triumphed? No! he dreamed.”

George Buchanan toiled to make a scholar of James, and only succeeded in making him a pedant. Yet out of this very pedantry came a result far transcending the noble teacher's utmost hope. At a farce called the “Hampton Court Conference,” where James had the opportunity of showing off his learning to his heart's content before an assemblage of clergy, good Dr. Reynolds made a request: “May your Majesty be pleased that the Bible be new translated, such as are extant not answering to the original?” James caught at the idea. To be the patron of such a work of learning exactly suited his vanity. He pronounced that it should be done.

Fifty-four men of learning were appointed to this great work. Seven of them died, or declined the task. The remaining forty-seven were divided into six sets. Two sets sat at Westminster, two at Oxford, two at Cambridge. They settled their method, made a division of the work, and went through with it nobly. The time they took was between three and four years. “They, with Jacob, rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well of life; so that now even Rachel's weak women may freely come both to drink themselves and water the flocks of their families at the same.”

Passing by all the blessings that have come to the souls of men for two hundred and fifty years through the

The Eng-
lish Bible.

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medium of our English Bible, let the intelligent reader weigh its mere literary advantages. It is not only the standard translation, it is the standard of the English tongue. The English Bible is the anchor of the English language. Down to the time of James VI., the language was in a state of continual flux. It changed so fast, that an author could scarce be understood by the third generation. This tendency was arrested, and arrested, there can be no question, by our English Bible. Shakespeare was living and writing in the reign of King James. The English language of to-day, at the end of two centuries and a half, is not farther from Shakespeare than Shakespeare is from Spenser, who was his predecessor by only some twenty years. The change in two hundred and fifty years since the publication of the English Bible, has not been so great as it was before in less than a single generation. But for the Bible—the universal book—the great writers of the seventeenth century would have been unintelligible to us now. And then, think what a Babel the English language, spoken over such immense regions of the earth and under such endlessly diversified conditions of human existence, would speedily become if it had no standard to keep it from drifting away.

1617 A.D.

James visited his native kingdom only once after his removal to England. His poverty, caused by his senseless profusion, kept him at home. Having, however, as he expressed it, “a natural and salmon-like affection to see the place of his breeding,” he at length paid a visit to Scotland. Pleased to see their King once more, his northern subjects gave him both a hearty and a splendid reception. For one thing, they took care to gratify his taste for the classic tongues by abundance of poems and speeches in Latin; and when he went, on his fifty-first birth-day, to visit the room in Edinburgh Castle where he was born, a boy nine years of age welcomed him at the

gate in a Hebrew speech! But it filled the thoughts of many godly men with concern, to see that the King, instead of countenancing the worship of the Scottish Church, had all the English ceremonies begun in the Chapel of Holyrood. Indeed it was but too evident that the real object of his visit was to push on his darling scheme of imposing upon Scotland that system of Prelacy to which the consciences of the great body of the Scottish people could not submit.

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JAMES AND HIS QUEEN.

In his later years, James indulged grossly in eating and drinking—habits which probably rendered him an easier prey to the disease that carried him off. He died in the fifty-ninth year of his age. Crowned King of Scotland in his cradle, he succeeded, in the very prime of his manhood, to the throne of England, which the long and splendid reign of Elizabeth had raised to a lofty eminence among the nations. What a magnificent fortune it was which descended upon this most pitiful of all the Stewarts!

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His long reign, which should have been so great, and which was so little and so mean, was spent in sowing the seeds of future troubles. He sowed the dragon's teeth, and the harvest of armed men sprang up in the days of his son.

James's timidity made him constantly wear on his fat body a dress stuffed and padded thick enough to resist the stroke of a dagger. He had large staring eyes, ever rolling about. His tongue was too big for his mouth, so that he spoke thick. His large tongue "made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup on each side of his mouth." As he never washed his hands, but only wiped the points of his fingers on a wet napkin, the honour of kissing the royal hand must have exceeded the pleasure.

His only daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, was married to Frederick, Elector Palatine of the Rhine. Through her, Queen Victoria counts her descent from the Stewarts.

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BEYOND HER LINE.

DURING the greater portion of those years which lie between the Reformation and the Revolution, the Church is not found restricting herself to the care of spiritual things. She expatiates over the whole field of our national life—civil as well as sacred—with a freedom of range which is to us surprising. Wherever the Church deemed that her interference might be salutary, there the Church interfered. And her interference in civil affairs was sanctioned and accepted gladly by the public opinion of the time. The Romish Church had been enormously wealthy. She owned a full half of all Scottish soil. Her clergy, the administrators of revenues so vast and at the same time possessors of powers supernatural and awful, exercised an authority which was unresisted and irresistible. That place in the public eye, from which they by wickedness fell, was occupied by the ministers of the Reformed Church. These were without the influence which wealth confers. But they had the clerical character, which, worthily borne, has always in Scotland been a passport to respect. And in an unlettered and unscrupulous age they stood forth men of education, of intellectual ability, of moral worth. They were visibly the most capable men for public work of every kind. A position of supremacy in all matters was naturally assigned to them, and as naturally assumed by them. For doing so they have been blamed, but most unjustly. Before we state their obvious vindication let us note a few of

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Interference of the
Church in
civil affairs

the features of that civil rule of the Church which it has been so much the fashion ignorantly to condemn.

The Church was constantly recognised by James VI., as a power in the temporal concerns of his kingdom. When he embarked for Denmark to bring home his bride, he directed that an Edinburgh minister should be consulted regarding all matters of state during his absence. He was once at Aberdeen quelling the rebellion of certain Popish lords. The crafty foe, knowing too surely how inconsiderable were the pecuniary resources of the King, chose to await in secure recesses the inevitable dispersion of the royal forces. James sent a clergyman to the Presbytery of Edinburgh to beseech that that body would raise for him the moneys needful for the prosecution of the war. When ambassadors from foreign princes came to be present at the baptism of his son, James again appeals to the Presbytery to obtain for him the means of providing, with becoming splendour, for the maintenance of his guests. The ministers habitually reviewed his administration of secular affairs. The King habitually discussed these matters with them, and defended his policy as best he could.

The national resistance to the mad tyranny of Charles I. was in large measure headed by ministers. Ministers bore a full share in all the deliberations out of which that resistance sprung. Ministers accompanied the patriot armies. Ministers conducted negotiations. Ministers took their place, occasionally to little profit, in councils of war.

But apart from questions of imperial policy, it fell to the Church of the seventeenth century to regulate a multitude of affairs which are now taken charge of by civil authorities. The Presbytery of St. Andrews overture the Synod regarding the decay of bridges within their bounds. The Presbytery of Lanark call upon the Earl of Angus to delay no longer the building of a certain

bridge over the Clyde. The same Presbytery ordain Lord Douglas, an incorrigible and inconvenient Papist within their bounds, not only to hold family worship and appoint a tutor for his children, but also to make reparation to his injured and oppressed tenants. "Pennie briddels" were forbidden, until a sum of money was lodged as security against the improprieties which usually attended these celebrations. Once when the plague raged in the neighbourhood, the Kirk-Session of Humbie forbade communication with any suspected locality. The Presbytery of St. Andrews remonstrate with the magistrates against quartering soldiers upon females, and grant permission to an excommunicated person to marry. The Kirk-Session of Perth decree a public repentance for all persons who go about noisily molesting their neighbours; imprisonment for those who are licentious; and a fine of twenty shillings for those who superstitiously resort to the Dragon Hole in Kinnoul Hill. In 1608 Gavin Thomson was besieged in his own house in Peebles, and had not the minister led forth several well affected persons to the rescue, Gavin must have been murdered. Finally, a citizen of Perth complained to the Kirk-Session that his neighbour, down stairs, had a fire but no chimney, and had thus rendered himself a nuisance. The Session forbade that neighbour to light his fire any more until he procured a chimney.

It is evident that at the outset the Church did not recognise the truth that her province was exclusively spiritual. In assuming the care of civil affairs she violated none of her own theories, for she regarded that as a part of her function. In reply to King James's claim to "sovereign judgment" in a civil matter, a minister reminded him, "There is a judgment above yours, and that is God's, put in the hand of the ministry." During the same reign, it was affirmed by a General Assembly to be needful and expedient for ministers to

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vote in Parliament. In Popish times, ecclesiastical pretension overspread the land, and it was a century or more before the waters of that deluge retired within their own proper limits. The doctrine of universal ecclesiastical supremacy received a fatal wound at the Reformation, but for a generation or two afterwards it had not ceased to exercise a measure of influence in fashioning the opinions of men.

The action of the Church in secular affairs is not, however, to be traced to the lingering power of this ancient fallacy. Her circumstances and those of the country explain and amply vindicate her cause.

Vindica-
tion.

The Church became a judge and a divider among the people because there was no one else to do so. The royal authority had never been, in any considerable degree, pervasive. Where it was strongest, it was still altogether ineffective to prevent or punish violence; and at a distance from its seat it was unfelt or wholly unknown. The nobles were truly the Government. What justice the people received was dispensed by them. But not long after the Reformation the authority of the nobles experienced a remarkable decay. When James removed to England many of them became non-resident. By the middle of the seventeenth century the position of this once powerful body had so far changed that Baillie, indulging in no very considerable exaggeration, speaks of it almost as a memory of the past. "Our noble families," he says, "are almost gone. Lennox has little in Scotland unsold. Hamilton's estate is sold. Argyle is no more drowned in debt than in public hatred. The Gordons are gone; the Douglas little better Eglinton and Glencairn on the brink of breaking. Many of our chief families' estates are cracking." Nor were the towns as yet sufficiently strong to protect the well-disposed, and control the unruly among their own citizens. At the end of the sixteenth century the population of Perth

was under 9000; of Aberdeen and Paisley under 3000. CHAPTER
Dunfermline contained 120 houses, and Greenock was a LXVIII.
single row of fishermen's huts.

Everywhere over this lawless and ungoverned country were the manifold organizations of the Church—Synod, Presbytery, Kirk-Session—possessing in the highest degree the love and confidence of the people, and never doubting that it was a part of their function to supply secular rule as well as ecclesiastical where they found it wanting. In every parish the most capable men met together, a recognised power, and often the only one, in the neighbourhood. What more natural than that where they found a wrong, they should redress it—where they found a wrong-doer, they should humble him? Doubtless they many times erred. Their records present not a little at which shallow jests may be pointed. But this praise is beyond question theirs, that they supplied better government than was otherwise procurable at the time: and this, too, that when the time came and their purpose was served, when the powers to whom civil rule more fittingly belongs became strong enough to exercise it, the Church retired within her own province. The priests of Papal Rome began their management of secular affairs much as the Reformed ministers of Scotland did—because adequate government was not supplied by any properly civil power. In the one case the carnal instinct of a corrupt Church induced a sustained attempt, which was but too successful, to grasp a great temporal sovereignty. In the other, a pure Church divests herself at the earliest moment of a charge which was foreign to her nature and only accepted under compulsion of circumstances. After the Revolution we hear little or nothing of the management of civil affairs by ecclesiastical authorities.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE COVENANT.

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1625 A.D.
Charles I.

CHARLES I. was a young man of four-and-twenty when he succeeded his father on the throne. His foolish parent had brought him up in his own insane notions of kingship. Kings rule by Divine right. Kings are accountable to God alone. A King's mere will is above all law, and to resist it in any way is a crime. This was his creed—a creed destined to rouse the English and Scottish nations to “actions of a very high nature, leading to untrodden paths.” But the fatal vice of his nature was his utter falsity. No mortal could trust his promises. Lying was with him a kingly right and prerogative. As a King, he was privileged to work himself out of every difficulty by dint of lies. If forced by necessity to yield and make some concession, he was entitled, as soon as the pressure was past, to cast all his promises to the winds.

His reign from first to last was full of wicked blunders. Hating Presbytery as intensely as his father had hated it, and resolved, with all the force of his narrow, obstinate soul, to have an Episcopal Church in Scotland perfect to a hem or a fringe, he was delayed by that which delays kings and cobblers—the want of money. The nobility had clutched, each man his cantle, of the broad lands once belonging to the Popish Church, and those rich estates were still in the hands of their successors. Let there be an Act of Revocation. Let the lands be taken back by the Crown to support the grandeur of an Episcopal Church. Catch the lion by the beard, and deliver

the prey out of his mouth. Charles sent the Earl of Nithsdale to propose it to the Scottish Parliament. Those who should willingly submit were to experience his Majesty's favour. The most rigorous proceedings would be taken against those who might refuse.

Give up our lands? No, as long as our swords are steel! Immeasurable was the rage of the barons and gentry. They held a private meeting among themselves, at which they resolved that if Nithsdale should press the measure, they would fall on with murder tools and kill him and all his supporters in open Parliament. Lord Belhaven, a man aged and blind, caused himself to be placed beside one of Nithsdale's party. He would make sure of that one. They set him beside the Earl of Dumfries. Holding him fast with one hand, and apologizing for it on account of his blindness, the ferocious old Lord grasped in his other hand a dagger concealed in his bosom, ready to plunge it home as soon as the signal should be given. Nithsdale, however, learning something of the desperate resolution of the nobles, forbore to press the detested measure. But the wrath which the King had roused by the attempt was not likely to be soon laid.

Scotland got no sight of her King's face for the first eight years of his reign. Wretched, bungled wars with Spain and France, and difficulties about money, kept him all these years from so much as coming to be crowned King of his ancient kingdom. His northern capital received him, when he did come, with unbounded delight. The streets were railed and sanded, and spanned by triumphal arches with all sorts of quaint floral devices, for it was the leafy month of June. The citizens, in their best clothes and arms, lined the streets. The Cross was made to run wine. Where the Tron Church now stands, a huge Mount Parnassus, all green with birks, was erected, with the nine Muses waiting to welcome the King

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to his native soil. Cannon boomed from the gray old Castle, and music and minstrelsy vied with the chiming bells. The impression, however, which Charles made on his warm-hearted subjects was not favourable. His manner was cold and repulsive. His face was pale and grave, and a weakness in the eyes made his look unpleasant. Thoughtful men beheld with wonder and grief the Popish forms and ceremonies used at his coronation.

Arch-
bishop
Laud.

With the King there came a little, square-faced, dark-eyed man—the haughtiest littleness ever seen. This was the famous Archbishop Laud, the evil genius of Charles's reign, who “came in like a fox, reigned like a lion, and died like a dog.” Scotland knew soon enough what Laud's visit meant. It meant that the King was resolved to take measures for reducing the Church of Scotland into strict conformity with the Church of England. Like stuff delivered into the tailor's hand to make a garment, the Presbyterian Church was delivered into the hands of Laud to be shaped according to his pattern. The pattern that would have pleased him best was probably the scarlet robe of the woman that sitteth on the scarlet-coloured beast. Being at Dunblane, he visited the Cathedral there, which was not in the best state of repair. A bystander remarked that it was more beautiful before the Reformation. “Reformation, fellow! you should say Deformation,” rejoined the little Archbishop.

About this time matters in England were coming to a dangerous pass. Charles and his Laud, bent on forcing all Englishmen to worship in their way, had come in contact with that strength against which the power of kings avails nothing—the strength of conscience. What with pillorying, slitting of noses, burning on the cheek, cutting out of ears, scourging, and the like, England had seen sights to make the great heart within her burning hot. Dr. Leighton, a grave, learned, pious divine, wrote a book against Prelacy, or the bishop-plan of a Church.

For this he was twice publicly whipped, his ears cut out, his nostrils slit up, his cheeks burned with a branding-iron, and his tongue bored. Three gentlemen—Prynne, a lawyer; Bastwick, a physician; and Burton, a clergyman—had offended Laud by speaking against his ceremonies. For this they were set upon a scaffold, their ears cut off by the hangman, and their cheeks stamped “S.L.,” seditious libeller, with red-hot irons, a vast crowd, silent and pale, looking on. Great numbers of persons, willing rather to banish themselves from their country than yield up their freedom to worship God according to their conscience, fled to other lands. One little band, memorable for evermore, sailed in the ship *Mayflower* over the Atlantic to the boundless lands of the West, and founded there the Colony of New England, to grow in due time into the mighty Republic of America. There had been forced loans to supply the King with money; taxes levied without consent of Parliament, and indeed without any Parliament to give consent; tyrannical misgovernment, mad and maddening. This was the course of things in England for twelve years past. 1637 A.D.

These twelve years were very quiet in Scotland. There was no General Assembly, and no meeting of Parliament, except one at the time of his Scottish coronation, which Charles browbeat with an overbearing insolence that only slaves could ever forget. Scotland was saying nothing, but bitterly feeling a great deal. Her faithful ministers were banished, and worthless hirelings thrust into their room. But the life was strong in religion at that time, and many remembered in sorrow the good days of the gospel they had enjoyed, before the freedom of the Church was trampled down to exalt a lordly Prelacy on its ruins. The Divine Spirit had breathed upon many parts of the land, and times of refreshing had come from the presence of the Lord. A memorial of those times still remains among us, in our Communion Monday, the day following Revival

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the dispensation of the Lord's Supper. This sacred ordinance had been celebrated at the Kirk of Shotts in Lanarkshire, in the presence of a great multitude of people from all the neighbouring country. The Sabbath was over and Monday had come, but still the people, hungering for the Word, refused to be sent away. A young preacher, Mr. John Livingstone, chaplain to the Countess of Wigtown, was prevailed upon to preach. He began in fear and trembling, but he was led out into such a powerful, affecting strain, as subdued and melted every heart. So mightily wrought the power of the Holy Spirit that nearly five hundred persons could date their saving change from that day, and it was the sowing of a seed which bore fruit through all Clydesdale. From this time began the practice so universally observed in all the parishes of Scotland of setting apart for public worship the Monday following the Sacrament of the Supper.

The fire-damp, well known to the miner as his deadly foe, sifting in through some unnoticed crack or crevice, mingles with the air of the mine, and forms a compound more inflammable than gunpowder. Then, if but one uncovered candle approaches, the magazine of death is fired, blasting to destruction every living thing within its reach, and belching flame and wreck far aloft from the pit-mouth. The fire-damp had got into the air, both in England and in Scotland, and Charles approached it with his candle.

Bishops and Archbishops, and whatever else belongs to the Episcopal way of Church government, had been for now some thirty years forced upon the Church of Scotland. Charles and his Laud thought the time come for making the Scots use the Episcopal forms of worship also, and thus completing the uniformity between the Churches of the two kingdoms. Accordingly they caused a Liturgy or Service-Book to be prepared for use in Scotch congregations. It was framed by the Bishops of Ross and Dunblane on the pattern of the English Prayer-

Book, and submitted to Laud for his approval. It came back with numerous alterations. "I have seen the book," says Kirkton, "corrected with Bishop Laud's own hand, where, in every place which he corrected, he brings the word as near the Missal as English can be to Latin." Corrected and cobbled, this remarkable production, destined to make such a noise in the world, was got ready at length. An order came down to all ministers to begin the use of it on Sabbath the 23rd of July, on pain of being "put to the horn," and treated as rebels against King and law. Now, there may be no harm in a prayer-book. There is no harm in a pair of crutches. Crutches enable one to walk a little who cannot walk at all, and a prayer-book may help those to pray who cannot pray without it. But no tyrant in his freak ever thought of compelling all men, lame or not lame, to walk on crutches. Shall God's free Spirit, who helpeth the infirmities of His people in prayer, be limited by your wretched book? It was Charles's pleasure, however, that all his subjects should pray by his book, and so he ordered it to be. 1637 A.D.

The day appointed for beginning the use of the book arrived. A great crowd filled the High Church of Edinburgh. The Dean in his "whites" came from the vestry and passed to the reading-desk amid deep silence. No sooner did he open the book than a great uproar arose. A woman, named Janet Geddes, who kept a cabbage stall at the Tron, grasped the little folding stool on which she sat, and threw it at the Dean's head, crying, "Out! thou false thief, dost thou say mass at my *lug*?" The Dean, quite forgetful of his dignity, bobbed down his head, and the missile flew harmless. The Bishop of Edinburgh mounted the pulpit, and seemed to be trying to pacify the enraged multitude, but not a word was heard amid the din. The greater part of the people speedily left the church, and the magistrates with much difficulty got the

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rioters turned out. The service was then performed with shut doors, an angry mob gathering outside. Service over, the Bishop, in a bravado, would walk through the mob. He would have been roughly handled, but luckily at that moment the Earl of Roxburgh, passing in his coach, took him in, and drove off at speed. The Tron Church was then being built, on the spot where Mount Parnassus stood about four years before, and the mob, picking up stones, made them rattle about the retreating coach.

This petty tumult, a mere spurt of indignation on the part of some of the lowest of the people, proved the death-blow of the Service-Book. It needed small signal to set all Scotland, and England too, in commotion, and this Edinburgh riot did it. It was the spark that fired the powder. The tumult, which began with the throwing of the cabbage-woman's stool, was not laid till a throne was shivered, and a King's head rolled on the scaffold. It was the beginning of a struggle which lasted for fifty years, and by which the glorious heritage of British freedom was secured.

One Mr. William Annan, minister of Ayr, preached a sermon at Glasgow in defence of the Service-Book. Unwisely venturing out after dark, he was set upon by some hundreds of enraged women. They buffeted him with peats—for peats were stacked within burgh in those days. They beat him with fists and sticks. At the noise of his cries, lanterns were set out at many windows—the common way then of lighting the streets—and he escaped with but little hurt, a torn cloak and ruff, and a ruinous hat. The magistrates of Glasgow did not think fit to inquire into the affair, for it was well enough known that many of the women engaged in the rough handling of "Mess John" belonged to the most considerable families in the town.

Excite-
ment.

The excitement spread over the country like fire set

to heather. Petitions from all parts against the enforcement of the Service-Book—a perfect snow-storm of petitions—drifted in at the door of the Privy Council chamber. The Council acted with some sense. They did nothing, or as near to nothing as they could, and they wrote a temperate letter to the King, advising him of the serious crisis which the attempt to enforce the book had brought on. The obstinate, unconvincible King returned a sour answer, taxing them with cowardice, and commanding that the Service-Book should be pressed without delay. In utter violation of the chartered rights of the burghs, he ordered them to choose no persons as their magistrates except such as would conform to the new order of things!

This letter increased the excitement, of course. An immense multitude—noblemen, gentry, farmers, burghers, tradesmen, labourers—gathered to Edinburgh. They came from all parts of the country, from the Grampians to the Solway. They crowded the streets, and when lodging failed to the vast throng, they encamped at the gates and beneath the walls of the city. They had come on no violent or tumultuous errand. What they had come to do was simply to petition the King against the Service-Book and the change on public worship. The King, strong in his weakness, refused all concession. He condemned the proceedings of the petitioners as unlawful, and forbade their meetings under pain of treason. As for the Service-Book, it must be used instantly. Poor King! the storm is up, and its winds and waves will probably not be still at your rebuke.

Far from it. On the contrary, the gathering at Edinburgh proceed straightway to give themselves such a formation as will enable them to defend their rights. Four TABLES, or committees, are appointed—one from the nobles, one from the gentry, one from the burghs, and one from the ministers, with a general table, formed of members from the other four. This table, or highest

The Tables.

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council, is intrusted with the management of the cause. For every county and for every town subordinate councils are named, to execute the instructions of this highest council. Here, then, is a government which the people of Scotland have given to themselves, and which they will obey and support—to the death, if need be—for is not this people now roused to “actions of a very high nature, leading to untrodden paths?”

When the news of these doings reached London, Charles and his Laud were deeply enraged. As Laud was going to the Council table, he was met by Archie Armstrong, the King’s fool. “Wha’s fule now?” said Archie. “Doth not your grace hear the news about the Liturgy?” But the poor fool’s jest cost him dear. Laud was in bitter mood, and complained to the Council of the insult. The Council ordained that “Archibald Armstrong, for certain scandalous words of a high nature, spoken by him against his grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, should have his coat pulled over his head and be banished the court.” An acquaintance met Archie, after his expulsion, dressed in black, and asked him what had become of his fool’s coat. “Oh,” said Archie, “my lord of Canterbury hath taken it from me, because either he or some of the Scotch bishops may have use of it for themselves. But he hath given me a black coat for it, to cover my knavery withal.”

The Cove-
nant.

Scotland had risen in mass to declare against the Service-Book and the tyranny which was forcing it on the nation. To give union and strength to their resistance, a decisive and memorable thing was done. This measure, adopted under the guidance of “The Tables,” was the signing of the COVENANT. If Englishmen look back with reverence to their Magna Charta, with reverence as great does every true Scotchman look back to the National Covenant. It saved our country from absolute despotism. It was the impressive commencement of a

struggle which, enduring through blood and tears for half a century, had its triumphant issue in securing the liberties of Britain.

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This memorable bond was first signed at Edinburgh, in the Greyfriars' Church and church-yard there. A solemn fast was held. From all parts of the kingdom sixty thousand persons gathered. After sermon, a young lawyer stands up, with a great sheet of parchment in his hand, and reads it in a clear, ringing voice. It is Archibald Johnstone of Warriston, a man able and worthy to speak for the cause of Christ before kings. He reads the covenant to-day, and a day is coming when he will die for it. The vast congregation listen with solemn earnestness to the words of the holy vow by which they are to bind themselves to God: "We do hereby profess, and before God, his angels, and the world, solemnly declare, that with our whole heart we agree and resolve all the days of our life constantly to adhere unto and to defend the true religion," and "to labour by all means lawful to recover the purity and liberty of the gospel as it was established and professed before the late innovations."

1st March
1638.

Archibald
Johnstone.

Mark him who now addresses the vast assemblage. It is James, Earl of Loudon, the most eloquent man of his time, a born orator and leader. What power and persuasion dwell on his lips, as he exhorts them all to zeal and perseverance in the cause of the Lord! The great multitude now engages in prayer. Mark well that minister who leads the devotion; a man of middle age, with pointed beard, and soft dark hazel eye, giving an expression of singular mildness to his strong, grave, Scotch face; noble in his bearing; ready, eloquent, and weighty in speech; in learning profound; a man able to do greatly in a great time. This is Alexander Henderson, minister of Leuchars. These twenty years past, he, from his quiet Fife manse, has looked sorrowing on the oppressions of Zion. Now the hand of Zion's King has led him forth,

Alexander
Henderson.

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—

and he shall be the man to speak with the enemies in the gate.

An aged nobleman, the venerable Earl of Sutherland, was the first to sign the Covenant. Then name followed name, till all in the church had signed. The parchment was then carried out to the church-yard, where a flat grave-stone served for desk, and, amid tears and exclamations of gladness and thankfulness, the signing went on. After that day in Edinburgh, the Covenant was carried with incredible rapidity to all parts of the kingdom. Gentlemen, clergy, citizens, labourers, assembled in crowds to swear it and sign it. In less than six weeks Scotland was banded together under the Covenant. This, then, is their attitude. They have taken the oath of God to recover and defend the freedom of religion; and they mean, in the sight of Heaven, to do it. For this people tell you plainly—eloquent Loudon giving voice to a nation's defiance of tyrannous threatenings—"We know no other bands between a king and his subjects than those of religion and the laws; and if these are broken, men's lives are not dear to them. Threatened we shall not be; such fears are past with us."

Scotland, banded together under the Covenant, can now tell King Charles what she wants and is resolved to have—A FREE PARLIAMENT, A FREE GENERAL ASSEMBLY—surely a fair and moderate demand. Charles tried manœuvres to divide them, delays, intimidations—all to no purpose. The Covenanters, aware of their strength, kept steadily to their demand. If the King's consent to hold a General Assembly could be obtained, it were well; but if not, an Assembly can be held without his consent. An Assembly, manifestly, cannot be prevented. But if it must be held, things can yet be so managed as to make it empty of real power and consequence. Give it to them, then, to amuse them, while powder and ball are being got ready.

The King called the Assembly. In the old High Church of Glasgow, in the dull November weather, the Assembly met. It consisted of a hundred and forty ministers, freely chosen by their Presbyteries, and ninety-eight ruling elders. Seventeen of the ruling elders were noblemen, nine were knights, twenty-five were landed proprietors, and forty-seven were burgesses of good position. The Marquis of Hamilton was there as King's Commissioner, with instructions, as may be seen in the King's secret correspondence, long since published to the world, to use all his endeavours to divide the Assembly, by sowing jealousy between the clergy and the laity. On no account was he to allow them to meddle with the bishops. Before it should come to that, he was to dismiss the Assembly.

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1638 A.D.
Glasgow
Assembly.

But what if the clergy and laity see through your design, and cannot be got to fall out? What if the Assembly refuse to be dismissed? The Commissioner *was* driven to play his last card, and dismiss the Assembly, under pain of treason. The Assembly sat still, calling for candles in a very cool manner, and going on with the business of trying the bishops for their usurpation and tyranny over the Church, and for heavy moral offences besides. The proceedings lasted an entire month. Bishops, and the whole fabric of Prelacy, were solemnly condemned and swept out. The Presbyterian Church of Scotland was restored free and entire. All that had been done since the *Tulchan* apparatus was first set up, the work of forty years and more, was smitten down at a blow.

There is a quiet little church, nestled in a clump of woodland, overlooking the gentle waters of the Eden, near the town of Cupar in Fife. It is the parish church of Dairsie, built by Archbishop Spottiswood as a model of the churches with which all Scotland was to be covered for the celebration of the English service. A covenanted people rose up to assert their right to worship God accord-

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ing to their conscience, the mighty scheme was shivered into ruin, and this little country church is all that remains to represent the vast project of King and Prelates which awoke the wild commotions of the seventeenth century.

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DUNSE LAW.

OUR Glasgow Assembly brought its work to a close in the short days of December. It is spring now, and ploughs are going, and east winds blowing—seed-time for oats and barley, but harvest-time of the dragon's teeth. That stern harvest has begun, and the armed men have sprung up over all the land. Every parish is sending off its band of men of war. In every village the smith is at work shaping lance-head, pole-axe, or halbert, and the hammers go with clink and bang day and night. The little towns that girdle the coast of Fife are busy every one in building battery and digging ditch, and getting ship-guns into position. Leith is being fortified with rampart and fosse. Hundreds of volunteer labourers handle the spade. Noblemen and gentlemen dig and delve, and ladies of rank carry the earth-baskets with their soft white hands—to such a degree of red or white heat has the zeal of Scotland mounted up. Cannon and muskets, powder and pikes are coming in from Holland and Sweden; and a foundery, blazing in the Potter Row suburb outside the walls of Edinburgh, promises to supply us with cannon of our own. Over all the kingdom there is tramping and drilling of men, with "Port your pike," and "Slope your pike," and "Charge your pike." Bronzed veterans, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus and seen the fields of Leipsic and Lutzen, train bodies of stalwart clean-limbed fellows to all battle movements after the most improved fashion. Here, horse and foot are drawn

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Note of
preparation.

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up in order of battle by alternate columns. There, musketeers fire by platoons, with pikemen in front and cannon at the angles—short, dumpy field-pieces, which the men call “Sandy’s stoups.” On every tower and hill stands a beacon-pole, tall and strong, with a bar of iron slung across it, and bearing a fire-grate and “brander” for a tar barrel. This is our fire telegraph, whose glare shall flash over all Scotland the tidings of the enemy’s approach.

The King’s
plans.

What enemy, then? Our own King. Deeply enraged with that bold Glasgow Assembly which had cast down his bishops, Charles determined to chastise Scotland for this whole business of the Covenant, and to get our neck under his feet. An army, led by himself, is to invade us by the Border. An army is to be landed in the north, and the two invasions, from the north and from the south, are to sweep on till they meet. There is to be an invading eastern fleet in the Firth of Forth, and an invading western fleet in the Firth of Clyde; and, to crown all, an invasion by the Earl of Antrim, with ten thousand Irish, on the coast of Argyle. We are like to be hard bestead. But we shall try to “lay some straws in their way”—some slight obstacles which may bring our enemies to a halt.

In the beginning of May the King’s fleet, of twenty war ships and several smaller vessels, with five thousand troops on board, bore up into Leith Roads. The beacon-fires glared out, hill top signalling to hill top, and darting the alarm broad and far. Tramping along all highways, armed men come pouring into Edinburgh—a comfortable sight to anxious citizens. The fleet, which came to blockade us, is itself blockaded; for so well are both shores of the spacious Firth defended that not a boat can near the beach. The anchored ships swing idly with the tide. Crowded with troops, miserably victualled and watered, disease broke out in them and swept off many victims.

Had it not been for the islands of Inchkeith and Inchcolm, which we, in our hot bustle, omitted to fortify, and on which they landed their sick, the English war ships would have been mere pest hulks, horrible floating masses of itch and small-pox.

Meanwhile, the King, with his army of invasion, had advanced to the Border, and lay encamped beside the Tweed, on a fair plain called the Birks, about three miles above Berwick. The Scottish army, under the command of General Sir Alexander Leslie, had moved south to meet him. Leslie, a little, bent, old man, had seen the front of battle lower in many a stricken field, serving Holland against Spain, and fighting by the side of the great Gustavus against the Imperialists of Germany. Our "old, little, crooked soldier," had been in the wars of the giants, and those keen gray eyes of his had looked on many stern sights.

There is a hill beside the little Border town of Dunse, a round grassy and broomy hill, rising with an easy slope to the height of a bow-shot. The top forms a little plain, about a quarter of a mile in length and as much in breadth. This is *Dunse Law*. Our General has set his eye upon it as a strength lying in the middle between the two ways leading to Edinburgh—the Haddington way and the Soutra way. On the first day of June, when 1639 A.D. boys might be bird-nesting among the yellow broom of the Law, that notable hill had its quiet strangely broken in upon. The Scottish army, which had been lying in two divisions, at Dunglass and at Kelso, met and united there. The silent, breezy hill, with its golden broom and bird-nesting boys, became suddenly populous with armed men. General Leslie has come to encamp here. Dunse, from under its thatched eaves, beholds his forty cannon trailed along with lumbering rattle. Dunse sees the little crooked General himself, as, perched on his charger, he goes pacing by. The grassy Law is trans-

Leslie at
Dunse
Law.

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formed into a town of timber huts, roofed with straw or turf. All round the sides of the hill run the huts in even rows, and there the regiments have their quarters. The colonels lie in canvas lodges, high and wide; the captains lie about them in lesser ones. Flying at the tent door of its captain, each company has a colour stamped



COVENANTERS' FLAG.

with the Scottish arms, and these words in golden letters—*For Christ's Crown and Covenant.* The forty field-pieces, pointing east and south, show grim over the brow of the hill.

Noblemen to near a score are here, mostly in the command of regiments. Each regiment has its minister, and among the

Robert
Baillie.

ministers there is one we know—the Reverend Robert Baillie of Kilwinning. A year ago, solid Baillie held it as a point of God's truth "that all resistance to the supreme magistrate, in any case, is simply unlawful." It took him a sore while to read himself out of this article of his faith, and heavy was the travail of his spirit as he bent over such deep doctors as Bilson, Grotius, and Rivett, in his old manse of Kilwinning in the west. But such amazing success has the infatuated King in turning his most devoted subjects against him, that Baillie, quite clear now on the duty of resistance, is here at Dunse Law, with "half a dozen good fellows," furnished with pike and musket out of his own pocket. His servant, too, rides after him with a broadsword at his loins. The minister himself is girt with a sword, and carries a pair of Dutch pistols at his saddle-bow. "For I was as a man," he says, "who had taken my leave of the world, and was resolved to die in that service without return."

The General had his quarters in the Castle of Dunse, at the foot of the hill. Daily in its great hall he received at his table his chief officers, those high-hearted noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland who were putting land and life in jeopardy for a nobler freedom than was known to their heroic sires who fought beside the Bruce—the freedom of conscience. And the beards wagged in conversation, and the nobles listened reverently to the veteran General with the close-cropped hair and the piercing gray eyes; and not a word that passed in that raftered hall has come down to us, though loquacious ever-scribbling Robert Baillie was there, at least once, to do chaplain's duty, and sat at the General's left hand.

Each evening the General rode round the hill to see the watch set. Morning and evening the drums called the whole army to prayers under the tent of the sky. All day over, the soldiers, stout brisk fellows in hodden gray, with knots of blue ribbons at their bonnets, were busy in exercise of arms. Provisions were plenty, and the whole host was in that heart which makes one man worth two. Scotland at that time would not have been afraid, says Baillie, "though all Europe had been upon their borders." Let the King come when he pleases, then; we are ready.

The King, if we knew all, is not likely to put our mettle to the proof. Our army is stronger and better than his, and he knows it. His own officers and soldiers have no mind to fight in this quarrel. They will not fight, as they say among themselves, to maintain the pride and power of the bishops. Nay, they are daily deserting. What is to be done in these circumstances? Plainly, his Majesty dares not fight; but his Majesty has a flat trick to save his dignity.

Robert Leslie, a Scotchman, and one of the King's domestics, came over to the camp at Dunse in an easy

CHAPTER
LXX.

Loyalty of
the Scots.

way, and got into conversation with some of our people. The English army, he said, was increasing so fast that the Scots were in hazard of being swallowed up. He, therefore, as their countryman and friend, advised them to supplicate the King once more, assuring them that several of the English nobility would not be wanting in their endeavours to obtain for them a gracious hearing. The Scots understood Mr. Leslie well enough. They knew perfectly the advantage which they had over the King; but such was their regard to his honour that they at once sent off the Earl of Dunfermline to break his fall with a supplication. "Yea," says Baillie, "had we been ten times victorious in set battles, it was our conclusion to have laid down our arms at his feet, and on our knees presented nought but our first supplications. We had no other end of our wars; we aimed not at lands and honours; we desired but to keep our own in the service of our prince, as our ancestors had done. We loved no new masters. Had our throne been vacant, and our voices sought for the filling of Fergus's chair, we had died ere any other had sat down on that fatal marble but Charles alone."

The Earl was well received. Letters came and went between the two camps. Matters, in short, shaped so well that commissioners from the Scots passed to the King's camp to treat with his Majesty. "It was believed the King's ears had never been tickled with such free communings concerning matters of state" as these hard-headed Scots made bold to use. Yet his Majesty did not seem displeased. Indeed, he spoke them so fair that the Scots began to think him "a lover of reason and equity," after all,—such an effect had the sight of Dunse encampment and the forty field-pieces upon the royal mind. In fine, terms of peace were arranged so very favourable to the King, that the Covenanters, like Clive in the treasure vault, might well be astonished at

their own moderation. Two days after the articles were signed, the Scots burned their camp on Dunse Law, and disbanded their army. They kept, however, their best officers on half pay, to be ready in case of need, having, shrewd men as they were, their own suspicions.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE.

CHAPTER
LXXI.

Dunse
Law
again.
1640 A.D.

A YEAR has passed since we burned our camp on Dunse Law, and returned blithe to our homes. Only a year, and we lie encamped on Dunse Law again, an army of two-and-twenty thousand foot, and three thousand horse. General Leslie commands us as before. Our wise old General has not failed to adopt the very latest improvements in the military art. For example, ball-cartridges are to be seen among us for the first time in the history



MUSKETEER.

of war, and the bandoleers—dangling leather tubes in which musketeers were wont to carry their charges of powder—are abolished. In everything we are as well provided an army as ever took the field; for neither high nor low spared their best to equip us. For instance, one Margaret Jamie, a poor man's wife in Stranraer, gave seventy-two shilling pieces, and an eleven

shilling piece of gold, as her contribution for buying clothing to the army. The minister of the parish inquired at her how she came to give so much? "I was gathering," she said, "and had laid up this to be a part of a portion to a young daughter I had; and as the Lord hath lately been pleased, by death, to take the daughter I had to him—

self, I thought I would give him her portion also." In CHAPTER LXXI.
this spirit Scotland has sent out her army.

The Scots are in their old position on Dunse Law, and the King is again marching an army to invade Scotland. Where, then, is the treaty signed last year? King Charles has kept it as long as he ever meant to keep it; that is, till it suited him to set his foot upon it. And now, in the exercise of his royal right of lying, he is marching this army upon us, doggedly resolute to chastise the Scots for their resistance to his Service-Book and his Bishops. *A Bishops' War* his own soldiers call the affair. Nay, they do not hesitate to express an opinion on the merits of it in a rough way of their own. In various towns on their march, they visit the house of the clergyman. If he is reputed to be a favourer of bishops and church ceremonies, they smash his furniture and throw it out of window; if otherwise, they give him three cheers. The Bishops' War.

Meanwhile, the Scots decide not to wait and be invaded, but to march into England, and "present their grievances to the King's Majesty." Leaving Dunse Law, they advanced to Coldstream, where they crossed the Tweed. It was their rule that the different regiments should take the van and rear by turns, and the lot gave the van that day to the Marquis of Montrose's regiment. Montrose himself waded the river the foremost man, breast deep. The cavalry were placed across the river as a wall on both sides of the foot till all had passed over. They wore blue bonnets and uniforms of hodden gray, and each man carried a moderate haversack of oatmeal on his back. The Scots enter England.

Advancing slowly through Northumberland, they came to Newburn on the Tyne, five miles above Newcastle. The day they came to Newburn, the General with some of his officers, moving about to gather the quiet harvest of a veteran's marking eye, met an old woman, Mrs. Finnick, a talkative dame, and shrill, as it would seem;

who called out to them, "And is it so that Jesus Christ will not come to England for reforming of abuses, without an army of two-and-twenty thousand men at his back?" Indeed, yes, good Mother Finnick; the sword will be very red before abuses in England are reformed.

The Tyne at Newburn is passable at low water. The English resisted our passage feebly, making but small fight, and taking themselves speedily off to York, where the King was. The Scots took possession of Newcastle, of all Northumberland and Durham, and very peaceably made their abode in those parts for about the space of a year—which things had a prodigious effect upon the course of events in England. In fact, as it proved, the entry of the Scots army was to shape the destiny of England for twenty years.

The King, unable to fight the Scots, was obliged to enter upon a "treaty" with them. Their presence in England put a vast stress upon him. For he was engaged in the self-same contest with the English people as with the Scotch. He was striving to be Czar Charles of England as well as Czar Charles of Scotland. It was the presence of that Scotch army which enabled the English nation to get to its feet in the struggle. Right welcome was the Scotch army, therefore, to English Puritans. Robert Baillie, having trotted his nag to London along with the Scotch commissioners on the "treaty," heard the ballad-singers on the streets trolling out lustily, "Gramercy, good Master Scot."

The English nation growing terrible in its anger under the oppression of many years, a Scotch army on English ground, no money in his coffers, and none to be got without a Parliament, what could his Majesty do? His Majesty called a Parliament—destined to become the most famous Parliament that ever sat—the *Long Parliament*, a Parliament which will face its task without shrinking!

The English people have at last got a Parliament,

then, and their grievances shall now be heard. The Londoners send in a petition, signed by fifteen thousand hands, craving to have bishops and their ceremonies radically reformed. Seven hundred clergy of the Church of England send in a petition and remonstrance to the same effect. An immense agitation against bishops blazes up,—vehement debates, committees, votings,—all England getting on fire. Robert Baillie writes home to his brethren of Irvine Presbytery, that bishops and ceremonies are in a fair way to be overthrown utterly; and that when the rubbish is cleared away, and the ground well swept, they shall agree to build a new house. “Huge things,” says the reverend Robert, “are here in working.” The contest between King and Parliament—between arbitrary power and the rights of free-born men—is fast growing so high and fierce that nothing but pike and bullet can settle it!

The hideous affair of the Irish rebellion and massacre 1641 A.D. threw its horrors into the excitement which already convulsed the public mind. The ignorant people, schooled by their priests to believe that the killing of heretics is a work of merit deserving the highest favour of Heaven, swore not to leave a Protestant alive in Ireland. The work of slaughter continued for several months, in which time between forty and fifty thousand persons were murdered. Men were hung up by the arms, and gradually slashed to death, to see how much a heretic could suffer before he died. Age was not spared for its hoary hair, nor infancy at the mother's breast. Parents were compelled to see their helpless children butchered first, and then follow them in death. A dark suspicion got abroad that the King himself was not free from all connection with this Irish horror. It is certain that the avowed object of the rebel leaders was to make common cause with him. It is certain, too, that they produced a commission under the King's seal, empowering them to rise in arms in his behalf.

CHAPTER

LXXI.

Westminster Assembly.

One ever-memorable act of the Long Parliament was the calling of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. Parliament having levelled to the ground the pompous fabric of Episcopacy, next convened an Assembly of the most learned Divines in the kingdom, to deliberate on the form of a Church to be reared in its place. "An Ordinance of the Lords and Commons in Parliament, for the calling of an Assembly of learned and godly Divines and others, to be consulted with by the Parliament, for the settling of the Government and Liturgy of the Church of England, and for vindicating and clearing of the Doctrine of the said Church from false aspersions and interpretations." Such was the title of the ordinance calling this famous Assembly. One hundred and twenty-one Divines were summoned, with ten Lords and twenty Commoners as lay-assessors.

The Scottish Church was invited to send up commissioners to assist in the deliberations of the Assembly, which they gladly did. Alexander Henderson, Samuel Rutherford, Robert Baillie, George Gillespie, ministers, with the Earl of Cassilis, Lord Maitland, and Sir Archibald Johnstone of Warriston, were the persons sent.

From 1643
to 1648.

This Assembly continued to sit for more than five years. They met daily at nine, on five days of the week, and sat till one or two o'clock. Look at them in their tapestried chamber in the Abbey of Westminster, in cloaks and bands, with venerable peak-beards, and the double ruff in the Elizabethan style round the neck—an imposing spectacle, venerable to us for evermore. Our Scotch commissioners took a distinguished part in their labours and debates, but they had no vote. Our Confession of Faith, our Directory of Public Worship, the Shorter Catechism, that wonder of pith and brevity, and other well-known documents which we still hold in honour, were the work of the Westminster Assembly. It was the hope of our forefathers to unite the whole of Great Britain in a religious uniformity on the basis of these

standards. This fair prospect was not to be realized. He whose thoughts are higher than our thoughts, as the heavens are higher than the earth, willed it otherwise. Our fathers saw their hope dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel. But who can deny that the Westminster Assembly has left a richer legacy of instruction to the Church of Christ than any Council whether before or since?

The great Disruption of England came on fast. An infatuated King who would not yield a jot—a Parliament resolute unto death—offences continually accumulating—the breach daily widening—this quarrel speedily defies all peaceful settlement. The hand is getting round to the sword hilt, and blood will soon touch blood. Charles resolved to erect his standard and call his subjects to arms. At six o'clock on an August evening, on the summit of a hill which overlooks the town of Nottingham, he caused his proclamation to be read. After the herald had begun to read, a scruple seized the King's mind. He took the paper, slowly corrected several passages on his knee, and returned it to the herald, who with difficulty stammered through the corrections. The trumpets sounded, and the standard was unfurled. It bore this motto, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." The minds of the spectators were filled with forebodings as gloomy as the sky. Parliament accepted the challenge to war, and the kingdom rang with preparations for the struggle. Parliament asked for money, and for ten days there was a constant influx of gold and silver plate into Guildhall, so that there were neither men enough to receive it, nor room to hold it. Women brought their marriage-rings, and their gold or silver hair-pins. Judge if England was not at a red heat; and judge, too, what the government of Charles must have been, when women gave their marriage-rings to buy powder and ball to end it.

23rd Aug
1642.

The name of one Captain Cromwell of troop sixty-seven, soon Colonel Cromwell, and General Cromwell, now

Cromwell.

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begins to be heard of. Success, upon the whole, goes with the King, and the cause of the Parliament looks uncertain and perilous enough. We in Scotland watch the struggle with solemn interest. We could turn the scale either way. We have only to send our army to join the King, and he will be able to tread down his foes; or we may join the Parliament and give them an overwhelming advantage against the King. In God's wonderful providence, we, to all human appearance, hold in our hands the result of the great English Civil War, and the destinies of Britain. But we understand the position. Are not their liberties in England bound up with ours in Scotland? If Charles succeed, a whip of scorpions for us both! Were he once again firmly planted in the seat of power, he would trample them under his feet, and us too. Let us be brothers-in-arms with the English people in this war, then.

Sept. 1643.

Such was the extraordinary combination of events which led to an alliance between the Parliament of England and the Parliament and General Assembly of Scotland—an alliance which decided the result of the civil war and saved at that time the liberties of Britain. This bond of union between the two countries—the famous SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT—was drawn up by the weighty pen of Alexander Henderson. By it the two nations bound themselves to maintain the Reformed Religion, to extirpate Popery and Prelacy—not Papists and Prelatists—to protect the rights of Parliament and the liberties of the Kingdom, and to preserve the King's person and his lawful authority. Who shall tell all the bitter blame that has been cast upon this noble bond? One manly verse from Robert Burns, and we are not careful to add a word further in its defence:—

“ The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears;
But it secured fair Freedom's cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.”

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE WAY TO WHITEHALL.

THE treaty settled, the Scots lost no time. Their army of eighteen thousand foot and three thousand horse, with a suitable train of artillery, marched south, and joined the army of the Parliament near York. On Marston Moor, four miles from York city, they looked their enemy in the face. A ditch and bank lay between them—a disadvantage to troops moving to the attack. The two armies stood facing each other for an hour and a half in perfect silence. At seven in the evening the battle began. By ten o'clock the King's army was all shattered and broken in pieces, and the allies stood victorious on a field strown with four thousand dead. The presence of the Scots contributed greatly to this decisive victory: "The Scots delivered their fire with such constancy and swiftness, it was as if the whole air had become an element of fire." The Scots, indeed, with their close and steady fire-volleys, counted for much in the civil war, and largely aided in the success of the Parliament side.

The cause of Charles went swiftly and surely down. The star of his fortunes hastened to set for ever. Before the utter darkness came, however, it lighted up in a rapid and fitful gleam. The Marquis of Montrose had been a zealous Covenanter. He was one of the first to sign the Covenant on that well-remembered day in the Greyfriars' Church of Edinburgh. He was one of a committee of nine sent north to reason with the backward town of Aberdeen, and incline its mind more favourably towards

CHAPTER
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2nd July
1644.

Marquis of
Montrose.

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the Covenant. The magistrates invited him to a collation of comfits and wine; but this excessive Covenanter refused to eat or drink with them, until they were "all bound in the brotherhood of the Covenant." The magistrates wrathfully gave the wine and comfits to the poor. Never, within the memory of man, had the good town been so insulted. A few months after this, Montrose was sent with a body of troops to repress some disorders in the north. He marched into Aberdeen, forced the citizens to sign the Covenant, and levied a fine of 10,000 merks.

His treach-
ery.

It was not long, however, till this zealous Covenanter was detected in an intrigue with the King. Disappointed ambition and wounded vanity disgusted him with the Covenanters, among whom he was unable to take the high place which he conceived to be due to his merits. After the discovery of his treachery, he openly turned over, changed sides, and became a renegade to the cause he had sworn to support. The army of Scotland was absent, engaged in the English war. Montrose, whose ambition was inflamed by some wizard's prophecy that his arm was destined to restore the fortunes of the King and fix the tottering throne, seized the opportunity to raise war in Scotland.

The Earl of Antrim, leader in the ghastly affair of the Irish Massacre, sent over a body of fifteen hundred Irish, who landed in the West Highlands, and put themselves under the command of Montrose. Most of these wretches had been engaged in the fearful butcheries which had drained Ireland of its Protestant blood. A body of Highlanders, scarcely less savage than the Irish, made up the army of Montrose. With this barbarous host, he suddenly made his appearance in Perthshire. At Tippermuir, four miles west from Perth, he encountered a body of militia, hastily called out to meet him. They were utterly raw and untrained, and their officers were men who had never seen a battle. It was easy to scatter such

1st Sept.
1644.

troops. They were driven into utter rout. The chase was followed with pitiless slaughter, and the victory made Montrose master of Perth, which was stripped of everything portable.

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From Perth, our brigand marched on Aberdeen; which, being unprepared for such a visit, was taken in two hours' fighting. Montrose "gave charge to his men to kill, and pardon none." His savages obeyed the order to the letter. No man, armed or unarmed, in the streets or in the houses, found mercy. If a citizen happened to be well dressed, the savages first compelled him to strip, to save his clothes from being spoiled with his blood, and then killed him. They continued "killing, robbing, and plundering at their pleasure; and nothing was heard but howling and crying, weeping and mourning, through all the streets." During four horrible days the butchers were allowed to carry on their havoc, and all in the presence and by the authority of the "gallant Montrose."

Brutalities
of Mont-
rose.

Leaving Aberdeen, Montrose penetrated, in the depth of winter, into Argyleshire, and wasted that district with horrible barbarity. His ferocious horde burned the homesteads and corn-stacks, destroyed all the cattle which they could not use, and slaughtered every man fit to bear arms who fell into their hands. All the following spring, summer, and autumn, Montrose and his ravages were the terror of the nation. To add to the miseries of the unhappy country, "the pest" was in full activity. It was then that Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, not unknown in song, built themselves a green bower beside the water Almond, and dwelt there remote. But the pest found the fair ladies in their lonely bower and slew them together.

Various bodies of troops were sent against Montrose in the north. He defeated them in several encounters, and now, towards the end of summer, with an army greatly increased by the Highlanders whom the hope of plunder attracted, he broke into the low country like a mountain

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torrent. Crossing the Forth above Stirling, he held for the west, to pillage the fertile districts there. The Government troops, under General Baillie, came up to him at Kilsyth and gave him battle. But they broke at the charge of the fierce Highland swordsmen. Nearly six thousand unresisting fugitives were slain in the flight; a work which Montrose and his savages accomplished in their shirts, with "the sleeves tucked up like a butcher going to kill cattle." Puffed up by his successes, the vain-glorious man fancied himself already master of Scotland.

Charles, under the stress which his reverses put upon him, had yielded so far as to enter on negotiations with the Parliament. He had even come the length on a certain day of resolving to make some concessions which his friends thought would bring peace. That night, at supper, gaiety reigned around the royal table. The King complained that his wine was not good. "I hope," said one of the company with a cheerful smile, "that your Majesty will drink better wine in a few days at Guildhall with the Lord Mayor." Next morning the King's mind was utterly changed. He refused to make the least concession, and the negotiation came to nothing. A letter from the Marquis of Montrose, received during the night, had wrought this fatal change. "Permit me," wrote the braggart, "to assure your Majesty that I am in the right way to make this kingdom submit again to your power. . . . I shall be in a position to come to the assistance of your Majesty with a gallant army; and, sustained by the justice of your cause, you will inflict on these rebels in England and in Scotland, the just chastisement of their rebellion. Only give me leave, after I have reduced this country to your Majesty's obedience and conquered from Dan to Beersheba, to say to your Majesty then as David's general said to his master,—'Come thou thyself, lest this country be called by my name.'" Poor

King! unable to believe a great earnest nation speaking out of the depths of its heart, but given up to believe a braggadocio Montrose.

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Full of his victories and his wizard's prophecy, Montrose must needs invade England, and cut the great hard knot of the civil war with his triumphant sword. He got as far as Selkirk on his way south. At Selkirk he was met with. Naseby battle had been fought, the King's fortunes were all gone to wreck, and the war in England was at an end. The Scots cavalry could now be spared from the host. General David Leslie—not our little, crooked friend, now Earl of Leven—was despatched from the Scotch camp before Hereford, with the cavalry and some foot, to put down the murdering band who had so long filled the country with their outrages. When Leslie approached Haddington, he learned that Montrose had set his camp on Philiphaugh, a meadow beside Ettrick stream, close by Selkirk. He instantly ordered his whole force to turn to the left and strike southward by the course of Gala water.

Montrose
met with.

Montrose lay secure. His infantry were encamped on Philiphaugh. His cavalry and himself were quartered in the town of Selkirk, on the other side of the river—an outrageous blunder. Another error equally gross was the neglect of patrols. Leslie was within half a mile of the camp before his presence was suspected, and the first information to Montrose himself of the approach of an enemy was the noise of the firing. It was a misty morning in September when Leslie delivered his blow. Selkirk tradition has it that Montrose was in the act of breakfasting on sheep's head when the sounds of conflict reached him. His army was dashed into utter confusion and rout, and the wizard's prophecy was falsified at once and for ever. Montrose fled with only thirty horse, and escaped the gallows for that time. But the hemp was growing.

1645 A.D.

CHAPTER
LXXII.Execu-
tion of
"Irishes."

A great clamour and chorus of groans has been raised about Leslie's cruelty to his prisoners. It is true that a hundred "Irishes" were shot in the court-yard of Newark Castle, men who ought to have been hanged years before for their share in the Irish massacre, not to mention the four bloody days in Aberdeen, and all their other butcheries in Scotland. Bishop Wishart, the friend and biographer of Montrose—but whom nature intended to be the friend and biographer of Baron Munchausen—throws some hundreds of the Philiphaugh prisoners over a high bridge into the Tweed. At that time there was no bridge over the Tweed, from Berwick to Peebles.

Charles, defeated and ruined in the war which he had begun, was reduced to the last extremity. He was in Oxford, and the troops of the Parliament were advancing to besiege it. Already their van was in sight. In Oxford Charles could no longer stay. Three men rode out of the city at midnight. One of them, in the dress of a groom, carried a portmanteau behind him. The groom was the King himself; the two other riders were his servant, Jack Ashburnham, and Parson Hudson. They took the road to London. On Harrow Hill, within sight of the capital, the King halted for hours, in wretched hesitation what to do. At last he turned from London, and proceeded slowly towards the north. Nine days after his departure from Oxford, he presented himself, early on a May morning, at the head-quarters of the Scots' army at Kelham. He was received with all honour and respect, General Leslie, on his knee, presenting his sword. At first his Majesty tried to play the general himself by giving out the watch-word; but old Leslie, in his homely manner, told him that he, being the older soldier, would save his Majesty that trouble.

Charles in
the Scots'
camp.

The King stayed in the Scots' camp for about eight months. But the war being ended, and the army about to return home, it became a perplexing question what

was to be done with him. It was his own wish to go to Holmby House, one of his residences in the neighbourhood of London. To this the Parliament of Scotland agreed, upon express promise by the Parliament of England that "there shall be no harm, prejudice, injury, or violence done to the royal person." The Scots got ready, and marched for Scotland. The King and the "old little crooked soldier" said farewell, and went their several ways—never more to meet in this world.

Shortly before the Scottish army began their march homeward, thirty-six carts, loaded with cash to the amount of £200,000, entered their camp. The arrears of their pay—due, according to treaty, by the English Parliament—had mounted up to nearly a million, and the sum brought by the carts was all they ever saw of it. A most stupid slander has been much hawked about among the very ignorant, that "the Scots sold their King," and that this sum of £200,000—their own money, and less than a fourth part of their own—was the price!

Absurd
slander.

The promise of the Parliament of England had been given, but would it be kept? Alas! it could not be kept. Had there been any faith or truth in the infatuated King to bind him by—had it been possible to rely on his sincerity in anything to which he engaged his word—he might have lived and died a King on honourable terms, and no hand would ever have been laid on him to his harm.

A long and weary business of negotiations went on between Charles and the Parliament after his return from the Scots' army. Cromwell was much engaged in these negotiations, and the King affected great consideration for him, promising him the Order of the Garter and other high honours and offices. Oliver, on a certain day, gets secret knowledge that a letter containing the King's real designs was to be despatched to the Queen, then abroad. At ten o'clock that night a man not in the secret would

CHAPTER
LXXII.Cromwell
and the
saddle.

come to the Blue Boar, in Holborn, carrying a saddle with the letter sewed up in its lining. A horse was ready waiting to take the bearer to Dover, whence a packet would sail for France. Cromwell took a friend with him, and, disguised as private soldiers, they two entered the tavern, sat down at a table, and had some beer. At ten o'clock the messenger appeared, carrying the saddle on his head. The two soldiers left their beer, went out, and seized the saddle, saying they had orders to search everything. They carried the saddle into the inn, ripped it open, and found the letter. Carefully closing the saddle again, and returning it to the messenger, they told him he was an honest fellow, and might go his way. And now for the letter! "Be quite easy," Charles wrote to his Queen, "as to the concessions which I may grant. When the time comes, I shall very well know how to treat these rogues, and instead of a silken garter I shall fit them with a hempen halter."

What is to be done with a King who promises silk and means hemp, a King who pretends to agree to terms and proposals merely as a blind till his designs be ripe for renewed war and blood? In effect, the civil war does blaze up again, and Oliver has to go and stamp it out with heavy slaughter in battles at Preston, Wigan, and elsewhere. What wonder that an exasperated people begin to demand the punishment of delinquents, and of the CHIEF DELINQUENT? What wonder if it begin to be debated at large among Englishmen, whether it is not their duty "to call Charles Stewart, that man of blood, to an account for the blood he has shed"—ay, and to put him beyond the possibility of shedding more? Charles Stewart is coming near to the end of his journey.

It was a calm, bright, winter day. Soldiery, strongly ranked up, lined the streets around the Palace of Whitehall, the matches of their muskets smoking in the clear, frosty air. A scaffold, hung with black, stood at the end

of the banqueting hall of the Palace. Two men, dressed as sailors, and masked, stood by the axe. A window of the hall had been removed to give access to the scaffold. The King stepped out, for to this grim conclusion had it come at last; and all that he had now to do in this world was to die! The stormy journey, begun nine-and-forty years before in the chamber of Dunfermline Palace whose ivy-curtained window is still to be seen, was to end here. He read a short speech calmly, and even coldly, knelt down and laid his head on the block, prayed silently for a minute, and then held out his hands as a signal to the executioner. The axe rose and fell, a gory head rolled on the scaffold, and Charles Stewart ceased from troubling.

CHAPTER
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30th Jan.
1649.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE DEVIL'S MIST.

CHAPTER LXXIII.
— WE have seen the Covenanters united and great. We are now to see dissensions, divisions, distractions, belittling and ruining them.

While the King was held a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, a rumour of a Scotch army coming to set him free began to fly about England. If they come, we shall have a great part of England bursting into a blaze again, and a new civil war to begin!

The Engagement. Unhappily it was true. A party, led by the Marquis of Hamilton, and consisting of King's men and mis-seeing Covenanters, got the majority in the Scottish Parliament. They were very famous in those days by the name of *Engagers*, having entered into an *engagement* with the King, in pursuance of which they invaded England. Not forty thousand, as it was in the vote, and as rumour had it, but less than twenty thousand; whom Oliver found loose-marching at Preston, and cut in two, driving them into miserable ruin. The end was a scaffold for the Marquis of Hamilton himself, a scanty remnant of his beaten army getting back to Scotland. This business of the Engagers, between its ripening and its rotting, occupied the spring and summer of the year 1648. Let the reader mark it, as the surgeon marks the first beginning of gangrene in the living body.

The effects of the Engagement go deep into the politics of the time. It became the wedge that split up the once united body of the Covenanters. After

the ruinous failure of the Engagers in their English invasion, the strict Covenanters found themselves so strong in Parliament that they were able to pass the famous "Act of Classes." By this Act four classes of "Malignants" were defined. All general officers and chief movers in the Engagement to form the first class of Malignants, and to be for ever incapable of public employment. All committee men, volunteers, and other favourers of the Engagement, to form the second class, and to be incapacitated for ten years. The third class of Malignants to be incapacitated for five years, and the fourth for one year. Such was the Act of Classes, made to exclude Malignants from fighting in support of the Chief Malignant. For was not Cromwell right, who told us "that that which is really malignancy, and all malignants, do centre in the King's person?" The Act of Classes, the Act of Proscription so called, of course gave the government of Scotland entirely into the hands of the covenanting party.

The news of the stern work of judgment done at 1649 A.D. Whitehall on the 30th January reached Edinburgh five days after, on a Sabbath. Indignation and pity filled every breast. The very next day the eldest son of the deceased was proclaimed King. The Lord Chancellor, eloquent Loudon, dressed in a robe of black velvet, read the proclamation at the Cross of Edinburgh. But the ceremony was sad, and the trumpets of the heralds seemed to sound a gloomy foreboding. Charles II., the prince thus proclaimed, was then at the Hague in Holland. He was at the time eighteen years old; a long, swarthy lad, with falseness and treachery in the very heart's core of him.

Loyal to their King, and faithful to their sworn covenants, which bound them to maintain his lawful authority, the Scots called the young Charles to the throne. But, said they, while we are bound to him, and will stand by

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—

him to the death, he, on his part, must be bound to rule according to the laws and to respect our liberty of conscience. These are our terms; let him agree to them, and give us reasonable satisfaction for the security of our just rights and liberties, and we will spend our lives to maintain his cause. If he is satisfied, let him take the Covenant, and we shall, as a covenanted King and people, jointly follow out the great objects of the Covenant,—religion, liberty, and God's glory.

Commissioners were sent over to Holland to negotiate with the King upon this footing. The negotiation consumed a great deal of time, and meanwhile Montrose tried another rebellion in the north of Scotland. He was brought down, however, "like a shot vulture." Vain to the last, he had a new and splendid suit of clothes made to be hanged in. When he was captured, a commission from Charles, giving him authority to raise troops and subdue the kingdom by force of arms, was found in his possession. This at once explained how the negotiation in Holland had consumed so much time. Charles had only shuffled and temporized, in the hope that the success of Montrose would relieve him from the necessity of accepting the terms of the Covenanters. He now flung himself into their arms. He swore and signed the Covenant. What was there on earth or under the earth that *he* would not have sworn and signed? The people of Scotland, ignorant as yet of his real character, were overjoyed on his arrival among them. In Edinburgh they hailed it with bonfires, ringing of bells, and sounding of trumpets, and danced all night through the streets, unable to go to their beds for joy, poor people. The "kail-wives" at the Tron—Janet Geddes perhaps among them—cast their creels and the very stools they sat on into the bonfire.

A cove-
nanted
King.

1650 A.D.

But with what eyes will the English Parliament, who have abolished Kingship and set up a Commonwealth, look upon this business of King-making in Scotland? The

English army is already marching toward the Border! For to the English Council of State it seemed better to invade than be invaded; a thing far from unlikely with Charles on the throne of Scotland, and a powerful Royalist party in England, burning with desire of vengeance and hatred against the new government. And so General Cromwell, at the head of sixteen thousand foot and horse, passes through Berwick, and encamps on Scotch ground.

That night the beacons were all fired, and glared from hill top to hill top from Berwick to Edinburgh the tidings of invasion. The population fled, driving away their cattle. All through Berwickshire and East Lothian, the English found the country stripped of everything that could be of use to an invading army, and no human being was to be seen except a few old women clad in white flannel. Not till they came close to Edinburgh did the English get sight of an enemy. The Scotch army lay within intrenched lines, stretching from Leith shore to the Calton Hill, with Edinburgh behind them—a strong position, which it was hopeless trying to force. General David Leslie, not the little old crooked soldier with the keen gray eyes, but a younger man, one too who knew what he was doing, commanded them. The Scots lay comfortably within their lines, well victualled from Edinburgh and the west. The English had little shelter, the rain was excessive, and their supplies were already running short. Oliver made all sorts of moves to bring Leslie to battle; kept trying it all the month of August. Cautious Leslie, knowing what he was about, could not by any means be tempted to quit his fastnesses.

Sickness began to set in among Oliver's men; the weather grew wilder, and food ran daily scarcer. It was clear they could not stay there. Dunbar was behind them, with a harbour where their ships could lie, and bring them biscuit; or, if the worst came, take them off home. Oliver, therefore, on Saturday, the last day of

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August, fired his huts, and marched for Dunbar. Cautious Leslie left his lines now, followed close on Oliver's rear to Dunbar, and took up his position on the hills that overlook the town, shutting Oliver in upon the nook of coast on which Dunbar stands. Leslie's force numbered three-and-twenty thousand; Oliver's about half as many, and disease was in his camp, the men "falling sick beyond imagination." Prospects were black enough for Oliver.

All Sabbath and Monday the two armies lay thus at Dunbar. On Monday afternoon, Cromwell observed that Leslie was moving his forces down from the hills and coming nearer. Oliver saw what this meant,—battle at last, battle to-morrow morning at daybreak. Oliver will not wait to receive battle from the Scots at daybreak; he will give them battle before daybreak. The two armies lay that Monday evening with the Brocksburn, and the little glen through which it runs, between them. It was close upon the dawn, but all was yet still in the Scottish host, when Oliver's war-trumpets, fierce-braying, broke the silence of the night, and instantly his cannon and musketry flashed and boomed all along the line. The English, foot and horse, dashed across the burn against the Scots' right wing, where their cavalry were posted. Broken by the shock, the Scots' cavalry drove headlong among their own foot, scattering and trampling them down, and all was mad panic and wild confusion. The English "had the chase and execution of them near eight miles," lost not over twenty men of their own, and slew three thousand Scots. Ten thousand prisoners were taken, two hundred colours, thirty pieces of cannon, fifteen thousand stand of arms. Such was "*Dunbar Drove*;" lamentable wreck and carnage inflicted on us by our brothers!

"Dunbar
Drove."

Surely, of all sad things this war between the Covenanters and Oliver Cromwell is the saddest. The same pure and high purpose animated them and him. They

were both alike ready to spend their lives for God's truth and God's glory. True subjects of the same Saviour in whose presence they are together now, and both alike bending their whole hearts' desire to do his will, they so utterly misunderstood one another as to chase and be chased in Dunbar Drove! Surely a devil's mist, a "smoke from the pit," has bewildered and blinded us. To Oliver it was a thing most plain that liberty and a Stewart king could not exist together in these lands. The Covenanters themselves, and the whole British nation, by-and-by, came to think of that matter exactly as Oliver had thought. The English Commonwealth did not assume to dictate to Scotland in any way. Scottish liberties were left perfectly untouched, upon condition only that Scotland do not bring in Charles Stewart as King. If Scotland do that, she endangers the liberties of England. England, therefore, will on no account suffer her to set up the Stewart. This was the quarrel. But our fathers thought themselves bound by their covenant to uphold the throne of their ancient Kings and would hazard all to keep their truth. Their quarrel with Oliver was a vast mistake; but it was a mistake which none save high and noble hearts could have made. Daniel Defoe, punished because his pen had served the cause of truth, bade tell his enemies, "They *can't* commit my crimes." A mean and selfish people never could have erred with the error of our fathers. Such errors are possible to none but the brave and true! It is easy, and idle, to say, after the event, what might have been. But if the Scotch Presbyterians had agreed that Charles was too bad to fight for, and that Cromwell was too good to fight against, and had maintained an armed neutrality, they would have been the masters of the situation, as they were when the civil war first broke out.

Ever since the passing of the "Act of Classes," all Malignants had been shut out from situations of public

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trust and employment, and from service in the army. This restriction had been uneasily endured, and now it was found endurable no longer. So much, it was urged, had they been reduced by their heavy losses, that there was not force enough to defend the kingdom unless the services of all able-bodied men were available. Parliament, therefore, submitted a query or case to the Commission of the Assembly in the following terms:—"What persons are to be admitted to rise in arms and to join with the forces of the kingdom, and in what capacity, for defence thereof against the armies of the sectaries, who, contrary to the Solemn League and Covenant and treaties, have most unjustly invaded and are destroying the kingdom?"

Deplorable controversy.

In answer to this question, the Commission passed two resolutions, favourable, under certain limitations, to the admission of all able-bodied men. Those who approved of these resolutions were styled *Resolutioners*. The party who protested against them were called *Protesters*. A controversy, hot and bitter to the last degree, sprang up. It raged long after the war was over and the occasion of it removed, and only after the lapse of many wretched years its violence burned out. An utter pain it were to any true Scotsman to write the details of this lamentable dispute. He can but weep over them and pass on.

1651 A.D.

Unbroken in spirit by the terrible ruin of Dunbar, the Scots levied another army and rallied to the struggle. On New Year's Day they crowned King Charles II., at Scone, with prayer and all holy solemnities. The Marquis of Argyle set the crown on his head, and the nobles, each kneeling and touching the crown, swore to defend it to the last of their blood and their breath. The assembled people, with uplifted right hands, took the oath to the new made King—"Truth and faith shall we bear unto you, and live and die with you, against all manner of folk whatever, in your service, according to the National Covenant, and the Solemn League and Covenant." A

spectacle to weep over! The true and brave making oath before high God to spend their blood for the basest of all scoundrels, against the noble Oliver,—the best friend that Scotland ever saw, could she but have known him!—whom, if she had known, she would have loved with her Bruce, her Knox, and her Regent Moray.

When spring came, and campaigning could be resumed, David Leslie began to play over again his old cautious game against Cromwell. Strongly intrenched at Torwood, and secured by bogs and brooks, he could not be forced out. Cromwell decides to turn his flank, and get round upon him from the north. To do this he must force the passage of the Forth; which he did at the Queensferry after sharp fighting, driving the Scottish force that guarded the passage over the hills on the north side, and dashing them into utter rout on the sloping moorland beyond. Nearly two thousand of them were slain there. The bodies "lay as thick as sheaves on a harvest field." "The whole name of Maclean was destroyed, being all gallant men and able, passing the number of five hundred." A foster-father and his seven sons sacrificed themselves for Sir Hector Maclean of Duart. Whenever one of the sons fell, the father cried, "Another for Hector!" and thrust him forward to fill the place of his dead brother at the right hand of the chief.

Seeing their flank turned, and Oliver getting between them and the east and north, whence their supplies came, Charles and the Scotch leaders took a desperate resolution. They broke up suddenly from Stirling, and marched direct to England, "for a stroke at the heart of the Commonwealth itself." Entering England by Carlisle, the first week of August, the Scots, fourteen thousand strong, held away south through Lancashire, Oliver steadily advancing after them, gathering forces as he goes. In the old cathedral city of Worcester the Scots turned to bay. Cromwell's array of thirty thousand was upon

Queens-
ferry.Worcester
battle.

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them, clasping as with outstretched arms three parts of the city. The Scots, obstinately fighting, were beaten into the town; stormed out in furious rushes once and again, to be as often driven back into, and at length through the city, his Majesty beholding the battle safe from the top of the cathedral. About a thousand horse got away and fled, pursued by four thousand. All the foot were killed or taken. Oliver was seen "riding himself in person to the enemy's foot, to offer them quarter, whereto they returned no answer but shot." Such was Worcester battle, or "crowning mercy." "Indeed it was a stiff business," writes Oliver.

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THE UNCROWNED KING.

AFTER Worcester battle, General Monk, left by Cromwell with the command in Scotland, easily completed the reduction of the country. The town of Dundee made what resistance it could, and forced Monk to take it by storm; for which he made "bonnie Dundee" such a terrible example of fire and blood, that other towns in these northern parts opened their gates at once.

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1651 A.D.

A petty guerrilla resistance was got up in the north by the Earls of Glencairn and Kenmure, and a Welsh Royalist named Captain Wogan. This hot-brained youth was one of the little Court gathered round Charles Stewart at Paris. He landed with a few companions at Dover, and went secretly about, engaging men and making preparations. They set tryst to meet at Barnet, where they formed themselves into a troop, and rode away for Scotland. Everywhere on the journey they passed for a part of the regular army, and got safe into the Highlands. There, banded with the wild Camerons, they kept up for a month a war of skirmishes and surprises. But a lieutenant's party of the *Brazen Wall* regiment fell in with them, and Wogan received a wound of which he died. Resistance was soon trodden out.

Royalist
struggles

A number of the loose fellows engaged in this Wogan business took to lurking-places as broken men, and lived by robbery. It took some trouble to hunt them down. Ireland, familiar with such outlaws, had a name for them—*Tories*. The name, destined to become famous as

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that of a great political party, was applied to the men who now infested the country cutting throats and purses. This was the first time that the word was used in Britain. The great rival name, *Whig*, was first applied to the men of the western shires who marched to Edinburgh in the days of the Engagement. "Whig, whig," said the western peasant, to quicken the step of his lagging horses. In the horse vocabulary of the west, the word meant "Get on, get on." And the Whigs, or Get-ons, have helped the nation to get on considerably since then.

Tranquil-
lity.

Under Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, great uncrowned King of Britain, Scotland enjoyed what the poor torn country so greatly needed—the blessing of a firm, just, and strong government. "A man might ride over all Scotland with a switch in his hand and a hundred pounds in his pocket; which he could not have done these five hundred years." The Lord Protector issued an ordinance for the union of Scotland and England. The Monarchy and Parliament of Scotland were formally abolished. The number of the Scotch Members to sit in the united Parliament was fixed at thirty. Perfectly free trade was established between the countries. All customs and duties upon the export or import of goods from either to the other were taken off. Feudal vassalage and hereditary jurisdictions were done away. Wise Oliver did all this. But the hands were to be forced back on the face of the clock very far!

The administration of the government was committed to a Council of State, composed of nine, of whom only two were Scotchmen. Both before and after Cromwell's time justice was shamefully corrupt. The Scottish Bench was notorious for its subservience to the ruling party. The judges almost openly indulged their partialities, or yielded to family influence, or sold their decisions. Oliver's judges were remarkable for fair, common-sense decisions, given with little delay and no needless expense. Justice

was never so cheap and good as during these eight years. Long afterwards, a young lawyer made a remark to a Scotch judge on the honesty of the judges in Cromwell's time. "No thanks to them," rejoined his lordship,—“a pack of kinless loons! They had neither kith nor kin in the country. Take *that* out of the way, and I could be a good judge myself.”

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Scotland throve under this just and steady government. Her merchants enjoyed all the advantages of free trade with England. Enterprising English merchants formed trading establishments in Scotland. English money found its way into the country. It is true that ten or twelve thousand English troops were maintained in Scotland. But they were the police of the country against Border thieves and Highland reavers, and to them the country speedily perceived that it was deeply indebted. The behaviour, too, of these sober, grave, and peaceable troops, made an impression very different from the usual demoralizing tendency which accompanies the presence of an army.

The Church had lost her greatest men. Henderson had died some years before, glad to get home to his rest. Gillespie, a great divine in an age of great divines before he was more than a stripling in years, was dead in his early manhood. But some bright names were yet left. An English merchant, who visited Scotland about the beginning of Cromwell's time, was asked on his return what news he had brought from the north. "Great news," replied the merchant, "great and good news. I went to St. Andrews, where I heard a sweet majestic-looking man, and he showed me the majesty of God. After him I heard a little fair man, and he showed me the loveliness of Christ. I then went to Irvine, where I heard a well-favoured proper old man, and that man showed me all my heart." The majestic-looking man was Robert Blair. The little fair man was Samuel

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Rutherford, of whose "Letters" Richard Baxter says, "Hold off the Bible, such a book the world never saw." The old man with the long beard was David Dickson, whose works still testify what a master in Israel lived in those days.

General
Assembly
suppressed
1653 A.D.

The furious controversy between Resolutioners and Protesters still continued to turn the Church courts into scenes of unseemly wrangling. We may the less regret, therefore, that Cromwell, moved thereto by their excessive royalism, prevented the meetings of the General Assembly. The Assembly had convened at Edinburgh. The clerk was beginning to call the roll, when the church in which they were met was surrounded by a body of troops. Colonel Cottrel walked in, stood on a bench and put some questions to the moderator; which not being answered to his mind, he proceeded to clear the house. "He led us all through the whole streets," says the Reverend Robert Baillie, beginning now to get sore confounded, "a mile out of the town, encompassing us with musketeers and horsemen, all the people gazing and mourning as at the saddest spectacle they had ever seen. When he had led us a mile without the town, he then declared what further he had in commission,—that we should not dare to meet any more above three in number, and that, against eight o'clock to-morrow, we should depart the town, under pain of being guilty of breaking the public peace."

But though the General Assembly was closed, the Synods and Presbyteries met with perfect freedom, nor was there ever greater purity or plenty of the means of grace. The gospel was preached with great success. Kirkton, in his quaint and sturdy History, says, "I verily believe there were more souls converted to Christ in that short period of time than in any season since the Reformation, though of triple its duration. Every parish had its minister, every village a school, almost every family a Bible, and in most of the country all the children of age

could read." How shamefully different is the fact to-day !

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It was during this period that a new psalmody—the same which we still use in Scotland—began to be sung in public worship. The Psalms of David were done into metre “more plain, smooth, and agreeable to the text than any heretofore,” mainly by Francis Rous of Truro, member of the Long Parliament. This version may not have all the finish which the nicety of modern taste requires. The Scots do not say that it has. They only say—with many thanks to the useful Englishman who made it for them—that they will use this version till they get a better.

The
Psalms.

Tranquillity, the even administration of law, peaceable trading, peaceable ploughing and reaping, peaceable church-going and school-going—all these things the government of Oliver gave to Scotland. What a contrast to the wretched, meddling, tormenting despotism of the two Kings who went before him; and to the dark and bloody tyranny of the two Kings who came after him !

During the reign of the Uncrowned King, Charles Stewart lived the mean life of a dependant on the grudging alms of foreign Courts. Much of his exile was spent at the Hague, his sister being the wife of the Stadtholder of Holland. The schemes to murder Cromwell, in which the base crew who formed his “Court” constantly dabbled, were the serious business to which he gave his mind.

Charles in
exile.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE RESTORATION.

CHAPTER LXXV. CROMWELL had made the name of a Briton as much feared throughout the world as ever that of an old Roman was. But Cromwell was dead, and his son—lazy, easy, feeble Richard—let the sceptre of his great father drop from his hand. In tropical countries there is no twilight, no interval of gradually fading light between sunset and total darkness. Oliver died; the sun of Britain's glory set, and "at one stride came the dark."

Richard's power began to totter almost as soon as he set foot on the steps of the throne, and the elements of strife and confusion were gathering fast. After all, Richard must have had good sense about him—the sense to see what he was not fit for. He dropped the burden of greatness, and went away to live a quiet country life. Of all the parties into which Britain was at that time broken up—Royalists, Republicans, Cromwellists, Presbyterians, Independents—there was no one party sufficiently strong to decide the form of government. The two most powerful were the Presbyterians, English and Scotch, and the Royalists. The Presbyterian Resolutioners of Scotland were inclined to receive again the King on almost any terms. The Protesters, far before them in their discernment of his real character, were opposed to his return, except upon suitable conditions. General George Monk, commander of the army in Scotland—wily George, chewing his tobacco and keeping his

22nd April
1659.

General
Monk.

mind to himself—sees into the cloud as far as any man, effects a coalition between the Royalists and the Presbyterians, and the King is brought home. Charles had the Presbyterians, undoubtedly, to thank for it that he sat again on the throne of his fathers. “If but the interest of that debt had been paid,” Defoe thinks that the Presbyterians “had some reason to expect a little consideration to be had of them.”

The King's return was hailed with extravagant joy. Bonfires blazed, and noisy crowds drank the King's health at every market cross. In Edinburgh a long table with sweet-meats and wines was set out on the street. Three hundred dozen of glasses were broken drinking the healths of the King and his brother, the Duke of York. Glasses which had been honoured in drinking such high toasts could never be put to any meaner use. Every man, therefore, when he had drained his glass, dashed it on the causeway. The spouts of the Cross ran claret, that all who chose might fill horn and beaker. Bells rang, drums beat, trumpets sounded, the mob cheered, cannon and musketry bellowed and crackled, and all was merriment and mad revelry. Shout, blindly trusting people, over the return of your mean, hollow, shameless profligate of a King! Your dream will be broken soon.

The King is restored then, and possesses, he and his crew of abandoned favourites, the royal halls of England. And on Tyburn gallows there hang three ghastly decaying corpses. One of them is the body of great Oliver, dragged from his grave and hung there in loathsome revenge by order of the Government. About a hundred other buried corpses are dug up and flung in a heap in St. Margaret's Churchyard; the corpse of Cromwell's old mother, and of Admiral Blake, one of England's glorious sea kings, among them. The hangman publicly burns the books of Milton and of George Buchanan—books

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guilty of teaching that men are not born slaves. The same is done to Rutherford's book, *Lex Rex*, or the Law is King. But "books have souls as well as men, which survive their martyrdom and are not burned, but crowned by the flames that encircle them. There is nothing combustible but the paper. The truth flies upwards, like the angel from Manoa's sacrifice, untouched by the fire and unsullied by the smoke, and finds a safe refuge at the footstool of the God of truth." In the Greyfriars' Church-yard of Edinburgh, the name and inscription are chiselled out from the tombstone of Alexander Henderson. In the church-yard of Kirkcaldy the same is done, in the like pitiful vindictiveness, to the tombstone of George Gillespie; for these were the foremost two among the ministers of Scotland in the great times of the Covenant.

1661 A.D.

On New Year's Day—the first New Year's Day of the restored King—there was a "riding" of the Scottish Parliament. Stately and slow, two and two riding abreast, the long line of the procession moved up the Canongate from Holyrood with banners and trumpet-clang. Footmen in splendid liveries walked at their masters' stirrups, and each nobleman was followed by a gentleman bearing the train of his ample and gorgeous robe. The ancient crown, once on the glorious head of Robert the Bruce, and in Cromwell's time hidden away under the pulpit of Kinneff Kirk, was carried before the Lord High Commissioner.

Middleton.

The person who on the present occasion held this exalted office—which made him a sort of vice-King of Scotland—was the Earl of Middleton. Middleton was a soldier, who lived by selling his sword. He had been a Covenanter. He had fought on both sides in the civil war—for the Parliament against the King, and for the King against the Parliament. He was a companion of Charles II. in his exile, with whom he came back at the

Restoration ; and so, holding on by the royal skirt, he has reached this height, and rides in state as Lord High Commissioner. Trained in camps, accustomed to scenes of outrage and violence, fierce and arbitrary in temper, and counting all principles as trash, Middleton was a tool ready for the worst work a despot could have to do.

There never met in Scotland a Parliament composed of such wretched materials as this Parliament of Middleton's. The Scottish nobility and gentry at that time were almost all miserably poor. Their estates, wasted in the heavy times of the civil war, were drowned in debt, and few of them had any hope of mending their fortunes, except through the King's favour. Besides, no indemnity had yet been granted to the Scots for their share in the doings of Cromwell's time, and for these they might still be called to account. What between their hopes and their fears, most of the nobility and gentry were ready to do whatever might be the King's pleasure. The elections for the shires and burghs had all been so managed that few members were returned who were not entirely at the King's devotion.

Vice-king Middleton sits in the grand old hall of the Scottish Parliament, crown and sceptre before him, obedient members filling the benches. At night, and often all night long, he holds wild revel in Holyrood with his obedient legislators ; and in the morning, hot with debauch, they reel into the Parliament House. The thing to be done is to please the King. Neither Middleton sober nor Middleton drunk could forget that. The first Act of the Parliament was to appoint a new oath of allegiance. Every person taking this oath had to say, "I acknowledge my said Sovereign only supreme governor of this kingdom, over all persons, and *in all causes.*" The net amount of which is precisely this : "We put a blank into your hand, O King ; fill it up as you please ; do with us, our consciences, our liberties, and

CHAPTER
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ton's Par-
liament.

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the liberties and consciences of this nation, exactly as you think fit. We are your clay, and you are our potter."

This oath was ordered to be taken by all persons whom the Privy Council, or any having orders from them, might require to take it. It soon came to be the shibboleth for all Scotland. At first the full meaning of it might not appear, but before long "its sense was made plain, large, and terrible."

Vast as were the obligations under which the Presbyterians had laid him, Charles hated them with the whole strength of his gross and callous heart. He was quite as bent as ever his father and grandfather had been on having a King-ruled Church as a means towards absolute monarchy. No time was lost. Scotland was once more to see her dearest rights and liberties violently torn from her, and to feel the weight of a yoke which she had never been able to bear. Preparations were already begun. Parliament had made the King a civil pope and lord of conscience. What next? The next thing was to strike terror, and awe the country into submission. It was resolved to choose an exalted victim. The Marquis of Argyle, great as a Highland prince, but greater far as a Christian patriot, was "questionless," says Baillie, "the greatest subject the King had." He was the first statesman of his age. He had been the wise and revered counsellor of the Covenanters in the stormy times of the first Charles. His hands set the crown upon the King's head at Scone. The Marquis was selected to be the first victim.

Argyle.

He saw it to be his duty to proceed to London and pay his respects to the King on his restoration. When Charles was informed that Argyle had come to wait upon him, with an angry stamp of his foot he ordered him to be carried prisoner to the Tower. From the Tower he was sent down to Scotland to undergo a mock trial before a packed Parliament. He was found guilty of

treason, in having complied with the government of Cromwell. They took a vote, "Head or hang?" and it carried "Head," the execution to be in two days. In prison the Marquis said to his friends, "Shortly you will envy me who am got before you. Mind that I tell you; my skill fails if you will not either suffer much or sin much." On the way to the scaffold, "I could die," he said, "like a Roman, but choose rather to die as a Christian." And never, perhaps, in any death-scene to be read of in history, did the power in which dying saints are more than conquerors shine forth more serene and grand than on the scaffold where Archibald, Marquis of Argyle, stooped his head to the loaded axe of the "maiden."

James Guthrie, the dauntless minister of Stirling, was chosen for the second victim. He too was put through the mockery of a trial at the bar of Parliament, a pamphlet of his affording the pretext for a charge of treason. The eloquent old minister was sentenced to be hanged. When the reader next walks in the Scotch Parliament House—now serving as a porch to the courts of law—let him be deaf for a moment to the resounding hum and clack of tongues, and think of these two, the first of the great array of martyrs for our religion and liberties, standing there so calm and pure to receive their death-doom from a Parliament of drunken slaves. On the gallows ladder Guthrie stood and spoke for an hour to the crowd, as calmly as if he had been standing in his own pulpit at Stirling. When the rope was round his neck, and the hangman was just about to push him off the ladder, lifting the napkin from his face, he cried, "The covenants, the covenants shall yet be Scotland's reviving!" A few minutes more and our second martyr had won his victory and received his crown. His venerable head was set above the Netherbow gate, from which his bleached skull was not taken down for twenty-seven years, when the roll of our martyrs was complete.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE FOUR HUNDRED.

CHAPTER PARLIAMENT itself had sworn, and had enacted that
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everybody else should be ready to swear, absolute, unlimited submission to the King, in all things whatsoever. They had put a blank into the King's hand, which he was not long in beginning to fill up. King Ahaz of old saw an altar at Damascus, the fashion and pattern of which took his fancy, and he caused one like it to be set up in the temple at Jerusalem, "according to all the workmanship thereof." King Charles had his fancy also in matters of religion. He chose to have a Church on the prelatie pattern both in England and Scotland. A letter came down to the Scotch Privy Council, announcing the royal pleasure that steps should forthwith be taken to break up the Church of Scotland, and recast it in the Episcopal mould. The slavish tools, to whom the government of the country was committed, went to work straightway.

The
Bishops.

It was necessary to provide bishops. James Sharp, minister of Crail, had been sent by the Presbyterians—at least by the Resolutionist part of them—to Court, to represent them and watch over their interests. The confiding men had trusted their dearest hopes to the honour and truth of a treacherous hypocrite. Under the pretence of watching over the interests of the Church, Sharp joined in the measures for its overthrow. He was made Archbishop of St. Andrews, and Primate of all Scotland. He sold his country; but he got a Lon-

don-built carriage, with flunkies in purple liveries, and a revenue of fifty thousand merks a year to keep it running. The Scottish Judas got a much better price than Judas Iscariot. The private character of some of the bishops was none of the best, and all the six were mean-minded, worldly men—Leighton of Dunblane alone excepted. Strange that this good and amiable man should have been found among such a crew. His writings are still often seen, and sometimes read, amongst us. Samuel Johnson says of a certain work of an English author, "It has been much praised. I would rather praise it than read it." Let us praise Leighton and pass.

The bishops and archbishops are duly set up, then. Archbishop Sharp rolls in his London-built carriage, and purple flunkies minister to his lordship. All Synods, Presbyteries, and Kirk-Sessions are put down. An Act of Parliament forbade to speak, write, preach, or pray against the government of the Church by bishops and archbishops. Let no man dare to say that he prefers the pattern showed in the Mount to the pattern of the altar of Damascus. Let all ministers of parishes attend the "diocesan" meetings to be held by the bishops, and thus signify their compliance with the new order of things, on pain of being punished as "contemners of his Majesty's authority."

But the ministers did not attend. Conscientiously attached to their own form of worship and church government, they refused to be turned over to another at the King's bidding. It was in the west and south of Scotland that the resistance by the clergy was most unyielding and unanimous. Middleton, with a quorum of the Privy Council, took a journey into these parts to enforce submission. This tour of the fierce mercenary and his dissolute companions was a wild orgy all the way. They drank the devil's health at the cross of Ayr at midnight, and did other things which Wodrow "leaves

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Drunken
Act of
Glasgow.

to such as shall write a history of the morals of this time"—a black task which no man has yet attempted.

On the 1st of October 1662, Middleton and his quorum held a sitting in the fore hall of Glasgow College. Wild with rage, and reckless from drink, they passed an Act that all ministers must either submit to the bishops, or remove themselves and their families out of their churches, manses, and parishes by the first day of November next to come. This was "The Drunken Act of Glasgow." The Act was published, and the ministers knew their alternative—the old alternative to which the apostles were driven up by the Sanhedrim: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye."

The blustering winds of October had already begun to strip the trees and scatter the brown leaves about the paths, when the furious mandate went forth. One little month only was given to the ministers to decide. The dreary first of November came, and the minister's flitting was seen moving away from the door of many a pleasant manse. Four hundred ministers left their homes and their earthly all, and went forth with their families, content to suffer the loss of all things, so that they might keep conscience unspotted. Four hundred of the true and brave took with steady hearts the first step on the path of suffering for Christ. Their hearth-stones were cold, their homes empty, and the silence of death fell upon their churches. The question had been put to them, Will you consent that man should exercise lordship in the Church of which Christ is the only Lord? This was the question, and the four hundred empty manses were the answer to it. There are two Kings in Scotland! Many of the four hundred, when they left their manses, took the first step on the way to the scaffold. But we owe it to the noble Four Hundred that the blank of despotism, which the Parliament put into

the King's hand to be filled up, was torn to pieces. It was their example which roused the nation to the struggle for freedom. That struggle was long and bloody, but it was crowned with glorious success, and we enjoy the fruits.

The empty pulpits of the expelled ministers had now to be filled. This, however, was not so easily done. Men with qualifications or character fit for the ministry could not be got to enter them. All the winter and spring the churches in the west and a great part of the south lay desolate. After months of effort the bishops were able to gather from the northern districts of the kingdom a sufficient number of coarse, ignorant creatures, willing to be put into the priest's office for a bit of bread. "They were indeed," Bishop Burnet candidly says, "the dregs and refuse of the northern parts." These men, the *curates* as the people called them, were thrust into the places of the glorious Four Hundred. When they came, the people in some parishes besought them with tears to be gone. In other places, the curates were sore put to it by hard-headed villagers arguing with them. Some stole the bell tongue; some fastened up the church door, to oblige the curate to enter literally by the window, as the thief and the robber do. A shepherd boy, finding in the field a nest of ants, filled a box with them. This he slyly emptied into the curate's great boot-heads as he was going to the pulpit. The unlucky curate began the service, and the ants began to bite. He fidgetted and stamped, but the miserable insects gave him no peace, and he was obliged to give over. In many places mobs gathered, chiefly of women, and stoned the curate when he made his appearance. These, of course, were the actions of the ignorant, of which all the judicious Presbyterians disapproved.

But how could our thoughtful Scotch Christian folk listen to these contemptible hirelings as their teachers in

CHAPTER
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The Cu-
rates.

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—Bishops'
Drag-Net.
1663 A.D.

the things of God? They did not listen to them. They had their "trysting-places" on the moorland, or in some quiet glen, and there they listened to their own much-loved ministers. These peaceful field meetings for hearing the gospel were not at first interfered with. Another stride in the march of persecution was, however, speedily taken. Provoked to find their curates neglected and the churches deserted, the bishops got an Act passed to punish as seditious persons all ministers who should preach without their leave. All persons not attending at their own parish church were made liable to monstrous fines, and "such corporal punishment as the Privy Council should see proper to inflict." This Act was called *The Bishops' Drag-Net*.

Soldiers were turned out upon the country to work the "drag-net," and sweep the people into the churches. The curate, after sermon, called the roll of his parishioners, and handed over the names of the absentees to the commanding officer, who forthwith exacted the fines. If any man failed to pay the fine immediately, soldiers were quartered upon him till he was "eaten up." His cattle and goods were sold for a trifle. Many families were thus reduced to beggary, and driven to wander about the country seeking their living. A great part of the west was given up to be plundered by the soldiers, as if it had been a conquered province.

Edinburgh, meanwhile, was beginning to be accustomed to the sight which she was so often to see during the next quarter of a century—the sight of murder by law. It was a summer's afternoon, and the scaffold stood at the Cross, waiting for its victim. A dense multitude thronged the street. By-and-by the victim came forth. He was an old man; and yet, when one looked again, it seemed that he had aged from suffering more than years. Some friends, clothed in deep mourning, attended him. His countenance was serene and com-

posed. When mounted on the scaffold, he said to the crowd, "I entreat you, quiet yourselves a little till this dying man deliver his last speech among you." He must make use of a paper, he said, for long sickness had much impaired his memory. He then read his speech, first on the one side of the scaffold and then on the other.

The friends in the mourning apparel helped the old man to climb the gallows ladder. When he got to the top, he cried with a loud voice, "I beseech you all, who are the people of God, not to scare at suffering for the interest of Christ, or stumble at anything of this kind falling out in these days ; but be encouraged to suffer for him, for I assure you, in the name of the Lord, he will bear your charges." The hangman then put the rope about his neck, and turned him over. He died without any struggle, his hands even in death lifted up to heaven in the attitude of prayer. Archibald Johnstone, Lord Warriston, was the sufferer—the same whom we heard reading the covenant to the people on that memorable day five-and-twenty years ago.

CHAPTER
LXXVI.Death of
Warriston.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

PENTLAND.

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1664 A.D. No Parliament met in Scotland for five or six years. The Privy Council had the governing of the country entirely in their hands. Severe as its procedure was, it did not satisfy Archbishop Sharp. He posted up to London, complained of the remissness of the Scotch authorities in pushing forward the new Episcopal Establishment, and returned with the King's warrant for appointing a High Commission Court, or Scottish Inquisition.

The Scottish Inquisition. Judas himself was President of this court. Its chief object was to carry out the ecclesiastical laws, and to punish all who opposed the government of the Church by bishops. Its powers were absolutely unlimited. All troops and all officers of the law must obey their orders. They could call before them whomsoever they chose. They examined no witnesses; they allowed no defence. They punished mercilessly by fine, by imprisonment, by banishment. Mere boys even were shipped off and sold for slaves in the plantations of the West Indies.

A shadow of disturbance had occurred in the parish of Ancrum. On the day that a curate was to be settled in the parish, the people gathered out. One poor woman in her simplicity wished to speak with the curate, and dissuade him from coming there in the room of their godly pastor. In her earnestness she took hold of his cloak, entreating him to hear her a little. The curate turned and struck her with his staff. Two or three boys seeing the woman struck, threw a few stones, which, however,

hit neither the curate nor any of his company. The sheriff of the bounds imprisoned and fined the actors in this petty disorder. It was not enough. The Inquisition heard of it, and ordered the woman, two brothers of hers, and four boys, to be brought before them. The two brothers, men with young families, were banished to Virginia. The woman was lashed through the town of Jedburgh. The sentence upon the four boys was, that they should be scourged through the city of Edinburgh, branded in the face with a red-hot iron, and then sold as slaves to Barbadoes. The poor boys endured their punishment like men and Christians, to the admiration of multitudes.

Troops were kept constantly employed to grind the people into conformity. Sir James Turner, a drunken mercenary, was the chief officer in command. The soldiers, ruffians gathered from the dregs of the population, were worthy of such a commander. Unheard-of cruelties were exercised. Any curate, with the assistance of the soldiers, fined whom he pleased, and as much as he pleased, for not attending the parish church. The widow and the fatherless, the old and the infirm, were not spared. The poor must beg for means to pay the church fines. The soldiers took free quarters in many houses; and when the provision was all consumed, the furniture was sold or burned. Many families were scattered, and reduced to the utmost extremity. Many persons betook themselves to a wandering life, and went into hiding among the hills and moors.

One day in the beginning of November, four of these wanderers, who had been lurking in the hilly region of Glenkens in Galloway, came down for food to the little village of Dalry. It happened that a party of soldiers had seized an old man in the village, who was unable to pay his church fines. They had him lying on the earth bound, and were threatening to strip him naked and set him

CHAPTER
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Sir James
Turner.

1666 A.D.
Scuffle at
Dalry.

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on a red-hot gridiron. "Why do you bind the old man?" the wanderers asked. "How dare you challenge?" the soldiers retorted. Some people of the village coming forward to loose the old man, the soldiers fell on them with their swords, and almost killed two of them. A pistol, loaded with a piece of a tobacco pipe instead of a ball, was fired by one of the wanderers, and a soldier was hurt. The rest of the soldiers were overpowered, and the old man set free. About twelve other soldiers were in the parish. Afraid that these would fall upon them, the wanderers, joined by seven or eight acquaintances, surprised the party early next morning. The soldiers all laid down their arms except one, who was killed in making resistance.

The persons engaged in the Dalry scuffle felt that, after what they had done, the best chance for them was to keep together, and stand on their defence. Maclellan, the laird of Barscobe, and some other gentlemen of the neighbourhood, joined them. They soon mustered about fifty horsemen and a few foot, and marched straight to Dumfries, where they anticipated the vengeance of Sir James Turner by surprising and taking him prisoner. This done, they went to the market cross and publicly drank the King's health, and prosperity to his government.

From Dumfries they marched into Ayrshire. Others of the oppressed people joined them, and they grew into a small army. Many of them, however, were poorly armed. Scythes set straight on staves were a common weapon among them. Colonel Wallace, an experienced soldier, sprung of the stock of the great William Wallace, was chosen to the command. In the hope that their oppressed brethren would join them, they resolved to march in the direction of Edinburgh. Meanwhile the Council had ordered General Dalziel, with as many of the forces as could be got together, to march against them; and the fierce veteran, snuffing blood, was already on

March to
Edinburgh

their track. In the hope of a general rising they were entirely disappointed. Their movement was almost universally considered premature and hopeless. No reinforcements joined them. The weather came on wild and tempestuous. Through "pitiful broken moors," in the lashing rain and sleet of that dismal November, the devoted host marched on till they came within three miles of Edinburgh, still hoping that friends there would rise to their aid. Instead of aiding, Edinburgh and Leith were in arms to resist them—"not an advocate almost but he is in his bandoleers; the guards with the great guns planted at the gates."

A hostile city lay before them; fierce Dalziel, with a force of thrice their number, was following them up. The only thing to be thought of was to retreat, if possible, to their own west country. Turning off to the south, they rounded the eastern extremity of the Pentlands, and held away to the west along the southern base of the hills. The little army, worn out with marching and privations, had halted at a place called Rullion Green, and were resting themselves, as best they could, on the snow-covered ground, when the van of General Dalziel's army came in sight. When three thousand fresh and well-appointed troops come against nine hundred ill-armed and spent with fatigue, it can end in only one way. Yet the insurgents beat back three several charges before they were broken. When the dusky winter twilight fell, the battle was not over. Mingled together, the forms of men and horse were seen, wildly struggling through the thickening gloom. Most of the heroic little host gained the hills under cover of the darkness, but about a hundred of them were taken prisoners. Fifty others, more fortunate, lay stark and still, each in his pool of frozen blood, upon the snow.

The prisoners had surrendered on promise of quarter, but that mattered nothing. Sharp, inflamed with rage,

CHAPTER
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Rullion
Green.
28th Nov

Sharp's re-
venge.

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was determined to have his revenge, and the King's Advocate was ordered to make despatch. The unfortunate prisoners were crowded into "Haddo's Hole," from which they were brought out in batches of ten or eleven to the gallows. Their heads and right arms were cut off, and the ghastly relics sent in sacks to be stuck up in the southern and western towns. Kirkcudbright, Kilmarnock, Hamilton, and Lanark, each had its gates thus horribly adorned.

The rising, which ended on the blood-stained snow of Pentland, was as manifestly as could be an unprepared, unpremeditated thing. But the fears, or else the cunning, of the prelates gave it another character. They determined to blacken the whole Presbyterian party, by making the Pentland affair to appear as part of an extensive conspiracy. There was no way of getting evidence to this effect, except by hammering it out of some of the prisoners. An apparatus of torture, originally imported from France, which the bishops had got made specially for the occasion, was used on two of them. This was the *Boots of Pain*, a wooden frame in which the legs were enclosed—sometimes one, sometimes both—and wedges driven



TORTURE OF THE BOOTS.
From an old Print.

home with the powerful strokes of a mallet, till the limb was reduced to a livid and bloody mass. Two of the Pentland prisoners underwent this horrible torture. One of these was Neilson of Corsack, "a meek and generous gentleman." He was dreadfully tormented, and his shrieks would have melted the hearts of any except members of the Scottish Inqui-

sition. But they only called for "the other touch."

The other prisoner who suffered the torture of the boots, and dragged his mangled limb to the gallows, was Hugh M'Kail, a preacher. M'Kail was a young man of twenty-six, beautiful to look upon, and of rare intellectual promise—

CHAPTER
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—
Hugh
M'Kail.

“Some great thing sparkled in that blushing face.”

He had been with the Pentland insurgents for a few days in the exercise of his calling, but had left them when he found that he could no longer endure the exposure and hardship of the field. Sharp presided at the torture of M'Kail. They questioned him as to the cause and design of the Pentland insurrection. He told them that it began in the accidental way which the reader knows. They tortured him till they were weary, but he had no more to tell. When he was brought out to die, there was scarce a dry cheek among the multitude who filled the street and looked out of the windows at the Cross of Edinburgh. Standing under the gibbet-beam, he addressed the people. The peace that kept his soul shone in his beautiful face, and made its beauty seem holy. His closing words were—“And now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and turn my speech to thee, O God. And now I begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations; farewell the world and all delights; farewell meat and drink; farewell sun, moon, and stars! Welcome, God and Father; welcome, sweet Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant; welcome, blessed Spirit of grace and God of all consolation! Welcome glory, welcome eternal life, WELCOME DEATH!” In consequence of the deep impression made on the people by the dying words of M'Kail, the practice was adopted at future executions of beating drums to drown the voices of the sufferers.

It was not yet seven years since, upon that same spot

CHAPTER
LXXVII.
—

Cruelties.

where a weeping crowd beheld the death-agony of Hugh M'Kail, the long table with sweetmeats and wines was set, and three hundred dozen glasses were broken drinking the health of the restored King. This was his return for Presbyterian loyalty, and the brave blood of Dunbar and Worcester! Would we know further how Charles Stewart rewards his faithful Scottish subjects? A winter of persecution, the severest Scotland had yet endured, followed Pentland fight. The whole west and south were given up to military execution. A brutal soldiery were let loose to plunder, murder, and commit outrages at will. How they did their work a sample or two will show. A woman had assisted her husband to escape, disguised in her clothes. They seized her, and put lighted gun-matches between her fingers for several hours. Her hand was destroyed by the torture, and she died in a few days. Two men had given a night's lodging to two of the Pentland people. They hung them up to a tree by the thumbs, and left them to hang there all night. A man, who had happened to be in Lanark when Colonel Wallace and the Pentland army passed through, was brought before the hoary ruffian, General Dalziel. The people he had seen passing through Lanark were strangers to him, and he could give no information about them. This poor man, though he earnestly entreated "one night's time to prepare for eternity," was shot on the spot, stripped naked, and left lying on the ground, for not answering the questions put to him!

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE HIGHLAND HOST.

THERE were lulls in the storm of persecution—the *blinks*, as the suffering people called them—precious intervals of comparative security. With these slight exceptions, the persecution raged for the long space of eight-and-twenty years.

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There was even a time when plans of moderation were in favour with the governing powers. A measure called the *Indulgence* was the result. A letter from the King granted power to the Council to appoint, at their discretion, the “outed” ministers to vacant parishes, to which the exercise of their ministry was to be strictly confined. Many of the clergy accepted the Indulgence; many utterly refused to accept it. For should they, the servants of Christ, place themselves in the discharge of their office under another master? Had they the right to submit to any rules or limitations, other than Christ has given in his Word? Should they accept of a license from God’s enemies to serve Christ? Should they ask leave of men to worship God?

The Indul-
gence.
1669 A.D.

One effect of the Indulgence was to divide the ministers and people into two bodies of keen and angry disputants. Another effect of it was to render the persecution more stringent against the Unindulged. The Government, having granted the Indulgence, naturally turned in anger against those who put it from them.

At first the field meetings for worship were small, and the men who attended them went unarmed. The multi-

Conven-
ticles.

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tudes who went after the preaching of the word, however, greatly increased. Field meetings, or *conventicles* as they were termed, grew much more frequent, and were attended by much larger numbers. The men adopted the practice of coming armed for self-defence, if they should be attacked. The blue-bonneted Covenanter sat on the hill-side to hear the word of the living God, and the sheathed broadsword, laid across the open Bible on his knees, held down its leaves against the ruffling wind. The conventicles sometimes numbered many thousands, so that any party of military likely to be called to the spot on a short notice could not venture to interrupt them. They heard the word of life; their infants were sprinkled with the water of baptism from the moorland burn; or the memorials of Christ's dying love were set forth on a table built of stones and turf and covered with a fair white cloth; and when the solemn services were over, they peacefully dispersed to their homes. But the weapons which they bore announced their resolution to



SITE OF CONVENTICLE.

maintain with the steel their right to worship God as his own word bade them do.

Against these field meetings the whole fury of per-
 secution was now directed. Any minister who preached
 in the fields, or even in a house which was so full that
 some of the hearers were out of doors, was punishable
 with death. Bands of soldiers roamed the country to
 hunt out all who were suspected of attending the con-
 venticles. Whoever was present at one was liable to be
 fined, imprisoned, or sold as a slave in Barbadoes or
 Virginia. Every landlord was ordered to require his
 tenants to sign a paper binding themselves never to at-
 tend a conventicle. If the tenant refused to sign, all his
 property and possessions forthwith became the landlord's,
 and he was cast out a beggar. Letters of *intercommuni-*
ing, as the word was, were issued against hundreds—
 ministers, country gentlemen, and even ladies—who had
 been driven to lead a wandering and lurking life. It
 was death for any man to furnish the persons who were
 laid under this horrible ban with meat, drink, or a
 night's lodging, or to hold any communication with them,
 by word, writing, or message. As many as seventeen
 thousand persons were punished in one year for the crime
 of attending conventicles. It was all in vain. Con-
 venticles increased, and the churches of the curates were
 as deserted as ever.

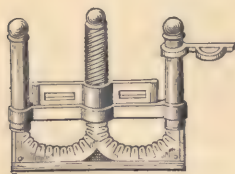
CHAPTER
LXXVIII.Horrible
ban.

At that time there existed in the mind of the English
 people a strong jealousy of a standing army. The Court
 wanted a standing army—wanted it to be used against
 the liberties of the country. A pretext for creating an
 army must be found. The Scotch conventicles afforded
 the pretext. They were increasing; they were armed;
 rebellion was brewing; an army must be got to quell it.
 So the cry was raised. If any part of Scotland could be
 driven into actual rebellion, so much the better. There
 would be a clear reason for a standing army, and there
 would be forfeited estates for the tyrant's greedy creatures
 to clutch. It was under these circumstances that a

Standing
army.

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LXXVIII.

measure, well-nigh the most outrageous in all history, was carried out. This was the bringing down of the "Highland Host" upon the western shires. A body of ten thousand Highlanders was mustered, half savage clansmen from the mountains, hating with an ancient grudge the "Sassenach," or Lowlanders, and fitted to be the instruments of any cruelty. This Highland host, armed as for war, and ac-



THUMB-SCREWS.

companied by a body of the regular troops with field-pieces, was marched upon the west country. They were provided with good store of shackles for the prisoners, and of thumb-screws for torture.

To the surprise of the barbarous host, no enemy appeared. Peaceful country people gazed on them in dismay as they passed, or fled at their approach. There was, in short, to be no fighting, but an astounding opportunity for plunder, far surpassing any Highlandman's dream. The Sassenach Government had brought them down from their hills with free leave to rob the Sassenach subjects. The Highlanders spread all over the west, plundering and ravaging without mercy. They robbed all they met. They swept off everything of value from the dwellings. If they met with any refusal, or anything which displeased them, they requited it with a stab of the dirk or a gash from the claymore. If they suspected any one of having property concealed, they forced him to discover it by roasting him before a fire, or by hacking off his fingers. To the unhappy women their behaviour was horrible.

1678 A.D.

The savage horde were allowed the range of this robbers' paradise for three months. As they passed Stirling Bridge, on their way back to the hills, they looked like men returning from the sack of a town. "When the

Highlanders went back," says Wodrow, "one would have thought that they had been at the sacking of some besieged town, by their baggage and luggage. They were loaded with spoil: they carried away a great many horses, and no small quantity of goods out of merchants' shops, whole webs of linen and woollen cloth, some silver plate bearing the names and arms of gentlemen. You would have seen them with loads of bed clothes, carpets, men and women's wearing clothes, pots, pans, gridirons, shoes, and other furniture, whereof they had pillaged the country."

A party of them, numbering nearly two thousand, who took their road home by Glasgow, fell into worse luck. The Clyde was in flood. The students at the College along with the young men in the town blocked up the bridge, and compelled the Highlanders to deliver up the spoil they carried with them. They then allowed them to pass, forty at a time, conveyed them to the West Port,

The spoilers spoiled.



DRESS OF SCOTTISH PEOPLE.

and dismissed them as bare as they had come from the hills.

CHAPTER
LXXVIII.Signifi-
cance of
the con-
venticles.

When the first armed conventicle was held, on the smooth green hill of Beath in the west of Fife, thanks to God were publicly given for it in the Scots congregations abroad. Had our countrymen in other lands begun already to understand *what the conventicle meant?* They saw at least that something great was likely to grow out of the conventicles. One other man felt that there was a big meaning in them. Other members of the Scottish Government might see in an armed conventicle nothing more than a disorderly meeting which ought to be dispersed. Archbishop Sharp knew his old friends better, and more truly appreciated the significance of the armed conventicle. A people who meet Sabbath after Sabbath in arms to defend their Christian rights are a people in a state of revolution. They have resolved to obtain by force what cannot be obtained by the common and legal methods. It is easy for us to see that this deep significance lay in the conventicles. Sharp felt that there was no safety unless they were put down.

Sharp's
edict.

The people of the west endured all the barbarous oppression of the Highland host, taking joyfully the spoiling of their goods. Still the conventicles multiplied and grew. Sharp devised a measure of such crushing severity against them that it was with difficulty he got it carried in the Scotch Council. He drew up the draft of a new edict, giving power to *kill* every man going armed to or from a conventicle. Any officer, even the meanest sergeant, was authorized to shoot on the spot any man who, as he chose to think, was either going to a conventicle or returning from one. Sharp himself was about to proceed to London to get his edict pushed through. But this man of treachery and blood had reached the end of his career.

One Carmichael, a base drunken wretch and a tool of Sharp's, had signalized himself by his cruelty and activity in hunting out the persecuted people in Fife. Some of

the men of Fife determined to inflict on this miscreant such a chastisement as would probably frighten him out of the district. Hackston of Rathillet, Balfour of Kinloch, James Russell in Kettle—who has left a written account of the day's work—met for this purpose, along with six others. They had been on the outlook for Carmichael an entire forenoon without success, and were just about to separate. They were sitting on their horses, conversing together before parting, when a farmer's boy came running up. "Gentlemen," he cried, "there is the bishop's coach; our good-wife desired me to tell you." A wild thought leaped into their hearts, and a fierce light burned in their eyes as they looked one at another. The chief author of Scotland's miseries for well-nigh twenty years was within their reach. "Truly this is of God," they said.

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They wished Hackston to take command of the company, but Hackston refused. It was well known, he said, that he had a personal difference with the Archbishop. Any part, therefore, which he might take against him would be set down to private revenge. Upon this, Balfour cried, "Gentlemen, follow me!" and the whole nine galloped off. They came up to the coach. A cry from his coachman drew the Archbishop's attention, and he looked out at the window. James Russell called out "Judas, be taken!" and fired a pistol at him. "Drive! drive!" Sharp cried, and the carriage bounded along. The chase continued for half a mile, the pursuers firing various shots, none of which took effect. The best mounted man of the company got before the coach, and cut one of the leading horses on the head with his sword. James Russell, coming up a moment after, struck the postilion from the saddle, seized the horse by the bridle rings, and stopped the coach. Sharp was in the hands of the avengers of blood.

"Judas,
be taken."

"Come forth, Judas!" they cried. Sharp begged his life. He never wronged man, he said. "Save my life,

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and I will save yours." Once and again they commanded him to come out, but the terrified man shrank up into the carriage. At last, and not till he had received some wounds, he was forced to come out. Pale and staggering, he dropped on his knees on the road, and again implored them to spare his life. He had been without mercy, they told him, and should receive none. They urged him to pray to God; he offered them money, money to any amount, if they would only spare his life. Again they urged him to pray; but finding that by nothing which they could say could they prevail on him to do so, they levelled their pistols and fired. The wretched man was only wounded by the shots. They drew their swords—at the sight of which he uttered a piercing and hideous yell of despair—and finished their dreadful work by plunging them into his body. The stern enthusiasts, when all was over, rode to a farm-house about three miles off, where they spent the rest of the day till eight o'clock at night in prayer.



DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP SHARP.

Pity it is that this vile man's blood stains the noble history of the Sufferings. But we well may wonder that deeds of vengeance were so rare throughout these long years of hideous tyranny. They can be all told in a few

lines. Two ruffians, Kennoway and Stewart, soldiers of the guard, had made themselves very active in hunting down the poor "hill folk." They had come into the parish of Livingstone on some evil errand. After several days, spent mostly in drinking, they were found one morning dead. They might have been slain in a drunken brawl; they might have been assassinated. No light was ever thrown upon the manner of their death. Of course it was given out that they had been "inhumanly murdered and butchered by some desperate rebels and fugitives."

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Mr. Peter Peirson, curate of Carsphairn, was a stern, surly man, a notorious informer upon the suffering people, and instigator to all the violences committed in that district. He lived alone in the manse, without even a servant, keeping loaded fire-arms constantly in his room, and boasting that "he feared none of the Whigs, nor anything else but rats and mice." Some of the wanderers, who were "upon their hiding" in that neighbourhood, imagined that they could reduce this dangerous enemy to inactivity. They resolved to get hold of him and, without doing him any bodily harm, compel him to give them a written declaration that he would cease to play the informer and to hound their enemies upon them.

With this clumsy idea, they met one night near the manse. Two of them knocked at the door, intending to desire the curate to speak with some friends. The surly curate opened his door. He held a gun, ready, as it seemed, to fire. One of the men—James Macmichael, gamekeeper to the Laird of Maxwellton—had his gun in his hand. Believing that the curate was about to fire, the gamekeeper fired first, and shot the curate dead. The rest of the men regarded his hasty act with detestation, and forthwith separated themselves from his company. And the deaths of Sharp and Peirson are the proofs on which the Presbyterians are charged with "the hellish and Jesuitical principle of assassination!"

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AT BAY.

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Sharp's
legacy.

SHARP'S slaughter—the rash act of a very few of their number whom oppression had maddened—drew vengeance on the whole body of Presbyterians. The Archbishop, even from his grave, continued to direct the work of murder. His edict, denouncing death upon the hearing of the gospel in the fields, was returned approved by the King, and put in force without mercy. A fit agent for the butcher-work was found in John Graham of Claverhouse, a ruthless soldier, ready to do any amount of murder just as a part of the business for which he was hired, and who took special care to pay himself well out of the plunder torn from the suffering people. This ruffian was for seven or eight years the chief military officer in the west.

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On a Sabbath morning in June a conventicle was held on a rising ground in a wide moorland a few miles south-east from Glasgow. The minister was beginning his sermon, when a signal-shot, fired by their watchman on a neighbouring height, told them that the military were approaching. It was Claverhouse and his troops. The armed men of the congregation drew out, and ranged themselves by the edge of a swamp, at the base of the rising ground. The old men, the women, and the unarmed part of the congregation, having their defenders between them and the enemy, could retire to some security. The dragoons came up to the margin of the swamp, and fired. The Covenanters replied with quick and well-

aimed volleys, which emptied a good many saddles, and threw the dragoons into some disorder. They were not allowed time to recover. Dashing across the swamp, the Covenanters rushed upon them, and a fierce hand-to-hand conflict ensued. It was soon over: Claverhouse and his scattered troopers saved themselves by flight, leaving forty dead on the field, besides their wounded. This was the fight of Drumclog. Sir Robert Hamilton of Preston had the command of the Covenanters that day—and on a luckless day that was near to come. Hackston of Rathillet and John Balfour, whom we know; veteran Henry Hall of Haughhead, and gallant young William Cleland—whom we shall know by-and-by—fought under him.

After the victory at Drumclog, the Covenanters resolved to keep together in arms. Perhaps it was the best thing they could do for their present safety. But they had formed no plan; they had conceived no definite mode of action. They had simply turned to bay, like the hard-hunted stag. Hamilton, their leader, was an honest, rigid, narrow man, unbending as a flint, and totally unfit for the position which he held. They wanted a chief—a fatal want. In the storm which was darkening around them, they fared as the boat fares whose steersman cannot steer.

After the fight at Drumclog, Claverhouse fled as hard as he could gallop to Glasgow. Hamilton and his party followed the next day, and made an attack upon the town, but were beaten off with six or eight killed. Numbers gathered and joined them from all quarters. Considering that their lives were endangered for a righteous cause, many, over whom conscience ruled with a mighty and awful power, thought that they would be accountable for their blood if they withheld their help. The number of the covenanting army was thus soon raised to five or six thousand men. They chose camping ground on Hamilton

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Disputes.

Moor, and lay there, close by old Bothwell Bridge. It was the bitter misfortune of the army at Bothwell that disputes and divisions fell out amongst them—disputes carried to a height of violence scarcely short of madness. The subject of strife was the Indulgence. Not that any man there defended it. On the contrary, they unanimously considered it sinful. But the question was, Should the acceptance of it be expressly condemned in the proclamation to be made by those who were in arms? The whole camp took sides, and the controversy raged till all tempers were inflamed. Military order, discipline, and obedience were neglected. An army divided against itself cannot stand. Swift and fierce the ruin came.

While the Covenanters were disputing, the Government was preparing. An army of fifteen thousand strong, well provided in everything, was got ready. It was put under the command of the King's illegitimate son, poor Monmouth. With him were the old war-wolf Dalziel, Graham of Claverhouse, and other captains of experience. The royal army advanced without interruption. Even the sight of the enemy did not suspend the disputes in the covenanting camp. The Clyde river separated the two forces, and the bridge was the key of the position.

22nd June.

Just three weeks from Drumclog, on another Sabbath morning, the arches of the old bridge of Bothwell on the Clyde were wrapped in smoke. On one side massive and ample battalions stand ranked under banner, and from among them a numerous artillery speaks the voice of battle. From the other side a solitary cannon replies. A handful of men dispute the passage of the bridge till powder and bullet fail. The key of the position is lost, and the squadrons under the royal banner march over the bridge. Then there is panic and rout; the death-chase sweeps over the moor, and the merciless slayers cut down the helpless, disordered multitude.

About four hundred were killed. Twelve hundred



BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

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LXXIX.

Cruelties
to prison-
ers.

prisoners were taken. They were stripped almost naked and ordered to lie flat on the ground. Any one who raised his head was instantly shot. Some days afterwards, the prisoners, tied two and two together, were driven to Edinburgh. Except a few who were put in prison, they were penned like cattle in the inner Greyfriars' Church-yard. They were continually under the muskets of a guard; and the Council ordered a list of the guard for each day to be kept, that if any prisoner should escape, the guard should throw dice and answer body for body. The prisoners continued in that horrid pen for five months. They had no shelter whatever, except that, a little before the end of the time, boards were slanted up against the wall and the unhappy men were allowed to creep under them. They generally stood all day. All night they lay on the cold ground without any accommodation whatsoever. If any prisoner lifted his uneasy head, he was sure to draw a bullet from the nearest sentry.

Some few escaped, and a portion were set free on signing a bond never again to bear arms against the King. Some were hanged, and numbers died of hardship and suffering. The remainder—too many to set the hangman to work upon them all—were shipped off to be sold for slaves in the American plantations. The vessel, containing two hundred and fifty of them, sailed from Leith and encountered very rough weather in the North Sea. On the Orkney coast she was driven upon a rock, so close in-shore that the crew made a gangway of the fallen mast and easily escaped. The prisoners were confined under hatches. A great agonized murmur of pleading voices rose from beneath the deck. But the barbarous captain refused to open the hatches. At last, just before the ship broke up in the fury of the seas, a seaman, struck with horror at the cruelty of drowning so many men in the dark without giving them a chance for

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their lives, sprang on board, seized an axe, and cut a hole in the deck. Forty or fifty of the prisoners got out before the ship went to pieces. The rest, to the number of two hundred, were drowned.

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While the sufferers lay in Greyfriars' Church-yard, the Duke of York, the King's brother, came to reside in Edinburgh. It was long since Edinburgh had seen so gay a time. Balls, plays, and masquerades followed in quick succession. Tea, then for the first time seen in Scotland, was given as a treat to the ladies visiting at Holyrood. The revel and the feast in illuminated halls for the oppressors: for God's persecuted people, a bed on the cold ground in the dark and dismal church-yard when the hollow winds of November blew !

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THE KILLING TIME.

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Murder
licensed.

DURING the five or six years following Bothwell Bridge the persecution was at its fiercest. But the years 1684 and 1685 went far beyond the rest in cruelty and blood. These fearful years were long remembered as *The Killing Time*. "There would never be peace in Scotland," the Duke of York had said, "till the whole of the country south of the Forth was turned into a hunting-field." And what they drove at now really seemed to be to get rid of the Covenanters by killing them all off. The soldiers had orders to go through the country and kill at their own absolute discretion. Every common soldier was judge of life or death over every person he met. Every soldier was empowered to interrogate any person whom he chose to suspect, and to kill when the answers did not please him. The usual interrogatory was after this manner: Was Bothwell Bridge rebellion? Was the killing of the Archbishop of St. Andrews murder? Will you pray for the King? Will you renounce the covenant?—Many honest and truthful souls, who had never been near Bothwell Bridge, refused to say that the rising there was rebellion, because they thought that it was lawful self-defence. Many could not say that they thought the killing of Sharp was murder, because they believed that his death was the just punishment of his crimes. The sufferers were quite willing to pray for the King "that the Lord would give him a godly life here and a life of glory hereafter." But they could not pray

for the King as head of the Church, which would have been, as they viewed it, to ask God to bless him in a wicked presumption. CHAPTER
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Men when they are drunk with blood are men no longer, but fiends. Daily murder,—murder in the house and in the field, murder of men and women, of old and young, murder for very sport,—this was the work of this horrid time.

A lieutenant and three soldiers passing along a road, found a man asleep on a sloping bank, with a small pocket Bible lying beside him. The soldiers woke the sleeping man. In reply to the lieutenant's questions, he told his name and place of abode, and that he was a weaver by trade. "Will you pray for the King?" the lieutenant asked. "With all my heart," said the man. The lieutenant was about to let him go when one of the soldiers put in, "But, sir, will you renounce the covenant?" The man hesitated a little and then said, "Lord, forgive me that I feared to own thy work!" Turning to the lieutenant, he said, "Indeed, sir, I'll as soon renounce my baptism. I know your power; work your will with me." They shot him dead on the spot.

Sir Ewan Cameron in the north killed, about this time, the last wolf ever seen in Scotland. A wolf more cruel by far was ravaging the south. That murderer, Graham of Claverhouse, one day saw a man riding past, and called after him. The man neither stopped nor answered; on which Claverhouse made his soldiers shoot him dead. On inquiry, it turned out that the man was stone deaf! In a house at the Water of Dee, Claverhouse found four men praying. This was enough. They were brought out one by one, and shot at the door. Being at the same place some days after, Claverhouse caused his men to dig up the bodies, and cast them out of their graves. One of the numberless murders done by this cut-throat touched with relenting, it is said, even his ferocious bosom. This

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John
Brown of
Priesthill.
1st May
1685.

was the murder of John Brown of Priesthill in the parish of Muirkirk. He was a carrier by occupation; *The Christian carrier* was the name by which he was commonly known. One morning, after conducting family worship as usual between five and six o'clock, he went out to dig peats. While engaged in this work, he was suddenly surrounded by Claverhouse with three troops of horse. They brought him back to his own house, and Claverhouse put some questions to him. "Go to your prayers," said the ruffian, "for you shall immediately die." Brown heard the awful words, and calmly knelt down and prayed. Thrice Claverhouse called out to him to cut short and have done. After he had ended, he said to his wife, who stood by with her infant in her arms, "Now, Isabel, the day is come of which I told you when I first spake of marriage to you." She replied, "Indeed, John, in this cause I can willingly part with you." "This," said he, "is all I desire. I have no more to do but die." He kissed his wife and children and blessed them, and stood ready to receive his death. Claverhouse ordered six of his dragoons to fire. The men, hardened as they were, hesitated; upon which Claverhouse drew a pistol from his holster, walked up to the victim, and shot him through the head. Turning, with the pistol yet reeking at touch-hole and muzzle, to the wife whom he had made a widow, the ruffian said, "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" "I ever thought much good of him," she said, "and as much now as ever." "It were but justice to lay thee beside him," said Claverhouse. "If you were permitted," the widow said, "I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length. But how will you be answerable for this morning's work?" "To men I can be answerable," the wretch retorted, "and as for God, I'll take him in my own hand." The dragoons then marched off, and the widow was left with her husband's corpse. She set her infant on the ground, gathered the

scattered fragments of brain, tied up the shattered head, covered the body with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him. CHAPTER
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The soldiers engaged in the horrible work sometimes showed themselves human. A soldier, meeting a man whom he rightly suspected to be one of the proscribed people, proceeded to put him through the usual examination. "Hold, sir!" cried the soldier; "you must not go from me; I have much business with you." Friendly
soldier.

"Well, what's your will then?"

"I must ask some questions at you. If you answer me right, you and I shall be good friends. First, will you pray for the King?"

"Indeed, sir, I will pray for all good men. I hope you think the King a good man, or you would not serve him."

"Indeed do I, sir, I think him a good man, and you are all wicked that will not pray for him. But what say you then to the business of Bothwell Bridge? Was not Bothwell Bridge a rebellion?"

"I wot not well what to say of Bothwell Bridge," replied the man, who by this time fully understood the friendliness of the soldier; "but if they took up arms there against a good King without a good cause, it must be rebellion, I'll own that."

"Nay, then, I hope thou and I shall be good friends presently; I think thou'lt be an honest man. But they have killed the Archbishop of St. Andrews, honest man. Oh, that was a sore work! What say you to that? Was not that murder?"

"Alas, poor man! and have they killed him? Truly if he was an honest man and they have killed him without any cause, well I wot it must be murder. What else can I call it?"

"Well hast thou said, man. Now I have but one question more, and you and I shall take a drink together. Will you renounce the covenant?"

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"Nay, but now I must question you, if you please. There are two covenants, man; which of them do you mean?"

"Two covenants, say you. What are they?"

"There's the covenant of works, man, and the covenant of grace."

"Foul fall me if I know, man. But just renounce one of them and I am satisfied."

"With all my heart, sir; indeed I renounce the covenant of works with all my heart."

This concluded the examination, and the man was allowed to go his way.

Spring had dressed the fair earth in its garment of beauty, and was just giving place to summer. A great crowd stood round a little bay which opens into the Solway near Wigton. Two female figures appear in the fast deepening waters of the rising tide. Two women, the one a widow of sixty-three, the other a maiden of eighteen—undergo there the sentence of death pronounced on them for preferring the will of God to the will of man. The old woman was tied to a stake a considerable way to seaward of her younger fellow-sufferer. The girl saw the woman drown while death was creeping up on herself. They pulled her out before she was quite dead, allowed her to recover a little, and offered her life if she would unsay her testimony for Christ. "I will not!" she said; "I am one of Christ's children; let me go." She was immediately thrust back into the water and drowned. Such was one of the events of the Killing Time.

Female
martyrs.

These two women were murdered on the 11th of May, 1685. Murder had his hands very full then. Let us trace out one day's work.

Widow Hislop, a quiet, honest woman, dwelt with her children in the parish of Hutton in Annandale. One of the suffering people, who was "upon his hiding," came to her house. He was ill when he came, and he grew

rapidly worse. In a few days he died. The widow feared mischief, because she had dared to shelter the wanderer and give him a place to die in. She therefore caused her sons to dig a grave in the fields near by, and buried him by night. The grave was observed. Johnstone, laird of Westerhall, came with a party of men and dug up the body. The face of the dead was strange to them all, but it was soon found that the corpse had been brought from the widow's house. Westerhall immediately went to the house, spoiled it of everything portable, and levelled it with the ground. The widow and her children were thus turned houseless into the fields.

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Claverhouse fell upon the eldest son, Andrew, wandering about, seized him, and brought him a prisoner to Westerhall. He was a mere lad, but happy is the country that has produced such lads. Westerhall urged his instant death. Claverhouse—perhaps because John Brown's blood was still under his finger-nails—was not in the killing humour that day, and opposed it. Westerhall insisting, he yielded, saying, "The blood of this poor fellow be on your head, Westerhall; I am free of it." He ordered three of his men to shoot the prisoner. When they were ready to fire, they bade Andrew draw his bonnet over his eyes. Andrew would not. He could look his death-bringers in the face without fear, he said; and had done nothing whereof he was ashamed. Holding up his Bible, he charged them to answer for what they were about to do, at the great day, when they shall be judged by that book. He lies buried in the place where he was shot—Craig-haugh in Eskdale Muir. This was the third murder on that 11th of May.

Andrew
Hislop.

Polmadie was a village about a mile south from Glasgow. Thither came Major John Balfour with a party of soldiers, on the same day that Widow Maclauchlan and Margaret Wilson died at Wigton, and Andrew Hislop in Eskdale Muir. They seized three men—Thomas Cook, John

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Urie, and Robert Thom. Thom was a farm-labourer, Cook and Urie were weavers. They were taken at their looms; and because Cook did not come out at the first call, Major Balfour struck him on the face with a horse-whip so violent a blow that the blood gushed out and he could hardly speak. The Major proceeded to question his three prisoners in the usual style. Their answers not pleasing him, he swore that they should die immediately. He ordered Cook to go to his prayers and prepare for instant death. The poor man begged for a little time. "How long?" said the Major. Cook answered, "Two days." The Major swore that he should not have any time. He could not help it then, Cook said; and, kneeling down, he began his death prayer.

The Major told off three musketeers and placed them behind the kneeling man. He caused take a cravat from one of the countrymen standing by, and covered the victim's face. He then gave the word to fire, and the martyr fell dead. John Urie and Robert Thom were then dealt with in exactly the same way, one after the other. All the three were murdered within an hour after they were apprehended. This made six murders done on that 11th of May.

Andrew M'Quhan, near the Newton of Galloway, was lying very ill of a fever. Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas came to his house, and put the questions to him. The sick man did not answer. Perhaps he was unable to answer, or even to understand. Douglas caused his soldiers to take him out of bed, and shot him. This was the seventh murder which was done on the same 11th of May. And so Murder ended his day's work.

Dunnottar.
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The prisons at this dismal period were crammed with the sufferers. In one dungeon alone, a vault in Dunnottar Castle, dark and full of mire ankle-deep, a hundred and sixty of them were packed. They remained pent up night and day in this dreadful place, men and women

together, for nearly an entire summer, till the horrible effluvia bred disease, and many of them died. A few of

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them escaped, but most of those who made the attempt were retaken. These were laid on their backs on benches, their hands bound, and a lighted gun-match put between every two fingers of both hands. Six soldiers blew the matches by turns, to keep the heat fierce. This was continued for three hours. Two of the sufferers died of the torture. Others had their fingers destroyed, the very bone being calcined. Hundreds of righteous men were toiling in the same gang with negroes in the West Indian plantations. Thousands led a wandering life, lurking among the hills, in deserted coal pits, and in wild and inaccessible places, where the hunters of blood tracked them with dogs like beasts of the chase. Many of them died of cold and hardship, and the bones, found long afterwards under some overhanging rock, told the spot to which some poor hunted wanderer had crept to die. Among the countless cruelties of that savage time, none

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perhaps stirs a deeper throb than one prison scene in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Look there, in the grim old prison. An aged man sits in the strongly barred, bare stone room. At the noise of the door grating on its hinges he looks up. Men enter and hold up before him a bloody head and hands. "Do you know these?" they ask him. "O yes, I know them; they are my son's!" The old man took his son's head, kissed the cold lips, and wept. It was the head of Richard Cameron, the mighty preacher to the Church in the wilderness.

The secret.

"I fear," said their own Alexander Peden, "there is a day coming on these lands that *a bloody scaffold shall be thought a good shelter.*" How was it that Scotland got through that time, and rose in courage and in might, and triumphed at length over a persecution more fierce and terrible, perhaps, than was ever known in the world? "It was *praying folk* alone," Peden said, "that should get through the storm." Yes, that was the secret.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

DONALD CARGILL, one of the Four Hundred, was minister of the Barony parish, Glasgow. For many years he had led the sore life of a wandering preacher to the persecuted remnant. A reward of five thousand merks was offered for his capture. Henry Hall of Haughhead in Teviotdale was a gentleman of property, a relation of the Earl of Roxburgh. He had been at both Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, and very strict search was made after him. In the spring of 1680 Cargill and Hall were mostly together, lurking as privately as they could about Borrowstounness and its neighbourhood. The curate of the parish—the curates were everywhere the spies upon the persecuted people—soon smelled out Cargill and his companion, and sent information to the governor of Blackness Castle.

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Donald
Cargill.

Henry
Hall.

Cargill and Hall had taken their horses and were riding eastward. The governor ordered out a party of soldiers, directing them to march at some distance by twos and threes, carelessly as if they were upon no design. Taking with him a mounted servant, he rode forward and kept the two in sight till they came to the town of Queensferry, where they put up their horses at an inn, and went into the house. Sending back his servant to hurry the soldiers, the governor also entered the house. He got into conversation with Cargill and Hall, assumed a friendly air, and begged leave to have a glass of wine with them. The soldiers, however, were long in coming, and the

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governor, afraid of losing his prey, resolved to act without them. Drawing his sword and calling on all in the house to help in the King's name, he told the two strangers that they were his prisoners. There was none in the house that would assist him, except a waiter. Hall, "a bold, brisk man," struggled hard with the governor until Mr. Cargill, who was old, had got off. Having got clear of the governor, Hall was going off himself, when the waiter, standing above him on the stair, struck him a heavy blow on the head with the "doghead" of a carabine.

By this time the affray had become known out of doors. The women gathered in a crowd and conveyed the wounded man forth of the town. But the serious nature of his wound soon began to appear. He fainted and fell on the road, and his kind attendants carried him into the nearest house. The mansion of Binns, the dwelling of the fierce old war-wolf Dalziel, is situated in that neighbourhood. Dalziel was soon advertised of what had occurred, and came to the house with a party of his men. Everybody saw that the gentleman was dying. Nevertheless Dalziel took him straight off to Edinburgh, and he actually died among their hands on the way thither.

Queens-
ferry
Paper.

In the pocket of Henry Hall was found a written paper. This document, destined to become famous as *The Queensferry Paper*, was evidently a mere scroll, unfinished and unsubscribed. It was in the form of a bond or covenant, and contained the following words:—"We do reject the King and those associate with him in the government from being our King and rulers, because standing in the way of our right, free, and peaceable serving of God . . . they having overturned the established laws of the kingdom . . . and changed the government of this land, which was by a King and free Parliament, into tyranny."—Which opinion, wild as it looks when taken out of the dead man's pocket, wants but eight years of being the opinion of the majority.

A few weeks after the death of Henry Hall, the small southland burgh of Sanquhar, among its desolate hills, received a notable visit. A little band of armed horsemen—they were not passing twenty in number—rode into the town and halted at the cross. Two of them—Richard Cameron and his brother Michael—dismounted and stood beside the cross. The rest sitting in their saddles formed a circle round them, and the townsfolk gathered out to see. A psalm was sung and a prayer offered, after which one of the two who had dismounted produced a paper and read it. The wondering crowd heard these strange words: “We do by these presents disown Charles Stewart, that has been reigning on the throne of Britain these years bygone, as having any right, title to, or interest in the crown of Scotland . . . as forfeited several years since by his perjury and breach of covenant, and by his tyranny.” The reading of the paper was followed by another prayer, and the strange horsemen rode away. This was the *Sanquhar Declaration*—the first public testimony against the house of Stewart. No doubt it was rebellion in the summer of 1680. Eight years afterwards, the Convention of Estates had voted that “King James VII. . . hath forfeited the right to the crown, and the throne is become vacant.”

“What a shame is it,” says Daniel Defoe, in his *Memoirs of the Church of Scotland*, “what a shame is it to us, and how much to the honour of these persecuted people, that they could thus see the treachery and tyranny of those reigns when we saw it not! or rather, that they had so much honesty of principle, and obeyed so strictly the dictates of conscience, as to bear their testimony early, nobly, and gloriously to the truth of God and the rights of their country, both civil and religious; while we all, though seeing the same things, yet betrayed the cause of liberty and religion by a sinful silence and a dreadful cowardice.”

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LXXXI.

Sanquhar
Declara-
tion.22nd June
1680.

CHAPTER
LXXXI.Ayrsmoss.
22nd July
1680.

The Sanquhar Declaration might be said to close the career of Richard Cameron. For a few weeks more he eluded his pursuers, and then the end came. A party of friends, to the number of sixty, kept constantly with this great preacher, as a kind of body-guard. On the afternoon of a day in July they were reposing themselves on a grassy plot in the vast morass called Ayrsmoss, which stretches between Cumnock and Muirkirk. Suddenly a body of dragoons, twice their number, was seen riding furiously towards them. Escape being impossible, they resolved to fight it out. They had only time for a short prayer before the enemy were upon them. In the thick of the combat Cameron fell dead on the sward. The small party of *Cameronians* were killed or dispersed.

Cameron-
ian organi-
zation.

After the death of Cameron, the strict Covenanters adopted a system of organization called the *Societies*. A Society was a meeting for prayer and conference, and for correspondence with other Societies. There were quarterly meetings of delegates from the Societies of a district: there was correspondence with foreign Churches and divines: and there were arms, assiduous drill and military discipline, and the whole arrangements for having powder and for keeping it dry.

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THE LAST OF THE MARTYRS.

It is a day in July. Beside the old Cross of Edinburgh the gallows rises tall and black, with a broad double ladder leaning against it. Five nooses hang knotted to the beam. An old man of threescore and ten stands leaning his back against the ladder foot. The aged face is deeply browned and weather-beaten, and the aged head is bare. Hark! the old man sings his death-psalm. Some words of it come floating over the thick-packed crowd,—

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—
27th July
1681.

“That stone is made head corner-stone
Which builders did despise.”

Now he begins to address the people, who bend eagerly forward to catch the sound. Immediately a loud and clamorous beating of drums drowns his voice. He stops with a smile. When the drums are quiet he tries again to speak, but a second and a third time the stunning din of the drums bears down the old man's voice. He turns round and sets his foot on the ladder. Slowly he climbs up, but it is the slowness of age and not of fear; and now he sits on a high round of the ladder, praying. The hangman's loathly hands put the rope round his neck, bind a napkin over his face, and push him, still praying, off the ladder.

And who is he? The old, faithful, worn-out watchman of our Scottish Zion, Donald Cargill, who has ended thus his twenty years of persecution and wanderings. The other nooses on the black beam have to be filled. A

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young man, a student of divinity, is brought to the ladder foot. He too tries to speak, but cannot for the drums. Cheerfully he mounts the ladder, and is pushed off. A few struggles and his corpse hangs all still, the dead face bending on old Cargill's breast. There are three more to come—another student youth, a plain serving-man, a hardy sailor. Not one of their precious dying words can be heard for the deafening drums. Each mounts the ladder. Five murdered saints hang from the fatal beam. Look to-morrow on the Nether Bow gate, and you shall see Cargill's venerable head, with its hoary locks, set there for a gazing-stock !

James
Renwick.

Among the multitude who witnessed Cargill's death, mark that youth close to the scaffold—a youth of some nineteen years—slightly made, fair haired, ruddy and of a beautiful countenance, with sweet engaging look. James Renwick is his name, the only living son of poor parents, in the village of Minniehive, among the romantic glens of Dumfries-shire. He is working his way through college by means of teaching and tutoring, after the manner of Scottish youths whose road lies from the cottage to the pulpit. The sight he has seen this day has changed his life for ever.

The hideous sentence pronounced on some of our martyrs was, that the heart should be cut out of the living man. A Government, the most ruffian and atrocious that ever abused power on the face of the earth, had doomed the Church of Scotland to have *her* heart cut out. For has not the glorious truth that Christ is king ever been *her* very heart and life ?

At the time of Cargill's death twenty years of the great persecution—twenty years of oppression without a parallel in the history of the world—had rolled heavily away, each succeeding year more blood-drenched than that which went before. Given over to plunder and all the brutal outrages of a ferocious soldiery, till they were goaded to

despair, the persecuted people had turned to bay, and faced their oppressors at Pentland, Drumclog, and Bothwell Bridge, only to draw down upon themselves a fury and vengeance still more awfully Satanic. Hundreds rotted in foul and pestilential dungeons. Hundreds, sold away for hearing a sermon, toiled as slaves under the driver's lash in the plantations of Barbadoes and Virginia. Hundreds were murdered in cold blood in the fields. Every parish in the south and west had its martyr; ghastly heads were stuck in mockery over every town gate. In lonely *heughs* and hollows of the hills, the winds blew through the bleaching skeletons of wanderers who had perished by hunger, cold, and misery. Ask yon housewife at the cottage door, in the summer evening, why she does not ply the thrift of rock and tow, and spin the twirling thread, as house-wives were wont to do. She will show you her thumbs crushed and broken by the thumb-screw. The soldiers did it to force from her the secret of her husband's hiding-place.

There were thousands of persons—at one time as many as twenty thousand—whom it was death “to furnish with meat, drink, house, harbour, victual, or any other thing useful or comfortable to them, or have intelligence with them by word, writ, or message, or any other manner of way.” These were ministers who had preached, and people who had heard, the gospel in the fields, and whom it was lawful to kill wherever found.

What wonder if many, subdued by terror, sank into non-resistance, and passively yielded to the will of their tyrants? What wonder though ministers accepted the Indulgence, or royal permission to preach, with power reserved to the Government to set them limitations, and exercise control over them? Many ministers did accept the terms, inconsistent as they were with the spiritual independence of the Church and the sole headship of Christ. There were, at length, but three men in Scot-

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land who, rejecting all compromise, would venture their lives to preach to the faithful people. These were, old Cargill, Alexander Peden, and the youthful Cameron. Cameron was slain at Ayrsmoss the year before Cargill was brought to the scaffold, and Peden was left alone, prematurely aged with toil and grief, and bending to his grave.

Renwick's
work.

Renwick, looking on when Cargill died, from that hour cast in his lot with the suffering remnant. They had formed themselves into Societies for prayer and conference, with quarterly district meetings in some lonely spot, and a system of correspondence—in short, a complete though hidden organization. Pass on five or six years after Cargill's death, and you find the whole burden of the struggle falling on Renwick alone. He is in constant movement. He lives in remote cottages, in shepherds' huts among the hills, in woods, in caves. On lonely moors, at the dead hour of midnight, he preaches, examines, converses with the people. He attends the meetings of the Societies, guides their deliberations, writes their papers and manifestoes, conducts their home and foreign correspondence—addresses letters of advice and sympathy to the banished, to brethren in bonds, to them that are doomed to die. His was the leading mind, the governing soul of that great organization which held up the banner of the Covenant without faltering or fear, till the Revolution opened the gates of the morning, and the sun of liberty rose on our land.

Renwick
seized.

But that glorious day Renwick was not to see. He had come to Edinburgh in the January of 1688, and repaired to his usual place of concealment there, the house of one John Lookup, in the Castle Hill, a merchant dealing in English goods. A gauger, happening to be about the house, overheard a voice conducting family worship. It was evidently some one above the ordinary stamp, and the gauger suspected that it might be Renwick.

He ran to the street, and called for assistance to carry "the dog Renwick" to the guard. A crowd gathered; Renwick opened the door, fired a pistol over their heads, which made them give back, and rushed out. But, as he passed through them, one with a long staff struck him on the breast, which so disabled him that, breath and strength failing him, he was soon taken.

His mother and sisters came from their southland glen to visit him in prison. The yearning mother asked him how he was. He was well, he said; but since his last examination before the Council he could scarcely pray. She looked at him with a gaze of astonishment; and he went on to tell her that he could hardly pray, being so taken up with praise, and ravished with the joy of his Lord. At his trial he was found guilty, of course,—execution to follow in three days. They asked him if he desired longer time. "It is all one to me," he said: "if protracted, it is welcome; if shortened, it is welcome. My Master's time is the best."

Never, at any of the dismal spectacles which Edinburgh had witnessed during the twenty-eight years' persecution, had there been gathered so great a crowd of sorrowing spectators, as on the morning that youthful Renwick sealed his testimony with his blood. Little of what he spoke from the scaffold could be heard for the deafening drums. Once only, during a momentary pause, his clear sweet voice was heard to say, the beautiful young face uplifted and looking *homewards*, "I shall soon be above these clouds. Then shall I enjoy thee and glorify thee, O my Father! without interruption for ever. . . . Lord, I die in the faith that thou wilt not leave Scotland, but that thou wilt make the blood of thy witnesses the seed of thy Church, and return again and be glorious in our land!"—It was the third day after his twenty-sixth birth-day.

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17th Feb.
1688.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

FALL OF THE BLOODY HOUSE.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.
1685 A.D.
James VII. THE horrors of the Killing Time were at their height, when Charles, struck by an apoplexy, was summoned from his beastly pleasures and the power he had so fearfully abused, to his awful account. His brother, the Duke of York, succeeded him as James VII. The new King was a man turned fifty, of mean capacity, haughty and dogged in temper, cold and cruel in heart. The torture of the boot used to be applied in presence of the Council. The members on these occasions endeavoured to leave the room. So dreadful was the sight that scarcely any of them could bear to see it, and an order had to be made against their leaving, to prevent the board being forsaken. But the Duke of York, when he was in Scotland, "was so far from withdrawing," says Bishop Burnet, "that he looked on all the while with an unmoved indifference, and with an attention as if he had been to look on some curious experiment." He was a bigoted Papist, and a drivelling slave of Rome. "He would either convert England," he said, "or die a martyr." So fast ran his zeal, that the Pope himself would fain have held him back. He despatched an ambassador to Rome, with a request that a nuncio should be sent to countenance and aid him in restoring Popery in his dominions. The Pope, being an old man, and very subject to a troublesome cough, took care to be seized with a violent fit of it whenever James's ambassador began to bring forward the rash proposal.

In those days, Holland was to Britain an Adullam to which all who were in distress gathered. William, Prince of Orange, was the David whose name drew them together. The Duke of Monmouth, the Earl of Argyle, Sir Patrick Hume, Sir John Cochrane, and many other exiles, fugitives from tyranny here, found refuge within the Dutch dikes. These refugees persuaded themselves that England and Scotland, weary of their long oppression, only waited an opportunity to shake off the yoke of James. A double invasion of Britain was planned. One expedition, under the Duke of Monmouth, was to be directed against England. Another, under the Earl of Argyle, with whom were Sir Patrick Hume and Sir John Cochrane, was to land in Scotland.

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Holland.

The expeditions sailed, and Monmouth reached the block on Tower Hill in a couple of months. The Scottish branch of the tragedy occupied much about the same time. Argyle was a man too evidently wanting in the stern decision of a warrior. His idea was, to begin operations in that part of the West Highlands where his great clan influence lay, arm his vassals, and then descend to the low country. Hume and Cochrane, on the other hand, insisted on advancing at once into the Lowlands, in the hope of raising the western shires. Much time was lost in disputes. Difficulties always arise to a man of weak will, and every day and every hour seemed to produce difficulties.

1685 A.D.
Argyle's
invasion.

At last the Lowland expedition was determined on. But the loss of time was the loss of everything. When Argyle crossed the river Leven, near Dumbarton, he found his little army nearly surrounded by troops, assembling from different points. He was for giving battle, but his council of war decided that it was better to give their enemies the slip, march from Glasgow, and get into a friendly county. Accordingly, leaving large fires burning in their camp, they began the intended movement that

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night. When day dawned, they found themselves on the banks of the Clyde near Kilpatrick. Here the leaders came to an open rupture. The dispirited army broke up and separated. Argyle was reduced to seek safety without a single attendant.

He crossed the Clyde, and came to Inchinnan ford, on the little river Cart. Some militia-men fell on him, and, after a short struggle, struck him down. In falling, he exclaimed, "Unfortunate Argyle!" The soldiers appeared concerned, and some of them even wept, when they knew whom they had taken; but they durst not let him go. He was carried to Renfrew, and then to Edinburgh. Of course he died by the axe of the "Maiden," as his father died four-and-twenty years before. As the Earl himself remarked, "The Lord's time was not come."

30th June
1685.

At the first alarm of Argyle's ill-fated expedition, the *Fiery Cross* was sent through the west of Fife and Kinross, by order of the Privy Council. It was the last time that this ancient signal was raised in Scotland by authority of Government. The *Fiery Cross*, or *Cross of Shame*, was a small, light cross of wood. Its extremities were kindled and then extinguished in blood. A swift messenger ran with it to the next hamlet, delivered it into the hands of the first person he met, and named with panting breath the place of rendezvous. He who received it was bound to carry it in like manner to the next village. At the sight of the *Fiery Cross*, every man, between sixteen years old and sixty, was bound to repair in arms to the rendezvous. He who failed to appear in obedience to this warlike summons, suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which the marks of blood and burning on the cross emblematically denounced. The *Fiery Cross* has been known to travel thirty-two miles in three hours.

In the weak and narrow mind of James, the Stewart notion of the absolute power of Kings rose to a complete infatuation. An ignorant fellow has been known to cord

down the safety-valve of a steam-engine. Stupidity has courage to do such things. James had enough of this sort of courage to produce an explosion which shattered his throne in pieces. The dogged, obstinate man, proceeded straight to put in force his notions of sovereign power. At his own mere will and pleasure he set aside laws and broke in upon the constitution of the kingdom—all for the manifest purpose of bringing back Popish tyranny. The whole nation was struck with alarm. James paid great attention to the army, by means of which, like the tyrant that he was, he meant to trample down the rights of his subjects. In order to test the feeling of the troops, he commanded a battalion to be paraded before him, and told them that they must either signify their approval of his measures, or lay down their arms. Immediately, with simultaneous clatter along the whole line, pike and musket were cast upon the ground! The entire battalion had laid down their arms, except two officers and a few Popish soldiers. The King stood for a little mute with anger and astonishment, and then sullenly told them to take up their arms. He would not again, he said, do them the honour to ask their opinions. He might have taken warning, had infatuation so thorough as his been capable of warning. From one fatal error to another he blundered on to ruin, like a creature possessed, rushing down a steep place into the sea!

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—Blunder-
ing into
ruin.

The month of November had come in wild with storms, 1688 A.D. when the stirring news was brought to Scotland that William of Orange, with fourteen thousand Dutch bayonets, had landed in Torbay, and that the King had fled the country! The whole fabric of tyranny came rushing down at once, and three ecstatic kingdoms whistled *Lillibulero!* The Council of Scotland, and the Bishops, so long the persecutors of others, now trembled for their own safety. One of their last acts, done in their guilty fear, was to open the prison doors to the imprisoned

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Covenanters; and to take down and bury out of sight the skulls of the martyrs which stood bleaching over the city gates. The sight of these ghastly memorials of their cruelty "might occasion the question to be moved, by whom, and for what they were set there!"

The REVOLU-
TION.

The REVOLUTION had come so suddenly that the whole nation was amazed. The murder of Renwick appeared to have silenced the last voice that dared to be lifted up in the cause of freedom. There was nothing, as it seemed, to prevent the bigoted King from carrying out his darling scheme of setting up Popery. Each place of power and trust was filled with Papists and servile tools. Another crowned bigot, Louis the Great of France, was ready to assist the King of Britain in crushing the resistance of his Protestant subjects. The cloud was at the blackest when the sun broke through. The fabric of Absolute Power rocked, swayed over, and fell with a crash!

In the northern seas, an iceberg lofty as a mountain will suddenly wheel over, and presently that which was bottom becomes top. The mass that formed the hull of the iceberg has been long slowly melting under water, till it has grown lighter than the mass above, and now, obedient to the law of gravity, uppermost has become undermost. The change, long preparing, comes at last in a moment. So was it at the Revolution. His troops, his favourites, and even his own family, abandoned the infatuated monarch. His daughter's husband, William of Orange, came over at the head of an army, and was welcomed as the deliverer of England. Incapable of taking any decided action, James, when the storm came, slunk away by a pair of back stairs at midnight, got on board a small vessel, and after beating about for six-and-thirty hours, made the coast of France. The cabin of the vessel was so small that there was just room for two persons to sit. The King grew hungry, and the skipper proceeded to fry him some bacon. The frying-pan had a

hole in it, which the skipper, in his rough sea-cook fashion, stopped with a bit of tarry canvas. Under such mean circumstances did James skulk away, to live out his days as a pensioner and dependant on the King of France, and to be pointed out by sneering courtiers as "the man who threw away three kingdoms for a mass!"

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Three
kingdoms
for a mass.

The steps required to put the Revolution into formal and legal shape were quickly taken. A Convention of Estates, or Parliament, met. An Act was passed declaring that James VII. had forfeited the crown, and that the throne was vacant. The nation had resolved to have done with the Bloody House at last—precisely Oliver's resolution, on which we fought him forty years before! By another Act, William and Mary were accepted as King and Queen of Scotland. Prelacy was abolished, and the rights and liberties of the nation placed in security, on the footing of that inestimable British Constitution where they stand to this hour. The day had come at last which crowned the struggles of fifty years,—the day of liberty which martyrs on their scaffolds had seen afar off, and which they had cheerfully laid down their lives to hasten.

Conven-
tion of
Estates.

11th April
1689.

After the wrongs and oppressions of the twenty-eight slaughter years, what wonder though some had been found to wreak on the persecutors the blood of their murdered kindred? On the contrary, nothing was more remarkable than the forbearance of the Scottish people when the amazing turn of events at the Revolution threw their oppressors into their power. The officer of the guard at Holyrood recklessly fired upon a crowd of students and apprentices, killing several, and wounding about thirty. The Edinburgh mob, when roused, has always been remarkable for fierceness and determination. The report of the bloodshed flew through the city. A vast crowd, with torchlights and weapons, poured down to the Palace, forced their way into it, and killed fourteen of the guard. They stripped the chapel, which had been recently fitted

Forbear-
ance of the
people.

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up with images and other Popish gear, and made a bonfire of them in front of the Palace. With the single exception of this riot, no outbreak of the smallest consequence took place.

The cu-
rates.

The curates had always been special objects of popular detestation. They were the base hirelings who had come into the places of the noble Four Hundred. The curate of the parish had commonly been the spy and informer upon his parishioners; and many of them had shown a horrid activity in hounding on the soldiers to the work of blood. The curate, therefore, if any man, might dread vengeance. The fear was groundless. Not a drop of a curate's blood was shed, nor a groat's worth of curate's property touched. The people brought him out to the church-yard, or the village cross, and solemnly charged his offences upon him. They stripped off his fringed gown, the garb of his office, tore it, and trampled it under foot. The disrobed curate was then conducted to the parish boundary, and dismissed with a warning never to return. The number of curates turned out in this way was about two hundred. But many of them readily conformed to the Presbyterian establishment for the sake of manse and stipend. The most vital injury, perhaps, which the Church of Scotland ever sustained, was the too easy admission into her bosom of this unprincipled swarm. About sixty of the glorious Four Hundred were still alive, to occupy their old pulpits, and spend the quiet evening of their days in the pastoral care of their old parishes.

Claver-
house.

Under the new state of things, there was one man who felt that his occupation was gone. This was Graham of Claverhouse, whom James had made Viscount Dundee. He was the man whom such a master as James delighted to honour, but what hope could he have of re-opening his career in the new age now begun? When William arrived at St. James's, he was one of the crowd which thronged to give him welcome. He declared himself

willing to acquiesce in the new order of things, promised to live in peace and quietness, and received an assurance of protection. He came down to Edinburgh, and attended the Convention of Estates for a few days at the commencement of its sittings. But the Covenanters were now as free to walk Edinburgh streets as Claverhouse himself. "Some good men from the west" were in town—brave young Cleland, who saw Claverhouse's back at Drumclog, for one. The wicked flee when no man pursueth. Claverhouse imagined that he was in danger of being murdered. No persuasions of his friends could induce him to stay in Edinburgh. He fled, accompanied by fifty or sixty horsemen, troopers who had deserted to him from his regiment.

He remained for a while at his own castle of Dudhope, near Dundee. Meanwhile, the King of France took up the cause of his discrowned friend. James landed in Ireland with a French force. Pipers and harpers played "The King shall have his own again," and all the enthusiasm of an Irish welcome hailed him. A Parliament, summoned by James, sat in Dublin. The Revolution government was by no means firmly fixed, either in England or Scotland.

Claverhouse determined to try a bold stroke. Repairing to the Highlands, he raised the standard of the dethroned King. It was not difficult to gather men. Several chiefs, who had shared in the forfeited lands of Argyle, and who feared that the new government would compel them to disgorge the spoil, joined him. Any adventurer, who could hold out the chance of plunder, might get together a body of followers to whom it was as customary to carry target and claymore as to wear the plaid. Claverhouse assembled six thousand men, but they dwindled down to less than half the number, marching off every night by forties and fifties, with droves of cattle and burdens of spoil.

General Mackay, the officer sent against Claverhouse,

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had about three thousand foot and some companies of horse under his command. But they were mostly all raw recruits, and entire strangers to the Highland way of fighting. At the head of the wild and gloomy pass of Killiecrankie, Mackay found himself in front of the rebels. He drew up his men, three deep, along the side of the narrow valley into which the pass opens. The Highlanders occupied the hill on the north side of the valley. At this time the bayonet screwed into the muzzle of the musket, so that troops could not fire with bayonets fixed. The Highlanders, in dense masses, broke down from the hill. Firing their guns once, they dropped them, and then with target on the left arm, and flashing broadsword, they rushed, wildly yelling, on the enemy. Mackay's troops fired a volley, which did little harm to the loose array of their leaping, bounding foes, and before they could screw in their bayonets, the Highlanders were among them. An empty musket without a bayonet could do little against the sweeping broadsword. A panic seized Mackay's raw levies, and they broke and fled, pursued and cut down by the savage Highlanders.

27th July
1689.

The murderer's
death.

Claverhouse never knew that he had won a victory. He fell at the beginning of the action, pierced by a musket ball which entered beneath his arm. When one in a pack of hungry wolves is killed, the rest turn upon him and eat him up. Claverhouse's own men, true to their savage instinct of plunder, stripped his body, and left it naked upon the field, where it was with difficulty distinguished from the other bodies of the fallen !

The Cameronian
regiment.

When the rising of Claverhouse took place, and measures had to be adopted for the defence of the country, the Cameronians assembled, in a single day, a regiment eight hundred strong. They were a fine, stalwart body of men, all animated with the stern determination to spend their best blood in defence of civil and religious freedom. Colonel Cannon, who succeeded Claverhouse as leader

of the rebel host, having learned that these noble volunteers were posted at Dunkeld, remote from help, resolved to cut them off. The Highlanders came down from the hills between four and five thousand strong, drove in the outposts of the Cameronians, and swarmed into the village. The Cameronians were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel William Cleland, "a brave and singularly well-accomplished gentleman within twenty-eight years of age,"—the same who, ten years before, splashed across the swamp of Drumclog at the head of the foot and put Claverhouse to flight. He posted his men within the walls of an enclosure connected with a house belonging to the Marquis of Athole. They agreed that if the enemy forced the walls, they should retire into the house; and if overpowered there, to burn it, and bury themselves in the ashes. The Highlanders, with wild yells, charged up to the walls, which were so low that the fight was hand to hand over them. Some neighbouring houses, whose windows looked down upon the enclosure, were occupied by Highland marksmen. The brave Cleland, shot with two bullets at once, attempted to get into the house, that his soldiers might not be discouraged by seeing his body, but fell dead by the way. The Cameronians stood their ground immovably. These were men that knew how to die! When their bullets were nearly spent, they stripped the lead from the roof of the Marquis's house, melted it in little furrows on the ground, and cut it into slugs. The fire from the houses which overlooked their position galling them severely, they sent out parties of pikemen with burning fagots on the points of their pikes, who fired the houses. Finding the keys in the doors, the pikemen locked them, and burned all within. The cries of the burning wretches in the blazing houses were horrible to hear.

Cleland
killed.

The conflict began at seven in the morning and lasted till mid-day, when the Highlanders drew off. The

victorious Cameronians beat their drums, waved their colours, and shouted defiance after them. Their officers tried in vain to induce them to renew the attack. They would fight men, they said, but not devils. When all was over, a strain of melody, deep and strong, rose with solemn swell, and rolled along the bosom of the Tay that ran gushing by. It was the psalm of the Cameronians giving praise to the God of battles.

The repulse at Dunkeld completely disheartened the rebel army. They retired north, their numbers daily dwindling away. The rebellion was at an end, and the Revolution secured. The Bloody House had fallen never to rise.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

THE UNION.

ONCE more the long-persecuted Church can pursue her work in peace and freedom. The General Assembly, after a blank of more than thirty years, meets again, and sets itself to repair the breaches of Zion, and to carry the warfare against sin and ignorance into the utmost corners of the land. One of their first endeavours is to provide schools and Gaelic Bibles for the Highlands. The gentle power of the gospel of peace will turn the wild clansmen into quiet and loyal subjects by-and-by. But many a day must pass before that change can be wrought. It will take a full lifetime ere this scrap of conversation between two Highlandmen shall be overheard. "The law hath come the length of Ross-shire," saith one neighbour to another. "Oho!" replied he; "if God doth not stop it, you will soon have it nearer home." The claymore shall be turned into a reaping-hook, the target into a churn-lid, and the dirk into a screw-driver. All that is coming. The Highlands, meanwhile, are a sore thorn in the sides of King William's government.

Many of the clans had never yet submitted to the new King. The remote and mountainous districts which they inhabited had been but lightly touched, if at all, by the oppressions of the Stewarts, which fell so heavily on the rest of the country. The Highland host had enjoyed, on the invitation of the late Government, the run of the Lowlands for plunder. The robbers and the robbed saw in a somewhat different light the merits of the Government

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LXXXIV.
1690 A.D.

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giving the invitation. The clans, when they had any religion at all, were mostly Popish. Many of them, therefore, were friends to the cause of the dethroned King, and only waited a favourable opportunity to rise in arms in his behalf. The Highlands, in short, were a smouldering fire, which might at any time burst out into flame.

William bade a price for the favour of the chiefs. The Earl of Breadalbane, a man "wise as a serpent, but slippery as an eel," received from Government a large sum of money to be distributed among them. The slippery Earl, out of the money thus intrusted to him, gave handsome donations to a few of the leading chiefs, and a very handsome donation to the slippery Earl. Many, who had expected to share, were enraged at their disappointment.

"Hedging
politics."

Those who had shared, Breadalbane himself among the rest, were deep in "hedging politics;" that is to say, they held correspondence with the exiled King, while keeping on fair terms with King William. For who could tell whether the new Government would stand? It was well, at all events, to keep in with both Kings till they saw.

So thought the wily chiefs. William, however, saw well enough that they were playing fast and loose. A decisive step was taken. Government issued a proclamation, requiring each and all of them to take the oath of submission by the first day of January then ensuing. Failing that, they were to be subjected to the extremities of fire and sword. This proclamation was issued in the month of August. By the appointed day all the chiefs had come in and taken the oath except one. This was Macdonald of Glencoe—the "valley of tears," as the name signifies. Macdonald was an old man, but had fought among the rebels at Killiecrankie and Dunkeld. He delayed to take the oath till it was close on the fatal first of January. A heavy fall of snow blocked up the paths, and the day was past before the old chief reached Inverary, where the sheriff received his oath.

1692 A.D.

What followed equalled in atrocity some of the foulest deeds of the Stewarts. The Secretary of State for Scotland concealed from William the fact that the chief of Glencoe had taken the oath. William signed a warrant to do military execution with fire and sword upon the Macdonalds. Soldiers were marched into the glen, and lived for fifteen days at friendly quarters among the unsuspecting people. Then the deed of blood was done. It was four o'clock of a dark winter morning, a storm was raving among the hills, and the wild blasts, laden with snow-drift, swept down the glen. Suddenly the glen rang with musket-shots, and shrieks of fear and agony, and the glare of burning cottages lit up the gloom. The butchery was not nearly so complete as had been intended, by far the greater part of the Macdonalds escaping in the darkness. Thirty-eight of them, however, perished in this atrocious massacre.

This black business of Glencoe caused unspeakable prejudice to the government of King William. The tidings, as they spread, were received with horror and execration. The Highlanders were roused to the highest pitch of hatred. The Jacobites, or friends of King James, trumpeted the massacre of Glencoe all over Europe, in order to blacken William's character. The task of governing Scotland was perplexing enough to William, without this aggravation of its difficulties. The country swarmed with restless plotters, scheming to bring back King James. To follow the history of these endless Jacobite plots, fed by French gold and French promises, would be fruitless. Wearied out with the violent strifes of Scotch factions, teased by their complaints, and perplexed by the contradictory representations which they poured in upon him, William was provoked to wish "that Scotland were a thousand miles distant from England, and that he were never the King of it."

The Revolution had yielded the blessings of freedom

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Progress
of the
country.

and settled laws. Jacobites might plot, factions rave, and Dutch William growl out his wish that Scotland were a thousand miles away. Freedom and law produced, nevertheless, their sure effects on the progress of the country. In half a dozen years from the Revolution, Scotland had its first bank. The spirit of trade and commercial enterprise awoke. Numerous branches of manufacture sprang into activity. Paper, and many other articles which had hitherto been imported, began to be made at home. A remarkable man, William Paterson, the same who founded the Bank of England, started a scheme which might have put Scotland at the head of the world's trade. A colony was to be planted on the Isthmus of Darien, a site which has the door alike of the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. This colony was to be founded on the principle of *free trade* with all nations. The man who, at that time, could project such a scheme, must have had ideas on the subject of commerce far in advance of his age.

The Darien
scheme.
1695 A.D.

Jealousy
of the
English.

The Darien scheme was taken up with vast spirit. A Company was formed, and shares taken to the amount of £400,000,—an immense sum for Scotland in those days. Shares to the amount of £300,000 were taken in England, and to the amount of £200,000 in Holland. The scheme, thus spiritedly begun, came to utter wreck. The jealousy of the English merchants caught alarm. They feared that Scotland, by means of the new settlement, would take all their East India trade. Their influence prevailed. The English Parliament took up the matter, and the English shareholders were compelled to withdraw from the Company. King William lent himself to the views of his English subjects; and the cautious Hollanders, rather than offend him, withdrew from the Company also. The scheme was thus crippled by the loss of half a million of its subscribed capital.

It went on in the face of the heavy discouragement

caused by this outburst of mean and narrow-minded jealousy. But famine and pestilential disease attacked the infant settlement. Rendered bitter and fierce by their hardships and privations, the colonists broke into mutiny and quarrels. The governors of Jamaica and Barbadoes, acting under instructions from the English Secretary of State, refused them all help in their sore need. The Spaniards, finding the unfortunate colonists disowned and cast off by their own sovereign, attacked them, and forced them to surrender after an obstinate resistance. Of twenty-eight hundred persons who had gone out to form the colony, not more than thirty, saved from war, shipwreck, and disease, ever saw their own country again. Thus disastrously ended Scotland's first great commercial enterprise.

The conduct of the English in this affair bitterly exasperated the Scots. The King came in for his share in the deep resentment which took possession of the nation. That thin, delicate, asthmatic man, with the piercing black eyes, and the cold, repulsive bearing, did nobly for the glory of England, and the cause of Protestantism in Europe. But in Scotland, Glencoe and Darien could never be forgotten. The death of this great King was caused by a hurt received from the falling of his horse. The horse stumbled on a mole-hill, and rolled over. The Jacobites quaffed toasts to "The little gentleman in the black velvet coat"—the mole whose heap had caused the fatal stumble of the King's horse. Even of those who did not join in the brutal rejoicing of the Jacobites, there were few, perhaps, to regret the event.

Exasperation of the Scots.

1701 A.D.

During the first years of Queen Anne's reign, the ill feeling between the two nations rose to a perfect fury. The English, in the same narrow spirit which had done so much to ruin the Darien undertaking, provoked the Scots by their attempts to fetter their trade. The Scots thought themselves entitled to share in the East India trade; the

Furious feeling between the two nations.

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April 1705.

English East India Company, on the other hand, would keep that trade entirely to themselves. A Scotch ship, bound for India, was seized in the Thames. A large English vessel, trading to India, had been driven into the Firth of Forth by stress of weather. She was seized by the Scotch authorities, in reprisal for the Scotch ship seized in the Thames. An act like this was almost a beginning of war. Some of the men belonging to the English vessel had been on shore. They had been drinking freely, and words fell from one of them which led to a suspicion that this ship was a pirate, and that she had robbed a certain Scotch ship which was missing, and murdered the crew. Upon this suspicion the English crew were tried, and the captain, mate, and gunner hanged.

This hasty and unjust act gave the deepest offence to the English. The mutual hatred of the two nations rose to extremity. In England the cry became general that Scotland must be brought under by force of arms, and governed like a conquered province, as in Cromwell's days. The Scots, on their part, were already training by monthly drills all the men capable of bearing arms. A warfare more fierce than any since the days of Wallace and Longshanks seemed ready to break out. Strangely enough, this fierce animosity was the immediate cause of the Union. For more than a hundred years the two kingdoms had been under one King, each keeping its own laws, its own Parliament, and its own officers of State. It was clear now that this connection must be drawn closer, if the two divisions of the island were to be kept from separating altogether, and plunging once more into the bloody strifes of other days.

3rd Oct.,
1706.

Look, then, at an ancient Scottish spectacle, to be seen this once, and then to vanish for ever. It is the Riding of the Parliament, or procession at the opening of its sittings. The long line of street from Holyrood up to the

Parliament House is railed on both sides. Outside the rails, the street is lined with guards on foot and on horse. Along this railed and guarded avenue the procession comes, headed by trumpeters and pursuivants in quaint heraldic garb. The Members of Parliament come riding two and two. The Commissioners of Burghs have each one lackey attending on foot; Commissioners of Shires have two. After them come the Barons and Viscounts, each having a gentleman to support his train, and three lackeys to attend. The Earls follow next, each having his train-bearing gentleman and four lackeys. Then come more trumpeters, pursuivants, and heralds, followed by the Lion-king-at-arms with robe, chain, baton, and foot-mantle. Next follow the crown, the sceptre, the purse, and the royal commission, each carried by an Earl. The Lord High Commissioner comes after, with his pages and footmen. Six Marquises, each with six lackeys, and four Dukes, each with eight lackeys, follow the Commissioner. A troop of horse guards brings up the rear and closes the procession. Such was the Riding of the Scotch Parliament, a picturesque, many-coloured show, on which many generations of the Edinburgh citizens had gazed, but which they now saw for the last time.

The last Scottish Parliament is sitting, then. Fiery Scottish eloquence blazes out; the debates are vehement, stormy, fierce. Eager crowds wait without, clamorously debating over again what is debated within. The city, which is crowded with strangers from all parts of the country, seems as if under military occupation. Strong bodies of troops mount guard in the different streets. A wild cheer or a deep yell of execration gives occasional expression to the passions of the mob. The great Daniel Defoe is here. That is his fine manly face looking out of yonder window. A great stone, hurled by a vigorous arm, narrowly misses his head, the populace making a point that no one shall look over windows at them, lest he

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should recognise faces and become a witness against the rioters. A carriage drives swiftly along the street towards the Parliament House. The mob recognise the owner, and follow him with volleys of stones and curses. People talk together with loud voice and vehement gestures. All work and business stand still. Such is the appearance of Edinburgh when Scotland's last Parliament is debating the Treaty of Union.

All over the country the excitement is equally great. Every man's blood is at fever heat. Scotland with one voice is against the Union; for if Scotland gives up her own government, what treatment may not her Church, her commerce, receive at the hands of that powerful sister who had shown herself so jealous and grasping? Is the independence bought with the blood of heroes to be given away to our ancient enemy? The agitation shakes the kingdom to its remotest corner. But the Act of Union is safe to pass, and it passes—the votes of a large majority of the Parliament being duly bought with English gold.

1st May
1707.
The
UNION.

On the 1st day of May the Act, having been passed also in the English Parliament, came into operation. The two nations, which in the course of their history had fought with each other three hundred and fourteen battles, and slain of each other's subjects more than a million of men, were now one. Scotland thenceforward ceased to have a separate government, and her Parliament merged in the one Parliament of Great Britain. "There is the end of an old song," said Lord Seafield, the Chancellor, when the last formality was over, and the Scottish Parliament broke up for ever. Perhaps it was the saying of a man who affects indifference when his heart is heavy.

Andrew Fairservice's horse, in that famous ride to the clachan of Aberfoyle, chanced to cast a shoe. Andrew of the "ill-scraped" tongue at once laid the blame of the loss on the Union. Andrew might have less sense, but not a whit more prejudice than tens of thousands of his countrymen

displayed against the Union, till time and experience put prejudice to shame.

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From the period of the Union, Scotland, amalgamated with England into one empire, ceases to have a separate history. She has enjoyed the incalculable advantage of being united with a great and powerful nation ; and in the marvellous prosperity of the British Empire she has fully shared. Her imports of foreign merchandise have increased since the Union twenty-fold, her exports have increased forty-fold, and her revenue sixty-fold. Her agriculture is perhaps the best in the world. Her manufactures and the rich resources of her mineral wealth have been developed to a vast and splendid extent. The comforts and accommodations of life have increased beyond calculation. Little thatch-roofed towns, their streets soaking with filth, and lighted at night by the yellow glimmer of horn lanterns which the citizens were ordered to hang out, have grown into cities of palaces, where the brilliancy of gas turns night into day. Bridle-paths, deep in mire, winding over dreary breadths of moorland, have been changed into railroads ; and the pack-horse, slow-plodding on his way, has given place to the steam-car. The carrier, as the organ of communication, has yielded up his business to the penny post and the electric telegraph.

If Scotland shares in the prosperity and glory of Britain, Scotchmen may be permitted to say that she has contributed to both. The Scotchman, James Watt, and his steam engine, have enabled Britain to manufacture for the world, and to bear, as if it were a feather weight, the Titanic burden of her national debt. The Scotchman, Adam Smith, taught Britain the great principle of free trade, which is giving daily expansion to her commerce and increase to her wealth. Among the authors, the poets, the orators, the philosophers, whose genius has exalted the fame of our common country, the names of Scotchmen are not the meanest. And where is

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the region of the earth in which Scottish blood has not flowed to maintain the rights and the honour of Britain? The snows of Canada and the sands of Egypt, the fields of Spain and of India, have drunk it in. The ringing cheer of "Scotland for ever!" as the Greys galloped down the slope of Waterloo, told that the despot's hour was come. And who will ever forget the "thin red streak" at Balaclava, or the battle march of Havelock's heroic men to the relief of Lucknow?

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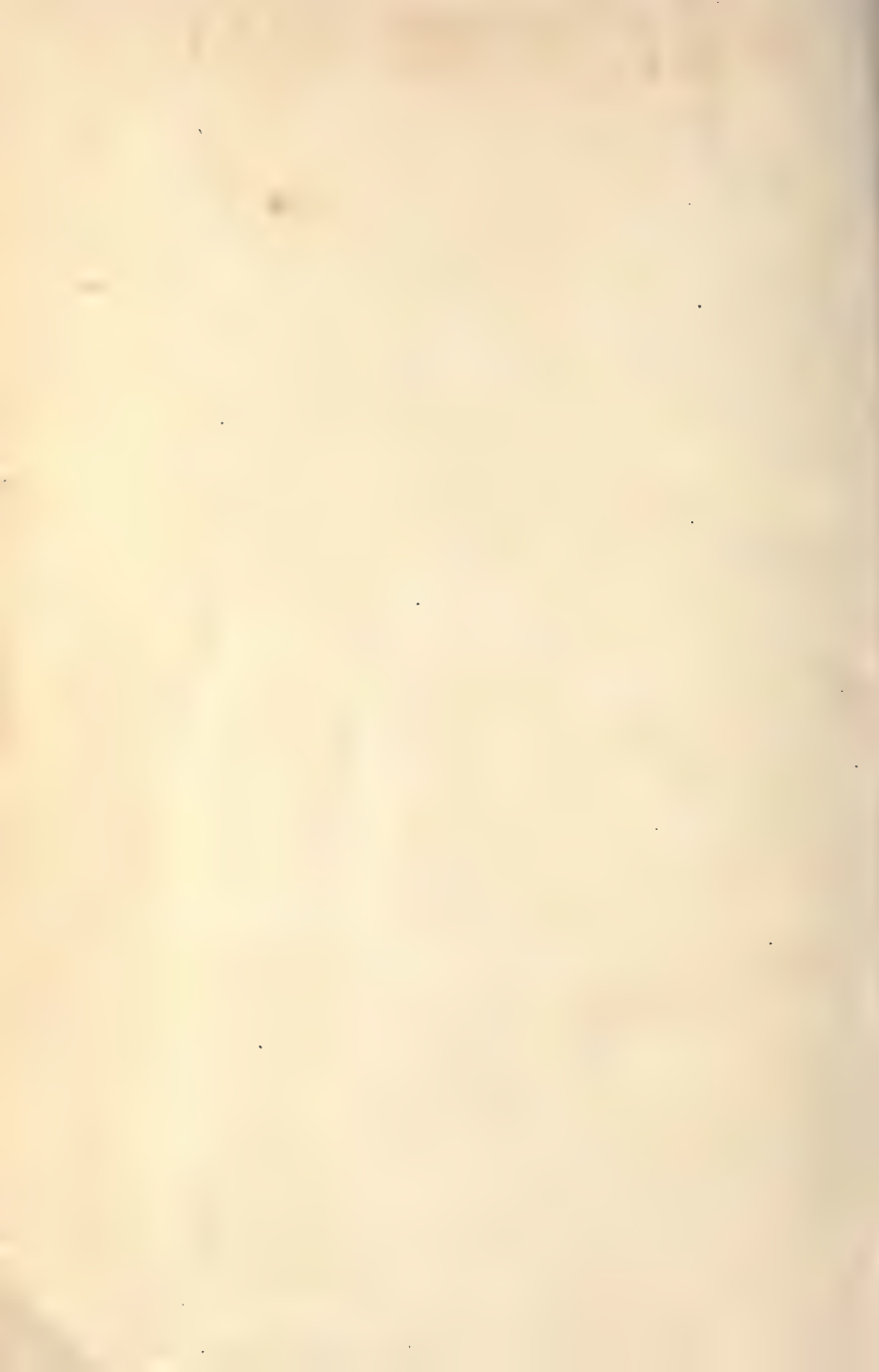
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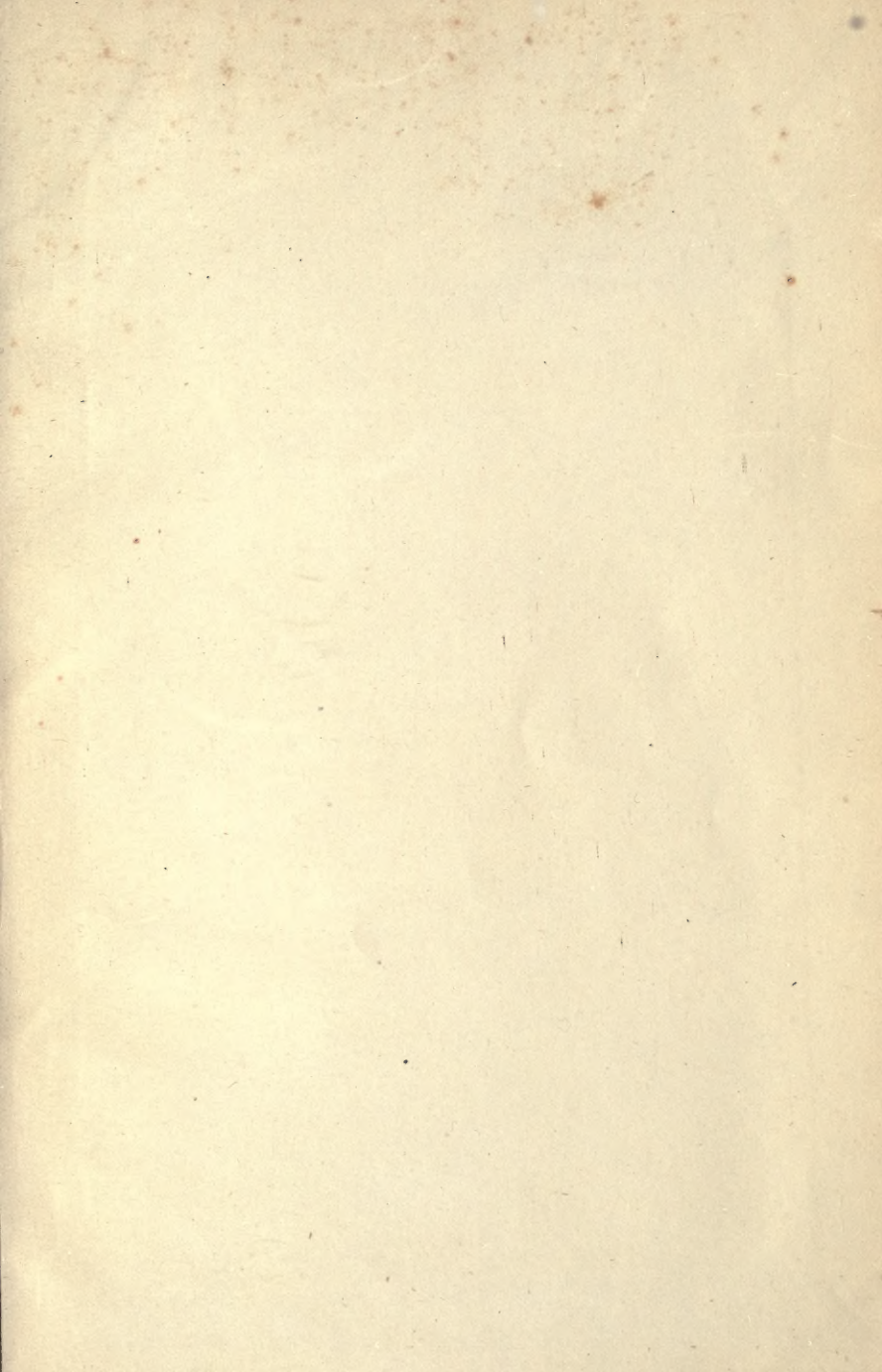
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